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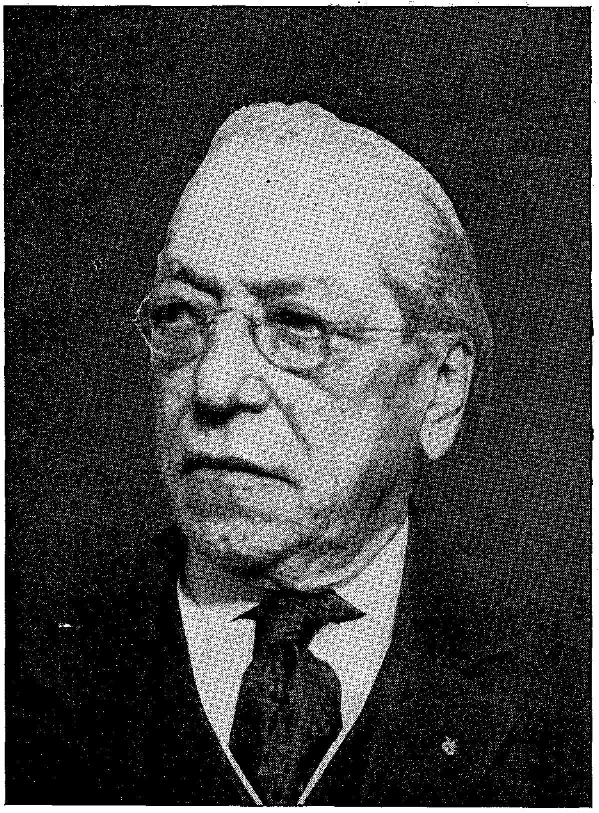
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

LABOR'S VOICE AT THE PEACE TABLE

THE MAN WITH THE HOE has broken the silence of the centuries. Almost every dispatch from Paris emphasizes the fact that the most potent voice in the reconstruction of the world after the Great War is that of labor. It is speaking at the peace table itself. It is speaking at several international labor conferences, it is speaking in the platforms and reconstruction programs of labor parties and labor-unions in every civilized country, and it is speaking in the strikes of workmen in England, and Ireland, and our own land. American labor's purposes and convictions in these days of reconstruction have been specifically set forth in the eighteen demands for new legislation presented to Congress by the American Federation of Labor, in resolutions adopted by State and municipal labor organizations, and in the Labor party platforms outlined in these columns last week. But, it may be asked, what stand does American labor expect its delegates to take at European labor conferences? What does it think labor should demand of the Paris Peace Conference? We have asked editors of journals voicing various phases of labor opinion in this country to give us their answers to these questions. But the full meaning of their replies can only be grasped after we note what the Peace Congress is planning to do for labor, and what a strangely confused situation has developed out of the original call for an international labor-conference at Lausanne.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"WE ARE ABOUT TO REAP THE HARVEST OF WHAT WE HAVE SOWED"

Says Samuel Gompers, who is in Paris to advise the Peace Congress and to create an International Labor Federation.

Labor is represented at the peace table itself by Mr. George Nicoll Barnes, one of the British envoys, and by President Wilson himself, who has the interests of labor at heart, and in whom labor trusts. The Peace Congress is making the labor problem one of its major subjects of settlement. As the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* understands it, the Peace Congress does not intend to regulate international industry; "it will, rather, define what is right and what is wrong in terms of the individual and the man who works." Mr. Barnes has a program calling for the establishment of an International Labor Commission to be ultimately responsible to the League of Nations. This commission would settle international questions, but leave internal problems strictly alone. Mr. Barnes, as spokesman for the British Government's Labor Department, said recently in a newspaper interview:

> "We want to see some kind of international machinery that will set up and enforce a decent standard of life. . . . In the past, when seeking to attain a better standard, we have faced the difficulty created by importation of goods made under sweatshop conditions. We hope to see such goods boycotted by general consent. We seek for freedom of combination in all countries. We want to see a minimum standard of hours and wages for all countries. I do not say it is to be identical for all countries, because conditions differ. What I mean is that every country shall be guaranteed fair play and fair conditions of work. There are other questions, such as child labor, employment of women, factory sanitation, and abolition of sweating. The Peace Conference will be invited to agree to the principle of an international standard for labor, and then it is proposed to refer the matter to an industrial commission, to sit at the same time as the Peace Conference and report to it. Then it will be the duty of the Peace Conference to adopt the commission's recommendations and possibly to hand them over to a league of nations to put into operation."

The Congress, according to several press correspondents in Paris, is basing its discussion on the program of the Leeds Allied Labor Conference of July, 1916, which, as the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* notes, was approved by representatives of labor organizations of the Central Powers and European neutral nations at Bern, in October, 1917. The resolution adopted at Leeds declared that the Peace Treaty should guarantee to the labor classes of every country:

> "Right of employment, right of labor organization, change of residence, social insurance, proper hygienic conditions, freedom to work in any country where employment is available under equal conditions with its citizens, institution in all countries of sickness, accident, unemployment, and old-age insurance,

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Plumbers' Union.

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Granite Cutters.

FRANK DUFFY,
Carpenters' Union.

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WILLIAM GREEN,
Mine Workers.

THE FOUR REPRESENTATIVES OF UNION LABOR WHO WENT TO EUROPE WITH MR. GOMPERS.

prohibition of labor by children under fourteen years of age, prohibition of night work for women and for adolescents under eighteen, broadening of legislation to insure the health and safety of workers, and the creation of both national and international bodies to study, codify, and interpret laws affecting labor conditions."

Such programs as these, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, are even more than "labor's own answer to the anarchic doctrines of Lenine"; they are "the demand of labor that a world dismayed before the destructive program of the Bolsheviki shall listen to the constructive program of working-class intelligence."

Careful readers of the Paris dispatches will remember that Arthur Henderson, with other prominent European labor-leaders and Socialists—including Albert Thomas, of France; Emile Vandervelde, of Belgium; and Hjalmar Branting, of Sweden, who was to round up delegates of neutral and enemy countries—first planned an international labor conference to meet at Paris during the sessions of the Peace Congress. Then the place of meeting was changed to Lausanne, and later to Bern. The conference will actually meet this month. German and Austrian, as well as Dutch and Swedish labor-leaders will be on hand, but the San Francisco *Seamen's Journal* thinks that the whole tone of the conference "will be set by the British, French, Italian, and Russian labor and Socialist programs." The American Socialist party appointed delegates to this Congress, but it seems that the United States Government has not given them passports. The American Federation of Labor was asked to send delegates, but President Gompers has refused to have anything to do with the Bern conference. Instead, accompanied by four vice-presidents of the American Federation of Labor, he has gone to Paris to meet labor leaders from other countries. He intends to form a Federation of Labor-Unions, which will be something quite distinct from and more conservative than the new International of Labor, which is expected to issue from the Switzerland conference of Socialists. On the same ship with Mr. Gompers and his fellow delegates sailed Mr. Charles Edward Russell and Mr. William English Walling, prowar Socialists who, like Mr. Gompers, will go not to Bern, but to Paris, where they are said to expect to join in some sort of an interallied Socialist conference.

Here, then, are two labor conferences at work; still a third is planned. The men meeting at Bern may be too radical for Mr. Gompers or Mr. Russell, but they seem to be too mild for Lenine and Trotzky and some of the Socialists in other European countries. A Rome correspondent of the New York *Call* reports that Italian Socialists are not enthusiastic about the Bern conference as they hear that the Russians and the German Spartacans will not attend, and that the Italian and other governments are refusing passports to simon-pure Socialist delegates. So, as one of our labor editors notes, the Russian Bolsheviki have announced "that they will not send delegates to Lausanne, but will later assemble a purely communistic conference at some central point which will be attended by German Spartacans and extremists from Poland, Holland, Finland, Ukraine, and perhaps Austria and other countries." Thus, it may be seen the Right, the Center, and the Left of the labor movement will have each its own convention and its own program for settling the labor-problem.

Mr. Gompers's first success in his endeavor to form a new Trade-Union International came, as the New York *Herald* notes editorially, when three of the British delegates who had been appointed to attend the Bern conference accepted an appointment to confer with the American Federation of Labor delegates on the Gompers scheme. Now that Mr. Gompers is in Paris, *The Herald* hears that he is likely to have similar success with French labor men, and is thus getting "strong support in upsetting the plans of the German Socialists to dominate the International." Mr. Gompers declared before going to Paris: "We are about to reap the harvest of what we sowed; a sowing of ungrudging sacrifice and brave devotion to the principles of humanity and brotherhood." But he has refused to specify precisely what the American Federation of Labor wants the Peace Conference to do. He has asserted his complete faith in President Wilson, and thinks the time is not ripe to make a more definite statement. But among labor-leaders in this country there are very clear ideas what ought to be done in Paris and Bern. For one thing, there is almost unanimous agreement that there can be no international standardization of wages; to raise European wages to the American level would be practically impossible, we are told, while American workmen would never accept anything like the foreign scale.

As we turn to the expressions of opinion on the part of labor editors, we may begin with the least radical, with journals which are sometimes even accused by some labor men of undue regard for the interest of employers. *The National Labor Tribune*, of Pittsburg, which calls itself "the most conservative labor paper in America," "reflecting the thought of both employee and employer," even declares that the delegates of American labor "must stand for the prevention of strikes and lockouts," and that "the Paris Peace Conference is not to be transformed into an international commission for the purpose of unionizing the toilers of the world." *The Labor World* of the same city, besides calling for the regular organized-labor program which is outlined by an editor quoted below, says that "beyond all, there should be a rigid agreement to prevent lawlessness and violence on the part of organized labor, or those workmen represented by the delegates."

The Square Deal, of Jackson, Michigan, expects the Peace Congress to "recognize the rights of the workers as they have never been recognized," and thus "put an end to the spirit of unrest and mutterings that is prevalent in labor circles in all lands." It calls on America to take the lead in doing this. *The People*, of Akron, Ohio, asserts the complete trust of the workers of its section of the country in President Wilson, saying that they "have been brought to the belief that with President Wilson personally participating in the Peace Conference, labor will have but small need of fear as to its demands being fully considered and made a part of the final settlement through which universal peace shall be obtained." The San Francisco *Labor Clarion*, published in a region where labor wars have so frequently resulted in bloodshed, advises labor to be on its guard, and says that "a large part of the work of the Labor Conference," wherever it may be held, "will be that of keeping a close watch upon the schemes put forward by other interests, lest plans of a hurtful character be embodied in the terms of peace" drawn up at Paris. It thinks this task fully as important "as that of presenting constructive theories and ideas."

But constructive ideas are the main thing for the editor of *The United Mine Workers' Journal* (Indianapolis). In consideration of the importance of the Mine Workers' Union and of the fact that one of the union's officials is with Mr. Gompers at Paris, the views of this journal may well be taken as representative of a very large body of union-labor opinion and should be given careful attention. In the first place, it insists that "Socialism and Bolshevism do not represent labor." "Labor never authorized the Socialist or the Bolshevik to speak for it." Labor, we are told, "speaks for itself," and, says *The Mine Workers' Journal*, with a touch of pride, "it speaks through level-headed, clear-thinking, patriotic men, whose counsel is worth something because it is constructive and not destructive in its character." American labor has sent five such men to Paris; they will submit to the Peace Congress a "definite platform of principles" which, we are told, was formulated by the American Federation of Labor, and which *The Mine Workers' Journal* thus sets down:

ARTHUR HENDERSON,

The radical British laborite, who is the leader of the socialistic labor conference in Switzerland.

"1. A league of the free peoples of the world in a common covenant for genuine and practical cooperation to secure justice, and therefore peace, in relations between nations.

"2. No political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and to cripple or embarrass others.

"3. No reprisals based upon purely vindictive purposes or deliberate desire to injure, but to right manifest wrongs.

"4. Recognition of the rights of small nations and of the principle, 'no people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live.'

"5. No territorial changes or adjustments of power except in furtherance of the welfare of the peoples affected, and in furtherance of world peace.

"6. That in law and in practise the principle shall be recognized that the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce.

"7. Involuntary servitude shall not exist except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

"8. The right of free association, free assemblage, free speech, and free press shall not be abridged.

"9. That the seamen of the merchant marine shall be guaranteed the right of leaving their vessels when the same are in safe harbor.

"10. No article or commodity shall be shipped or delivered in international commerce in the production of which children under the age of sixteen years have been employed or permitted to work.

"11. It shall be declared that the basic work day in industry and commerce shall not exceed eight hours per day.

"12. Trial by jury should be established."

The Denver *Labor Bulletin*, representing Colorado's organized labor, suggests an interesting additional demand, namely, "that no nation be admitted to the League of Nations that will not guarantee its labor to have that representation in its respective government to which its numerical strength and importance in standing of society entitle it to."

The more radical element in organized labor is represented by the Reading (Pa.) *Labor Advocate*, which declares that American delegates at any labor conference "should insistently stand for the complete socialization of industry, the substitution of industrial democracy for political democracy along lines similar to the Russian *Soviet* Government, and the elimination of the profit system of production."

The old *Appeal to Reason* (Girard, Kan.), which, as *The New Appeal*, has stood for both socialism and the United States Government's war-policy, wants labor to "pledge itself to a policy of enlightened socialism."

The view-point of the American Socialist party is voiced by the editor of the Chicago *Eye-Opener*, who fears that the policy of the United States in withholding passports from the delegates who were to go to Lausanne for the American Socialist party may quite spoil the gathering in Switzerland. He says:

"Scheidemann of Germany, Thomas of France, Barnes of England, Gompers of the United States, and others of their kind have no program to offer to international labor. The real representatives of the world's workers will gather in an international conference in due time. It may come after the Paris festivities, when the delegates there assembled have adjourned, piously and sincerely believing that they have divided the spoils of war in safety."

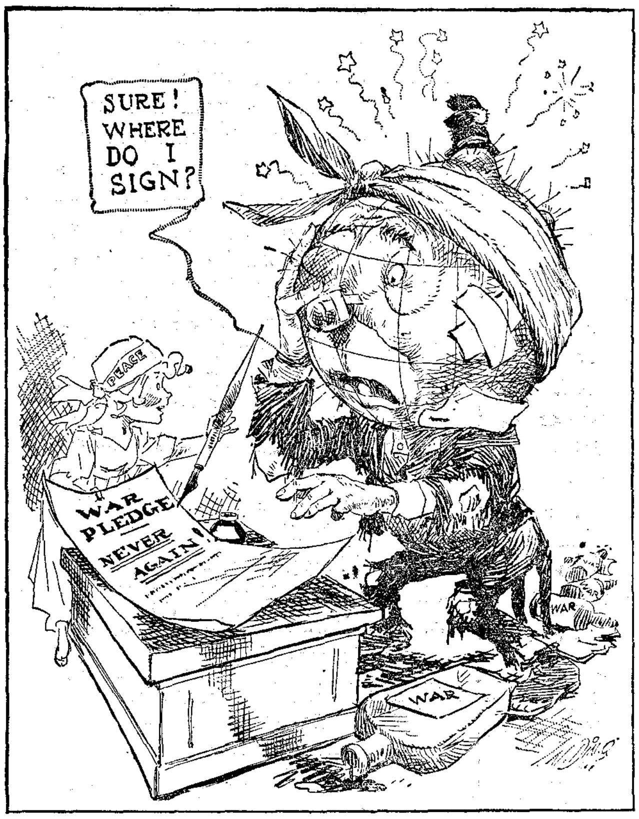
Finally, there is the program of the Industrial Workers of the World. Their official organ, *The New Solidarity* (Chicago), explains that the problem of the labor conference in Switzerland "will be to find methods of harmonious action of all the divergent elements of the working class for the purpose of making the final attack on capitalism, whether represented by autocracy or a pseudo-democracy." The duty of any American delegates who may go to the Swiss conference, says the editor of *The New Solidarity*, should be to—

"Take steps to acquaint the meeting with the necessity of an industrial-union form of organization, as laid down by the Industrial Workers of the World, to take care of the problem of feeding and clothing the world when capitalism breaks down in any part of the world, as it did in Russia.

"This problem is nearer to requiring an answer in all countries of the world than many think, and it can not be left to chance."

THE PEACE LEAGUE LAUNCHED

A PLEDGE to make war no more will be signed in effect when the great and small Powers join in the League of Nations that is now being framed; and such a result, says President Wilson, will lift "a great part of the load of anxiety from the hearts of men everywhere." I do not know "if we shall succeed in our enterprise, but it is already a success that we have undertaken it," concluded Lloyd George, in his speech before the Peace Conference strongly seconding President Wilson's plea for the creation of a league of nations, and declaring the people of the British Empire emphatically behind this proposal to "set up some other method to settle quarrels than the organized slaughter of war." American comment on the Peace Conference's unanimous resolution to create such a league ranges all the way from the opinion that it is merely another futile gesture, like the Hague Tribunal, to the belief that it is a great and irretraceable step toward the final abolition of war. Thus Senator Borah, affirming that "nothing has been accomplished," argues that "the action by the Peace Conference is precisely similar to that sometimes taken by a political convention when it refers a troublesome question likely to arouse bitterness to a committee which will smother it"; and the New York *Tribune* is worried over the danger that "sentimental mankind will think an epoch was born at the same time" as the League of Nations. On the other hand, many papers agree with the Newark *News* that the creation of this League "sets up a new outpost of democracy," and "mobilizes the peoples of the world for peace as they have been mobilized for war." "It is not an experiment, it is a necessity," declares the New York *World*, which asks: "What reason is there to suppose that jurisdiction now in dire need assumed by civilization for self-preservation will ever be surrendered?" "An idea that a few years ago was laughed at as a vision impossible of realization has become a reality," remarks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which adds: "The creation of the League is a triumph of humanity over inhumanity, but it is particularly a triumph of America."



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SIGN HIM UP BEFORE HE GETS OVER HIS HEADACHE.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

In its resolution of January 25, providing for a League of Nations, the Peace Conference declares such an organization "essential to the maintenance of the world settlement which the associated nations are now met to establish," and that its purpose is "to promote international obligations and to provide safeguards against war." The resolution gives these further details of the plan:

> "This League should be created as an integral part of the general treaty of peace and should be open to every civilized nation which can be relied on to promote its objects.
>
> "The members of the League should periodically meet in international conference and should have a permanent organization and secretaries to carry on the business of the League in the intervals between the conferences.
>
> "The conference therefore appoints a committee, representative of the associated governments, to work out the details of the constitution and the functions of the League."

The formation of the League was proposed to the Conference by President Wilson, who said the League should be "the eye of the nations, to keep watch upon the common interest." It must be made "vital" too, or "we shall disappoint the expectations of the peoples," for, he proceeded:

> "Gentlemen, the select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The fortunes of mankind are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world. Satisfy them, and you have justified their confidence not only, but have established peace. Fail to satisfy them, and no arrangement that you can make will either set up or steady the peace of the world. . . . . . .
>
> "We are here to see, in short, that the very foundations of this war are swept away. Those foundations were the private choice of a small coterie of civil rulers and military staffs. Those foundations were the aggression of great Powers upon the small. Those foundations were the holding together of empires of unwilling subjects by the duress of arms. Those foundations were the power of small bodies of men to wield their will and use mankind as pawns in a game. And nothing less than the emancipation of the world from these things will accomplish peace. . . . . .
>
> "I hope, Mr. Chairman, when it is known, as I feel confident it will be known, that we have adopted the principle of the League of Nations and mean to work out that principle in effective action, we shall by that single thing have lifted a great part of the load of anxiety from the hearts of men everywhere."

One of the most heartening features of this plan, thinks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, is that "it resolutely refuses to outmarch the practical and the possible"—President Wilson "does not ask humanity to shut its eyes to facts it knows only too well and to vault blindly in one daring leap to the rainbow's end." Evidence of this it finds in the President's statement that "we may not be able to set up a permanent decision," but "we can set up permanent processes." Says this Philadelphia paper:

> "There is the whole problem in a nutshell. Any man who imagines that the twenty-five or even the fifty or sixty wise men gathered together in Paris can in three months or three years strike out a fixt, petrified, and universally satisfactory settlement of all the petty, puzzling, interwoven, and interminable questions which divide and inflame the myriad races throughout the civilized world forgets that these plenipotentiaries are, after all, only finite and fallible human beings. It is a task entirely beyond their power. If they attempt to deliver from Paris either this spring or next autumn an immutable document, sacred as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, which shall fix by fiat the entire detailed basis of permanent peace, they will but brew for humanity its bitterest disappointment and for themselves an eternal draft of blended ridicule and disgrace.
>
> "They can not, in the words of the President, 'set up a permanent decision,' but they can 'set up permanent processes.'
>
> "The practicability of the League of Nations depends entirely on what we mean by the phrase. If we expect it to change human nature, we foredoom it to failure. If we expect it to anticipate miraculously the natural processes of popular education, we forget that miracles are out of date. If we expect to impose it on a skeptical, unseeing, unwilling world from above, we are not only departing from the democratic principles we profess to serve, but we are running counter to the only method by which the modern world makes real progress. President Wilson strest this point in his address of Saturday by his

constant references to the necessity of satisfying, not 'government circles' merely, but 'mankind.' 'We are not the representatives of governments,' he said, 'but representatives of the peoples.'

"If the League of Nations is to be given a firm foundation it must be based squarely and constantly upon the consent of the governed. It must carry with it popular approval. It must win public confidence.

"All *this means a continuing, and not an immediately and* permanently conclusive, act of authority. In other words, what distracted Europe wants to-day is not a drumhead court martial, decreeing final justice in every case like the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun, but a judicial, impartial, accessible, and *permanent court* of appeal.

"Conceivably, the Peace Conference might go wrong on the Adriatic question, on the problem of a Polish port, on the various Russian disputes, on a dozen delicate points; but if it leaves behind it a court, always open and always authori*tative, which shall rehear any cause whose first settlement* does not satisfy, then blunders will be robbed of bitterness and the most insufferable discontent will always have a way of escape without employing the devastating explosion of war.

"This proposal increases the practicability of the League's policy fully 50 per cent."

The Peace Conference's plan "contemplates nothing but the permanency and the extension of an association already addressing itself to existing problems," remarks the New York *World*, which goes on to say:

"Progress in all such matters, if it is to continue, must be gradual and perhaps painful. Self-governing nations have not worked out their systems at a single sitting, and no one stroke ever gave a people liberty and security. In politics, as in nature, slowness is the law of enduring growth, and so the happiest augury of the League of Nations is to be found in the recognition by its authors that, while they plant and water, those who are to come after them will as true husbandmen safeguard and profit by the increase. . . . . . .

"It is inconceivable that the world will ever again confront readjustments so far-reaching as those now under consideration in Paris. In many respects the eastern hemisphere is to be made over. New nations are to be formed. Old nations are to be recreated. Tyranny is to die. Subject races are to be freed. Geography is to be no more merely an expression of Imperialistic greed and plunder. The League of Nations already organized for the solution of this unprecedented problem has only in good faith to perpetuate itself, admitting new members as they prove to be worthy, and the dream of the ages will come true."

"When the establishment of a League of Nations is moved by the United States, seconded by Great Britain, cordially welcomed and supported by Italy, France, Belgium, China, Poland, and unanimously voted by the great council of the nations, we may dismiss all doubts about the practicability and the realization of the project," remarks the New York *Times*, which shares Mr. Theodore Marburg's confidence that "the united purpose of the civilized world may be counted upon to solve" all the problems that may arise. Noting that the League "substitutes universal internationalism for the partial internationalism of societies and classes and parties," the Newark *News* says:

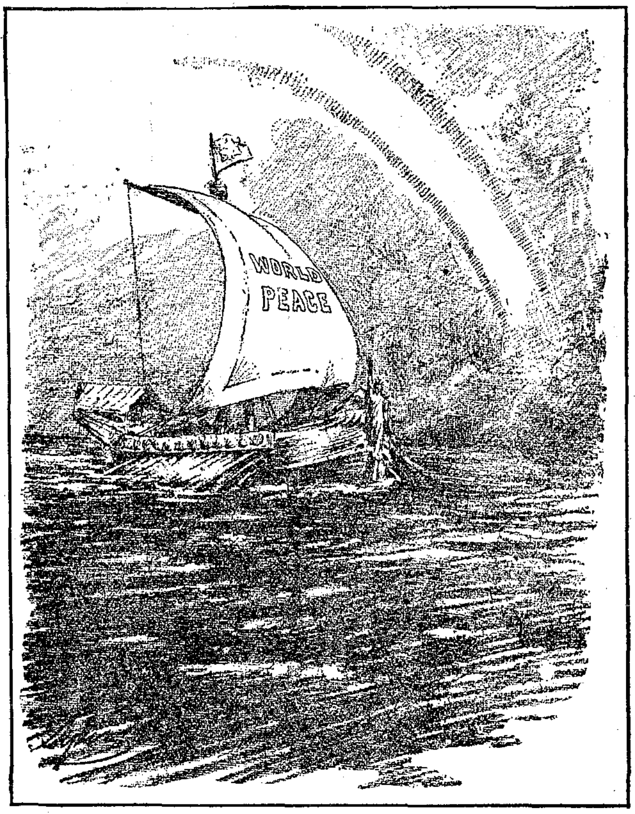
"Such internationalism was bound to come whenever the peoples within their several nations were freed of their masters, to speak for themselves. Free men can not be content to have their freedom restricted to their own countries. They must be free wherever people are free, and they must act in cooperation with all other free men everywhere. Toward this the world has leapt forward with a bound with the League of Nations, which has been thrown up by a great movement of unrest such as always precedes the winning of freedom."

But lest we invite disappointment by expecting too much of the new League, the New York *Tribune* warns us that "there is nothing new in the principle involved," and that "it can not represent more than the crystallized average moral sense of the people composing it, with the morality adjusted always to the realities of every-day national existence." The New York *Globe*, disturbed by the resemblance between the League and the Hague Court, remarks doubtfully:

"This machinery did not suffice to safeguard against the present war, and it does not yet appear that a reestablishment of it will safeguard against future wars. Nations will possess as now power not to go to court, and be at full liberty to enter into such alliances as their supposed interest dictates. A more *enlightened public opinion will, let us hope, constrain future* disputants to remember a court is in session, but practically no new peace-conserving machinery is foreshadowed."

And in the Washington *Post*, which is troubled by the same thought, we read:

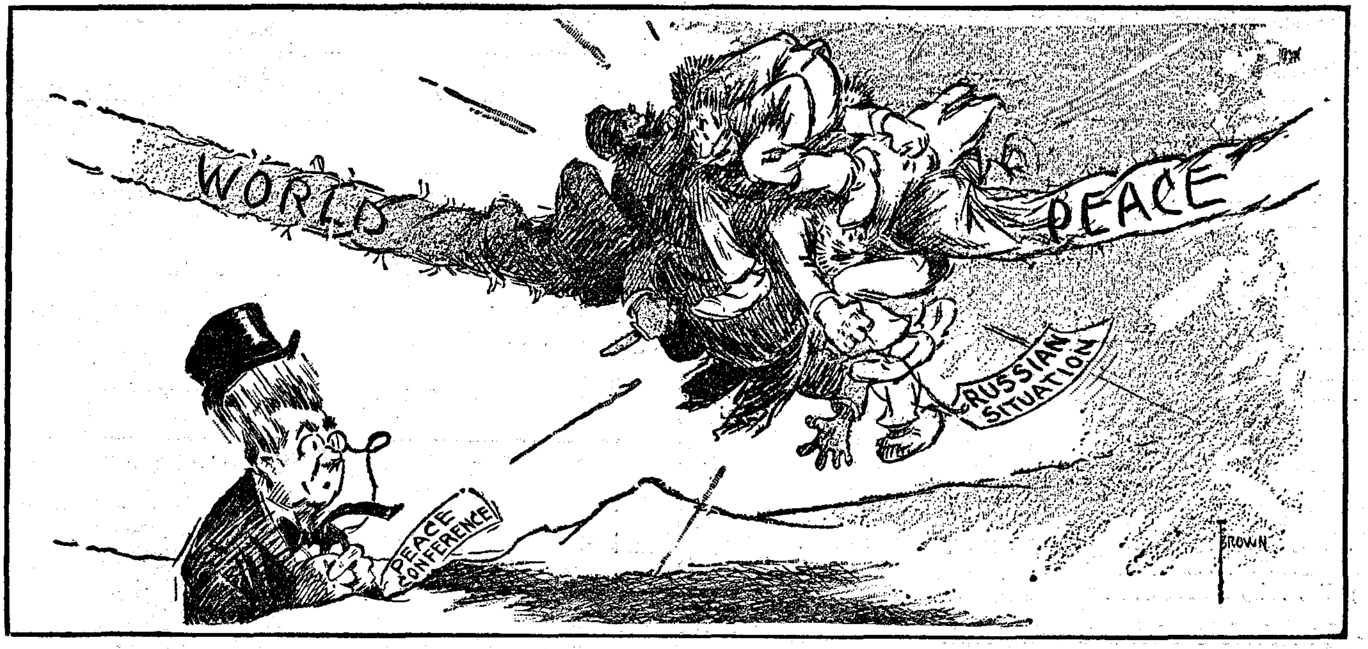
"So far the idea, as put forward in the resolution, seems to be the creation of a court rather than an international parliament. Such an organization would be a sort of glorified Hague Tribunal. It remains to be seen if the Peace Conference can work out some machinery by which such a world-court would be enabled to enforce its decrees. This is the crux of the whole problem. There was no reason, in theory, why the tribunal of The Hague should not have made all war—especially the one the world has just passed through—impossible. Its weak point was that it only appealed to moral law and was without means of enforcing its decisions.



Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

"It is the task of the Paris Conference to fill up this lacuna, to devise some machinery of enforcing the decisions of the League of Nations which will be accepted in advance by all of them, sincerely and without '*arrière pensée*' of any kind. That this to a certain degree entails the abandonment of sovereignty on the part of the states adhering to the League is beyond all doubt. The question is, Have the horrors of a decision by force of arms so impress themselves on the public mind over all the world as to induce the various states to make the necessary sacrifice to prevent their recurrence in the future? If this is the case, then it should be possible to reach some arrangement by which a superpower, superior to state power, may be created.

"But if the desire for selfish profit and advantage should still be a ruling force, it will be difficult to set up a power to which all must bow. In any case, no nobler problem was ever placed before any human assembly, and the world will follow with sympathy or skepticism, according to beliefs or temperament, the labors of the Peace Conference."



A HARD KNOT TO UNTIE. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

TRYING TO TAME THE BOLSHEVIKI

THE MERE THOUGHT of sitting at the same table with the murderous Bolsheviki seems to revolt the other Russian factions so strongly as to darken the roseate hope that the whole Russian upheaval might be calmed by a conversation of the jarring factions at a quiet isle in the Sea of Marmora. The decision of the Peace Conference to summon the discordant Russian elements to such a conference, declares Prince Lvoff, the former Russian Premier, represents "the greatest victory that the Bolsheviki have yet achieved," and gives a "new impulse to anarchy" all over the world. "Russian patriots," he adds, "can not meet men who betrayed Russia at Brest-Litovsk." The Archangel *Olecheobo*, an independent newspaper published in the region where the American, British, and French troops are holding off superior Bolshevik forces, is quoted in a dispatch as saying:

> "The proposition to converse with the Bolsheviki is similar to the proposal made by the Pope during the war for the Allies to converse with the Hohenzollerns. At that time the Allies answered that they did not trust the Germans and that they would not talk with murderers and criminals. In the same way and with analogous motives it is necessary to state clearly that it is impossible to hold conversations with the Bolsheviki.
>
> "Bolshevism, like imperialism, before the *débâcle* in Germany, is not only a threat to Russia, but to the entire world."

And in a statement issued by A. J. Sack, Director of the Russian Information Bureau in the United States, we read:

> "The anti-Bolshevik factions repudiate the Allied proposal for three reasons: First, they do not want to meet the Bolsheviki at the table, considering them traitors to Russia and humanity, murderers of their own brothers, criminals who are able to understand only one language, the language of physical force; secondly, they do not understand how the Allies find it possible to place them, the people of Russia, who have sacrificed millions of their best youth for the Allied cause, on an equal footing with the Bolsheviki, who have betrayed Russia and the Allied cause, ill-treated the Allied diplomatic representatives and citizens, and instituted such a terror that President Wilson considered it a duty in September, 1918, to ask all the civilized nations throughout the world to join in protest against the horrors of the Bolshevik régime; thirdly, the anti-Bolshevik factions representing the Russian people consider it incompatible with the dignity of Russia to meet the Allied representatives somewhere on the Princes' Islands. Russia is entitled to full representation in Paris."

Those who sup with the devil, the New York *Globe* reminds us, need a long spoon; and the Boston *Transcript* is convinced that "we are not in a situation where we need to parley with murderers and robbers."

The invitation does not mean a recognition of the Bolshevik Government, explains Stephen Pichon, France's Foreign Minister. "The invitation was to all factions, in an effort to bring them together, and the Bolsheviki among the rest, as they have a *de-facto* existence." Dispatches quote the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, Mr. Tchitcherin, as expressing doubt if "any result" will come of the Princes' Islands conference.

Many American editors, however, who see in the

They [the associated Powers] recognize the absolute right of the Russian people to direct their own affairs without dictation or direction of any kind from outside. They do not wish to exploit or make use of Russia in any way.

They recognize the revolution without reservation and will in no way and in no circumstances aid or give countenance to any attempt at a counter-revolution.

It is not their wish or purpose to favor or assist any one of the organized groups now contending for the leadership and guidance of Russia as against the others. Their sole and sincere purpose is to do what they can to bring Russia peace and an opportunity to find her way out of her present troubles.

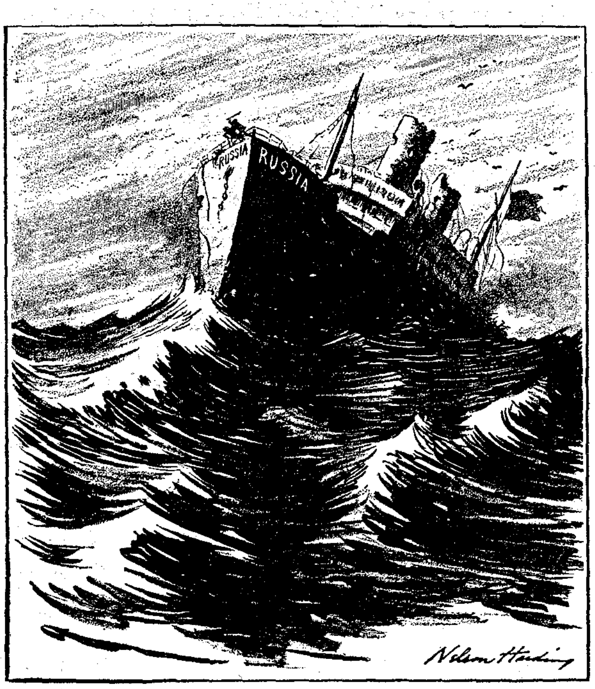
In this spirit and with this purpose they have taken the following action: They invite every organized group that is now exercising or attempting to exercise political authority or military control anywhere in Siberia, or within the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war just concluded, except in Finland, to send representatives, not exceeding three representatives for each group, to Princes' Islands, Sea of Marmora, where they will be met by representatives of the associated Powers, provided in the meantime there is a truce of arms among the parties invited, and that all armed forces anywhere sent or directed against any people or territory inside the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war, or against Finland, or against any people or territory whose autonomous action is in contemplation in the fourteen articles upon which the present negotiations are based, shall be meanwhile withdrawn and aggressive military actions cease.

These representatives are invited to confer with the representatives of the associated Powers in the freest and frankest way, with a view to ascertaining the wishes of all sections of the Russian people and bringing about, if possible, some understanding and agreement by which Russia may work out her own purposes, and happy, cooperative relations be established between her people and the other peoples of the world.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S RUSSIAN PROGRAM,
As adopted by the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference.

proposal another victory for President Wilson, display an attitude of more hopeful expectation. For, as the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* remarks, "primarily, the Russian riddle has been baffling because of defective illumination; misinformation, propaganda on all sides, has clouded the issue." But now—

> "The credentials alike of saints or devils are sought. Whatever the concerted Powers' future action may be, it will be taken in strict cognizance of facts. . . . The comprehensiveness of this offer need only dismay those whose causes are not intrinsically worth presenting."



A DANGEROUS DERELICT.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Recalling that this tentative Russian program adopted by the Peace Conference is a Wilsonian adaptation of Lloyd George's earlier suggestion that the Russian factions should be heard at Paris, the Philadelphia paper remarks, in conclusion, that, after all, "the American and English point of view is merely that before there is any more fighting in Russia, the Allies should have definite information as to what it is all about." "This invitation is right in line with sober democratic opinion everywhere," thinks the morning edition of *The Public Ledger*, which sees in it an "acid test" for Russia.

President Wilson, thinks the Chicago *Tribune*, deserves "unqualified approval" in his treatment of the Russian question, for "surely there is no more sensible way of getting at the heart of the tumult than to meet with representatives of all the Russian revolutionary movements and talk it over."

Even if the Russians reject this invitation, or fail to agree after accepting it, remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the proposal should still prove beneficial," because "it should remove all doubt of the justice and fairness of the Allied attitude toward Russia."

Hailing the announcement of the Princes' Islands program as "the most hopeful news that has come since President Wilson sailed for Europe," the Springfield *Republican* briefly sums up as follows some of the chief considerations which in its opinion probably moved the Peace Conference to adopt this plan:

> "(1) Intervention thus far has been a failure; (2) the Bolsheviki in consequence of intervention have gained in strength; (3) most of the non-Bolshevik revolutionists oppose intervention; (4) the interventionist parties are at odds with each other; (5) no party advocating foreign intervention commands popular support; (6) Russians have not rallied to the Allies as had been expected; (7) the so-called 'governments' which the Allies have been supporting have tended to fall under the control of reactionaries, thus progressively alienating the Russian people; (8) the offensive campaign against the *Soviets* has reacted unfavorably, tending to create sympathy for the Bolsheviki; (9) the general desire for peace and demobilization would make a new war against Russia highly unpopular; (10) a half-hearted campaign by a small army would not suffice to overthrow the Bolsheviki, and would but continue the irritation and suspicion which in the past because of this policy have done such great harm.
>
> "These arguments are of a very different character and appeal to very different motives; but taken together they must have made a strong impression even on those to whom, as to Mr. Pichon, the idea of negotiating with the Bolsheviki was repugnant."

TO HALT IMMIGRATION

IT HAS BEEN AMERICA'S PRIDE that our land has been an asylum for the poor and opprest of all nations, and the inflow of labor at the rate of a million a year has been thought an important source of our wealth and power, but now with all Europe impoverished and looking expectantly in our direction and with a labor-surplus already in sight, our labor-unions are asking Congress to put up the bars. The suggested cure is twofold: to assist the assimilating process by educational methods, and prevent more trouble by keeping out the indigestibles. And there is a third suggestion, that considerable relief would be afforded by discriminating deportations. From now on, declares a Pennsylvania editor, we want "not increased bulk, but improved quality," in our population, and as for the alleged "right of all nations of the earth to seek freedom in America," we are told that "there is no such right any more than there is a right of every tramp to sleep in your bedroom." The present alarming surplusage of labor furnishes one of the most solid arguments for the backers of the drastic immigration restriction measures now before Congress. A four-year ban on immigration is an absolute necessity, according to Secretary Frank Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor. But what seems to arouse editors to the most vigorous demands for putting up the bars against foreigners is the fear that "Hunland" is before long to unloose a "horde" of immigrants upon us. Speaking in support of the bill barring practically all immigration for four years, Congressman Royal C. Johnson (Rep., South Dakota), who served in the United States Army in France, pointed out that such apprehensions are far from groundless. He said:

> "I have talked with many German prisoners and found them practically united in a purpose to come to America as soon as the war ended. They believe they will be received here with open arms and that America is the land of wealth and promise."

The complacent remark of an arrogant German officer to the effect that he intended to come to the United States and settle down "as soon as the Americans cooled off" brings the indignant reply from the Columbus *Dispatch* that he may find that—

> "The cooling-off process is too slow for such as he; he may find that there is a lingering remembrance in this country of the misery which his kind has caused in the world. Some way will be found, at the proper time, to prevent just such characters from coming here and 'settling down.' We shall demand that they stay at home and 'settle up.'"

"We have on our hands a big task in making Americans out of the some millions of German-Germans now in this country," *The Venango Herald* (Franklin, Pa.) tells us, "and need not add to it by admitting any more now." "Most emphatically," says another Pennsylvania daily, the Altoona *Times*,

> "We do not want those German soldiers who during the four years last past have looted homes, tortured prisoners, raped women, and bayoneted babies. In other words, we do not want at least nine out of ten German ex-soldiers. Further, we do not

> want any one from Germany who defends now or ever has defended the fiendish Hun fighting men or the Kaiser's barbarous Government. Such people would be dangerous citizens. Given the opportunity, they would most certainly commit in America the crimes they have committed or condoned in Europe. . . . . .
>
> "Our law-makers and immigration authorities should know that the American people feel a resentment toward the devastating, murderous Hun that is implacable and will never cool. We want none of his kind in this country. And if the Government fails to keep him out there is danger that America's ex-veterans of the Great War will take the law into their own hands."

The passage of such an anti-immigration measure as is now before Congress is demanded by such representative newspapers as the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Grand Rapids *Herald*, St. Louis *Republic*, and Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. The St. Louis paper's support of a drastic limitation on immigration for the next few years is based upon its firm conviction that "Bolshevik fanatics should by all means be kept out." A citizen of Baltimore writes to *The Sun* of that city to say that in the first place "the total restriction of immigration would go a long way toward settling the question of giving our overseas boys employment." But, he adds,

> "We could go still further and clinch the problem by deporting every German, pro-German, conscientious objector, Bolshevik, Industrial Worker of the World, and other disturbing elements out of our land. These elements have no use for America, except to live off the fat of the land, exploit themselves and their accursed doctrine, and strive to force them on a long-suffering people."

The Sun says editorially that not only should we keep out immigrants of the type just mentioned, but we should also "make certain that no interned aliens are allowed to remain, and that every alien now in jail for disloyalty shall be deported after his sentence expires"; and this "ought to include naturalized disloyalists like Berger, whose citizenship should be revoked."

But some object that a labor shortage may result from the proposed halt in the westward march of population. Attention is called by the Syracuse *Post-Standard* to the decline in immigration during the war. From 1,218,480 in 1914 it dropt to 300,000 in 1917 and 110,000 in 1918. *The Post-Standard* disagrees with labor leaders when it says that "with all that needs to be done after these years of delayed enterprise there should be places for all those who return from the war, and for a larger number of immigrants than we have been getting besides."

A Pennsylvania Congressman reports that coal operators and manufacturers in his State fear there will be an inadequate supply of the kind of labor they need if immigration is cut off. In Europe, according to some of the dispatches, the proposal for prohibiting immigration to the United States for the next few years is far from popular. Mr. George Nicoll Barnes, labor representative on the British peace delegation, says European labor would be strongly opposed to such a law. There have been reports that there are serious objections in Italy to any restriction on the entrance of Italians into the United States. But according to the New York *Evening Post*, Italy, as well as other countries in Europe, has an industrial program intended to remove the cause for emigration "by giving her workers what they formerly sought in America—good wages and decent living conditions."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

At the peace table there will be German waiters.—*Baltimore American.*

Raw deals make raw spots and are raw material for future wars.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

The German elections show that Bolshevism's weakest spot is the ballot-box.—*Washington Post.*

The Kaiser is growing a beard. Evidently he has had enough close shaves.—*Baltimore American.*

One sure way to break up that Irish Republic would be for the British Government to approve it.—*Nashville Banner.*

William Hohenzollern, we are told, has recovered from his recent illness, but he is not out of danger.—*Boston Globe.*

The former Kaiser is reported to have a severe cold in the head. The cold evidently extended from his feet.—*Long Island City Star.*

The German revolt leaders, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, advocated violence and that's what they got.—*Boston Transcript.*

Men are beginning to talk about Colonel Roosevelt's probable successors, but the number required to take his place is not mentioned.—*Toledo Blade.*

Hines announces he's going to carry out the policies of McAdoo. Fine. Carry 'em out, and for goodness sake don't bring 'em back.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

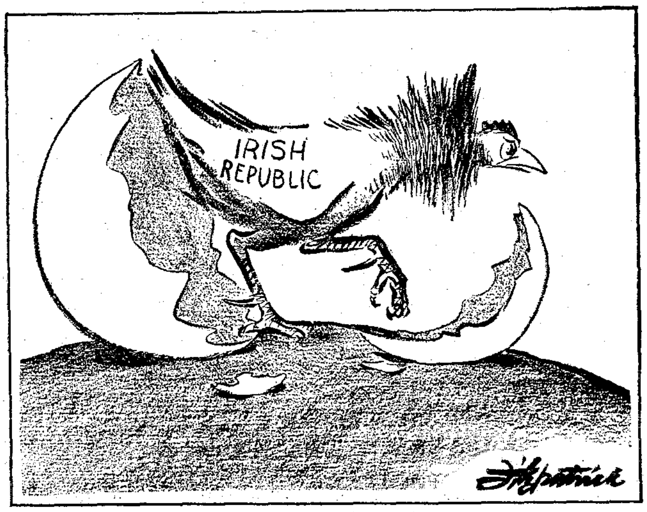
If ever we have moments of doubt it is when men like Theodore Roosevelt have to die and Bill Hohenzollern still lives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

As winter begins to be a little restive on the lap of spring, some people are getting more interested in the National League than in the League of Nations.—*Columbia State.*

Reports are that the Hohenzollern ex-Kaiser is raising a beard, which is an improvement on what he has been raising for the last four or five years.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Two German steamers are to be used in taking American officers and men on excursions up and down the Rhine. No wonder the ex-Kaiser is reported to show signs of becoming a hopeless lunatic.—*Baltimore American.*

"Giving the men a part of the profits has proved the greatest investment ever made by the Ford Company," says its advertising manager. Perhaps it will do no harm to cut this out and show it to the boss.—*Boston Globe.*



"WHERE'S THAT PEACE CONFERENCE?"

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

The Holy Land is much holier than it was.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

It seems that the only use of the consumer is to be consumed.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Any peace that favors Germany will be one that passeth understanding.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Dr. Wilson better hurry with his peace remedy or all the patients will be dead.—*Columbia Record.*

Money still talks, but contact with the high cost of living seems to have given it throat trouble.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

When we recognized Poland's independence we didn't mean that she should be too darned independent.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

The former Kaiser is suffering from ear trouble. No wonder, with the stuff that continuously reaches his ears.—*Nashville Banner.*

And apparently the Kaiser is better off with the blues in Holland than he would be with the Reds in Berlin.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Well, just as the Kaiser expected and prophesied more than a year ago, German ships are landing troops in New York.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Kaiser is said to have aged ten years since he fled to Holland two months ago. It is much too fast. Somebody ought to put an end to it.—*Kansas City Star.*

This is the first time our executive has been abroad, but not the first time the country has been without an executive.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

The German sailors are said to be taking a neutral attitude during the present trouble in Berlin. They don't want to mar their war-record evidently.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Some of the Germans seem to think that as they are honest enough to admit they are dishonest, the account should be struck off the books.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

Colonel Roosevelt did not discover the Ten Commandments, but the trouble came from his wanting to apply them to a lot of men who felt that they were outside those issues.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

As a matter of fact, it's the overbalance of power, with the liberty-loving nations on the heavy end, that makes the world feel so safe now, regardless of just what form the League of Nations takes.—*Clinton Daily Clintonian.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

IRISH AND ENGLISH VIEWS OF THE SINN-FEIN REPUBLIC

TROUBLE AHEAD is sensed by both the Irish and English press as they see Sinn Fein's determination to secure the complete independence of the Irish Republic, as formally proclaimed in the Irish Declaration of Independence, at Dublin, on January 21. The Sinn-Fein organs breathe a spirit of defiance, while Unionist journals in England and Ireland warn the Government against too much softness in dealing with the Sinn-Feiners. The Declaration was read in Gaelic and in English at the Mansion House in Dublin, before the Sinn-Fein Assembly, made up of the Sinn-Feiners just elected members of the British Parliament. Half of the Assembly were absent, held in various English prisons on political charges. Among the Nationalist or Home-Rule organs, whose candidates for Parliament were badly defeated, we find an occasional prediction that the Sinn-Feiners have not a very long course to run, and therefore it is urged that the Nationalists should hold together to be ready at the day of reckoning to regain control of the political situation. The fear that rebellion may break out is exprest in some Unionist Irish papers, and it is even admitted by *Nationality*, a prominent Sinn-Fein organ, that the coming months will be critical and "storms may arise." But "with the help of the people, Ireland will weather the storm." British tyranny in Ireland must cease, we read, and—

> "Definitely and defiantly we must tell the British Government that it can not go on doing as it likes in Ireland. 'Britishism' must follow 'Prussianism.' The Irish people have repudiated the British Government—they must wipe out all that the Government stands for in Ireland. There are many ways of killing a dog besides giving it a bit of tongue—or a few bottles of ink."

Another Sinn-Fein journal, *New Ireland*, holds that the Sinn-Feiners' grasp at power means that Ireland has "gathered her cloak about her and shaken the dust of England and English legislation from her feet." Now every Irish man and woman must put "their whole energy into the completion of the work so well begun." *New Ireland* also makes an important statement on the question of armed rebellion, when it says:

> "Our enemies have accused us of desiring open warfare and recourse to armed rebellion. We say with deliberation that if open warfare were the National aim at this moment, Irishmen would not have wasted time, energy, and money upon an election. We further add that if Irishmen to-day wish to prevent recourse to armed rebellion, they should throw themselves whole-heartedly into the present Sinn-Fein movement. The first principle of that movement is the complete rejection to the utmost limits of possibility of English interference, good or bad, in Ireland."

The Dublin *Irish World* tells us that Ireland has "revolutionized herself mentally," and it urges that the principles of Sinn Fein having been accepted by the nation they should be put into practical effect. Ireland has spoken with no uncertain voice, and "by no moral or international law can that voice be brushed aside as of no consequence." This paper enjoins upon its readers support of the Republican Parliament "in every word, in every act." There must be "no compromise," and it is to be remembered that "victory is to those who stick it out to the last."

From the Home-Rule standpoint a representative opinion is that of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, which predicts failure for the Sinn-Feiners, and is convinced that the freedom of Ireland "can not be extended or advanced" by their methods. Therefore it urges the Nationalists to "hold together for the awakening" which will come "speedily." The Belfast *Irish News* (Nationalist), adverting to the Sinn-Feiners' hopes in the Peace Conference, asks what the seventy-three Sinn-Feiners in Dublin can do if the Conference closes without establishing the Irish Republic. Their "ukases" will not be worth so many scraps of paper unless they have force behind them, and the employment of force will mean another insurrection, according to this paper, which adds that "if we are heading for another insurrection, let the fact be clearly understood. It is a very serious consideration."

The menace of rebellion is felt, too, by Irish Unionist journals, which remind their readers once more that the "one lesson the whole of Irish history teaches is that the only fatal fault in Irish statesmanship is indecision." This remark is made by the Belfast *Northern Whig* (Unionist), which believes the present situation has great possibilities of peril for Ireland if it is handled slackly, but "if it is dealt with in a firm and, above all, in a consistent fashion, it will prove quite amenable to treatment." The Dublin *Irish Times* (Unionist) wonders whether Sinn Fein "will attempt once more to stimulate disorder and lawlessness in the country." It assumes that in any event Sinn Fein will "do its best to convince the world that British government is impossible in Ireland," and its efforts in this direction must be "thoroughly bad for the nation's material interests."

Turning to the London press, we find the Liberal *Westminster Gazette* confessing that the British Government faces an Irish question "more serious and more troublous in prospect than we have had for generations," while the Unionist *Daily Telegraph* asserts flatly that the Sinn-Fein demand for Irish independence will never be conceded by Great Britain, because it would be a mortal blow at Great Britain's strategic security, and "the sooner that Sinn-Fein Ireland is disillusioned of that mad idea and gets back to her sanity, the better." Ireland at this moment "enjoys every privilege which is enjoyed by the rest of the United Kingdom," according to this London daily, which further observes:

> "She has enjoyed special privileges during the war which are not to her honor, but to her shame. It is known to all the world that she is now prosperous as never before in her history, and that she can secure a generous measure of self-government as soon as the three southern provinces relinquish the vain hope of triumphing over the Protestants and Unionists of Ulster. If the Sinn-Feiners insist on crying for the impossible, why, then, cry they must; but if they stretch out violent hands to grasp what is forbidden by the unyielding conditions of British security, they will have themselves and their false leaders to blame for what may follow."

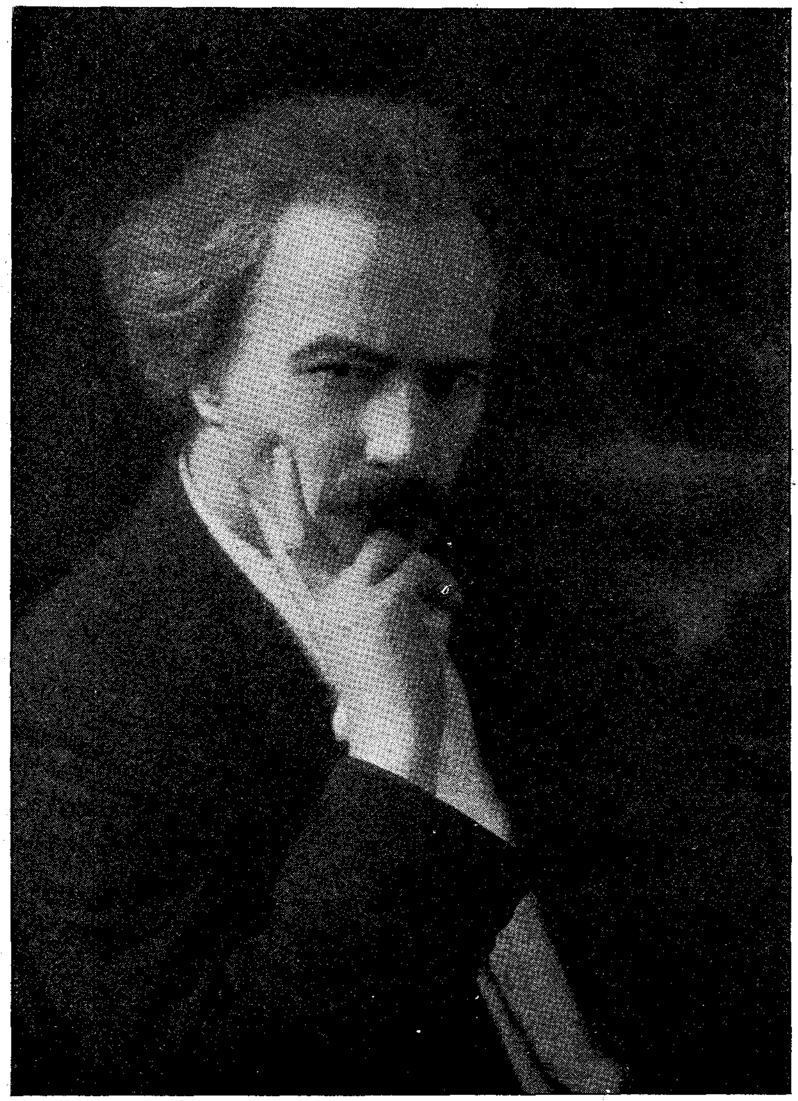
The Liberal-Unionist weekly *Spectator* considers the issue in Ireland between loyalty and secession "now clear," and tells us that the fact that the Sinn-Feiners will not go to Westminster "may indeed be regarded as a blessing." Meanwhile, the "sane and loyal side of Ireland will be well represented by the strong body of patriotic men returned for Northeast Ulster." The Unionist London *Morning Post* views the case of Ireland as "a deplorable example of the evils that arise when governments, for political reasons, evade their plain duty of governing." The duty of governing Ireland has been shirked, it avers, and Irishmen have been allowed to "treat all justice and government with open contempt, and that part of the Kingdom has been permitted to fall into anarchy." If the Government had shown itself stronger than the rebels, *The Morning Post* goes on to say, the people of Ireland would have been with the Government against the rebels. But as the rebels have shown themselves stronger than the Government, the people of Ireland have taken sides with the stronger, and "they were forced to do it for their own protection when justice was abandoned and the police betrayed." The first work before the Government, in the view of this daily, is the "establishment of law and order in Ireland," and we read:

> "It is tragic beyond tears that not Ireland only, but England also, will have to pay this bitter and terrible debt incurred by politicians who refused to face their liabilities. If the opportunities of this war had been in the hands of real statesmen Ireland might by now have been as well affected as any part of the United Kingdom. It could have been done. Ireland has suffered from a wrong not so much political as economic. For several generations successive British Governments have neglected and betrayed the chief interest of Ireland—which is agriculture. From that cause, and not from any lack of an Irish Parliament, her population has dwindled from eight to five millions, and the whole world is filled with the bitterness of Irishmen who have been forced, by this economic wrong, to leave Ireland."

GERMANY'S EYE FOR TRADE—"The American flag is taking the place of the English flag" on the seas of the world, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says flatteringly, and while it admits its regret that American trade should attain such supremacy, at the same time it slips in another whine that we do not treat Germany too hard with this power. America has become the most important exporter of raw materials, especially cotton and corn, and the Frankfort daily predicts that while England will be busy with problems of internal reconstruction, America will be shooting ahead in world trade. Americans will see that none of the markets of the Old World is throttled by "a senseless Imperialism on the part of its neighbors, it is hoped, and France in particular should be given free range because she more than any other country is dependent upon America for food, clothing, reconstruction, and financial credit, "altho she will doubtless return later to her natural exclusiveness." Finally, this daily wonders plaintively if America will permit this Imperialism to rob Germany of the power to live—that Germany which "by her whole structure would be the natural customer of the United States."

POLAND REBORN

BORN ANEW UNDER MACHINE-GUN FIRE and martial law, the Republic of Poland seemed to some to be in peril of swift extinction, but now a coalition Government is in full control, formed and led by Mr. Paderewski as Premier and Foreign Minister. This does not seem to suit Germany, for the German press at once blame him for the disorder in Posen, the capital of Prussian Poland, where stiff fighting took place following his coming, in which Germans, Jews, and Poles participated. The Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is among the journals that make this accusation, and it claims that Mr. Paderewski's "provocative" entrance into Posen "worked up the already existing passions to the bursting-point." The German press have no intention of letting Poland have Posen without a protest, and German malice is said in some quarters to be responsible for the sensational reports of trouble there. How the Poles of Posen feel about the matter is evident from the fact that there will be no Polish party in the Constituent Assembly of the German Government, because the Poles of Posen refused to vote at the German elections, and thus demonstrated their secession from the German state. The Manchester *Guardian* regrets that Mr. Paderewski should have been taken to Danzig in a British war-ship, and that he should have been accompanied at Posen by a British officer on a mission to Poland. It is most unfortunate, this daily believes, and of course it is most undesired by the British Government, that its representative should by his presence have been connected with the disturbances at Posen. The fighting was due to the desire of the most bellicose Poles not to await the judgment of the Peace Conference, according to *The Guardian*, but "to create a situation by violence and face the Conference with it." Says the London *Daily Telegraph:*



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IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI,

The world-famous pianist, now Premier of the Polish Republic, is called "The Messiah" of his country, which was ravaged by contending armies during the war.

> "As for the occupation of the Prussian-Polish lands in advance of the settlement to be arrived at by the Peace Conference, we can only hope that it does not represent a mistrust—for which there is assuredly no foundation—of the sincerity of the Allies in their Polish policy. Under the most favorable circumstances the territorial delimitation of Poland would have been among their chief difficulties. There remains the trouble threatened by the sinister development of Bolshevism in the industrial centers of Russian Poland, to which many thousands of Polish

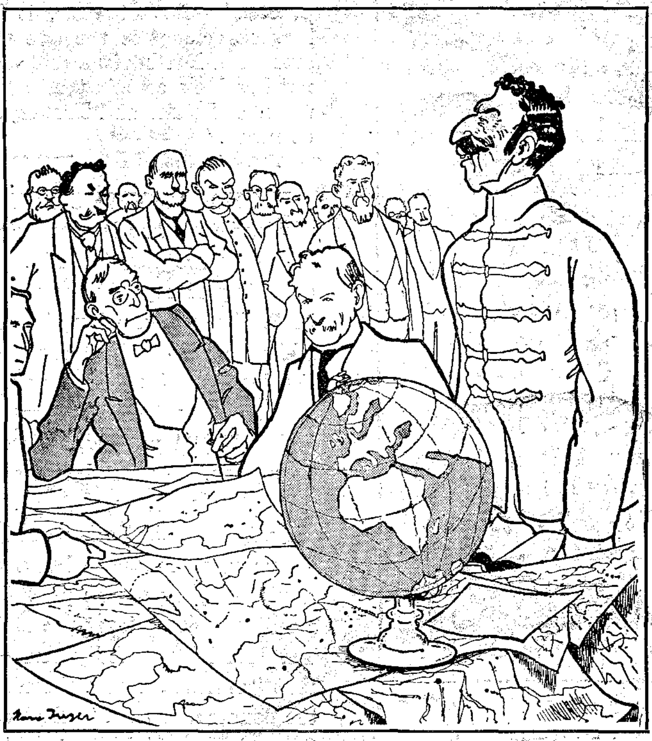
workers have now returned, only to find them stript by the Germans of all the machinery of production, in accordance with the brutally malignant policy of social wreckage which they have pursued in all invaded territory."

The London *Times* also speaks of alarming accounts from Warsaw of the designs of Bolshevik Russia on the independence of Poland. The Bolshevik organs write of the expected absorption of Poland and Lithuania into the *Soviet* Republic, we are told, and to this end three army divisions have been concentrated. In addition to this armed invasion, the Russian Bolsheviki have sent agents into Poland to convert the people to their political doctrines and to make of the released Russian prisoners a garrison favorable to a social revolution after the Russian pattern. As to England's loyalty to the plan of a "free Poland," *The Times* admits Britain may be misrepresented, but insists that, at any rate, it can not be said of the United States of America that they have any interest in Eastern Europe other than that of serving liberty, and this important daily adds:

> "We want nothing in Eastern Europe that America does not want too, and tho we feel very keenly the injustice of some insinuations that are made against our motives, we are willing to speak with her voice. Let her be the executive trustee of what we believe to be the cause of justice and of the will of the Powers who have fought the battle of freedom to the end."

The London *Daily Mail* describes the restoration of Poland in the form of an independent republic as "at once a historically just and politically effective means of relieving Russia of Germany's persistent push to the East, and all the danger and unrest to Europe which that insidious ambition involves." Poland's claims as to boundary are stated in an interview given by the former Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Wasilewski, to a London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at Geneva. Silesia and Galicia must form an integral part of Poland, and there will be no difficulty in arriving at an amicable settlement of the frontiers with Bohemia, because the Poles and Czechs are sister nations and all matters between them can be discust in a friendly spirit, and Mr. Wasilewski is further quoted as saying:

> "We are united to Bohemia by many historical ties, and we must adopt a common policy and work amicably together. The question of Spiz and Orawa, two small territories inhabited by Poles, will offer no great obstacle, and can be solved by friendly discussion with the Czecho-Slovaks. Our relations with the Ukraine present more difficulties and complications; for instance, there is the question of Leopol, a city purely Polish, which is claimed by the Ukraine, but to which our pretensions are supported by the whole Polish nation. Whatever the cost, we must arrive at a settlement on this point, and also with regard to eastern Galicia, where the population is very mixed. Tho we believe the Poles form the majority there, no definite ethnographical boundary can be drawn, and the frontier must be a matter for discussion and arrangement. With regard to Lithuania and White Ruthenia, our point of view is that the Russian frontier must be placed as far east as possible, tho we do not wish to appear as annexationists. At the same time, we are resolved that these two countries, which are Polish by race and culture, shall be united to Poland in some form which will facilitate our economic relations."



A GERMAN VIEW OF POLAND'S DEMANDS.

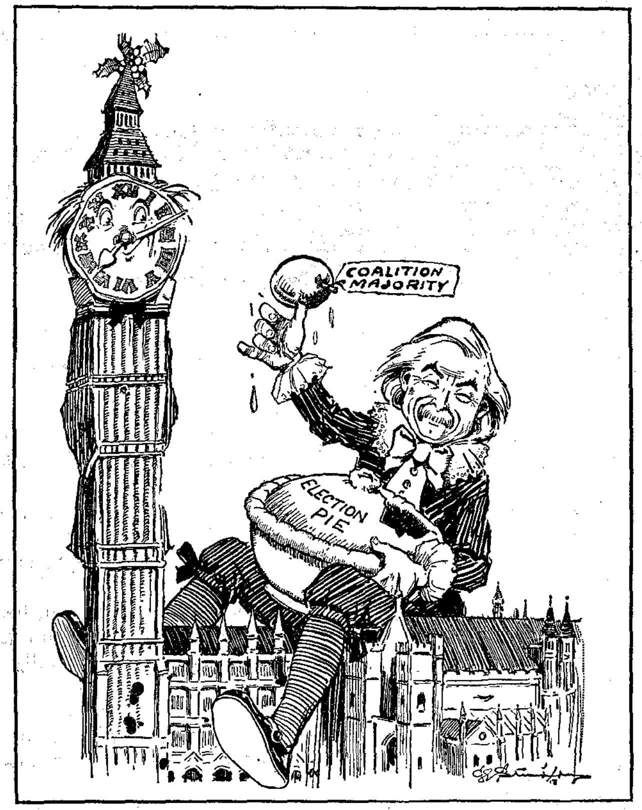
THE POLE (at the peace table)—"What do we want? I think we'll all make better progress if I tell you what parts of the globe we don't want."
—*Ulk* (Berlin).

"WILSON DIPLOMACY" AND THE BOLSHEVIKI

THE ONLY VOICES in France that favor allowing the Russian Bolshevik representatives to have a voice in the peace councils, even from so far away as the Sea of Marmora, are the Socialist journals, we are informed, which give downright approval to this particular proposal of so-called "Wilson diplomacy," that provides for a conference on Russia's problems by all the Russian groups, including the Bolsheviki, at Prinkipo in the Princes' Islands. President Wilson's plan, which has been adopted by the Peace Conference, will be read by Socialists and democrats of the whole world with the "profoundest joy," according to *L'Humanité* (Paris), official organ of the Socialist party in France. *La France Libre*, which represents the French Socialists led by Mr. Albert Thomas, also commends the Wilson plan unreservedly. The severity of French disapproval in other journals is evident in the declination of Mr. Alfred Capus, Academician and editor of the Paris *Figaro*, to discuss the Conference's decision as a solution of the Russian tangle, while the *Écho de Paris* describes the proposition as "insane," the Paris *Gaulois* as "perilous," the Paris *Action Française* as "ridiculous," and the Paris *Matin* as "a great and bold idea of which the practicability remains to be seen." The last-named daily finds some satisfaction, however, and even faint commendation of the plan, in the fact that on an island in the Sea of Marmora the Bolsheviki will be "placed in a kind of sanatorium." Altho the Paris *Petit Journal* holds that the Prinkipo meeting will constitute merely a preliminary conference by the Allies, certain French editors bitterly deplore the incident delay in the main peace negotiations. This "side-show" conference, they say, will only lose precious time, and editor Gustav Hervé writes in his Paris *Victoire* in part as follows:

> "The sermons Wilson has addrest to the different Russian parties are the same he addrest with evangelical patience to the belligerents in the Great War for two years before deciding to take part in the quarrel. If Lenine refuses the conciliation offered he will put himself in a bad position, and then without scruple the good judge of international peace will draw his powerful sword and annihilate the demon who has refused his olive-branch. This method has the great drawback of prolonging the suffering of the patient. What blood and suffering might have been saved if Wilson had not waited nearly three years before taking the side of the victims in the war against their executioners!"

An explanation of the violence of French opposition in some quarters, as recorded in press cables, is that tho Russia is a debtor to all the Allies except Italy, her enormous French debt was contracted during the past twenty years, long before her war-debts to other Allied Powers, and the collateral is held in bonds by more than 2,000,000 workingmen, small proprietors, and tradesmen, some of whom have thus invested the savings of a lifetime. The financial ethics of the Bolsheviki as hitherto revealed can inspire little if any trust in the minds of these investors. Of worse omen, we read, is the westward spread of Bolshevism, which practically all France fears and resists. Foreign dispatches advise us that the announcement of Foreign Minister Pichon in the Chamber of Deputies on December 29, and in a note to the other Allied Powers on January 5, that there can be no compromise with Bolshevism, was indorsed by all the public in France except the Socialists. A moderate French appraisal of the Wilson plan appears in *Le Petit Parisien*, which bases, on information from "an especially authorized source," the statement that the Prinkipo conference "must be construed as implying recognition of all the consequences of the Russian revolution as far as the former Government of the Czar is concerned, but in no wise as approval of the Bolshevik policies."



HIS SECOND VICTORY SMILE.

Little Lloyd Georgie
Had a fine orgy
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
Pulled out a big plum,
And said "What a 'pep' boy am I!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

Some British journals also emphasize this view-point, among which is the London *Daily News*. The London *Morning Post* considers the Wilson proposal a "marvel" of "Christian meekness," and says that if "such forgiveness unto seven hundred and seventy times seven" is accomplished, "the Sea of Marmora will thenceforth rank with the Sea of Galilee." *The Morning Post* proceeds:

> "We hope the Russian Bolsheviki will be duly grateful to the Peace Conference. It is true they have not been invited to Paris. That would have been too much. But they have been invited to the Sea of Marmora, where the Allies propose to leave their cards upon them. The moral distinction between inviting a shady person to your house and meeting by appointment at a seaside resort has always been recognized by the civilized West—and France is fain to accept the lofty standards of her Allies."

The London *Times* points out that the decision was reached by "so imposing a cabinet of nations that it is practically impregnable." Even if the meeting does not take place, or if no definite conclusion results, "we shall, in either case, be in a better position to arrive at a decision than we now are, for in either case we shall have made it impossible for the Bolsheviki in Russia or their sympathizers outside to keep on any more." The London *Daily Chronicle's* diplomatic correspondent reports that the Peace Conference was moved to make the "experiment" because there was virtually no other course open. Among other dailies that favor the Marmora Conference are the London *Westminster Gazette* and the Manchester *Guardian*. A sharply contradictory view is held by the London *Daily Dispatch*, which failed to "discover any Briton or Ally who owned to a feeling of admiration or confidence in the curiously irresolute resolution adopted on President Wilson's recommendation in regard to Russia." Says the London *Daily Telegraph:*

> "Bolshevism itself means, and can mean, nothing but anarchy, however it may disguise its real spirit and essence by means of a proclamation of class war and the supremacy of the proletariat. To have any dealings with criminals of this kind, guilty of such acts, constitutes a grave lapse from the high moral maxims which have throughout guided us during the war, and, from a practical point of view, it is also an extremely bad policy. Encouragement is the one thing which is likely to foster the growth of Bolshevism, and if the proposals of the conference do not involve a certain tacit acceptance and encouragement of the forces of Lenine and Trotzky, we really do not know what they do mean."

LLOYD GEORGE'S "EMBARRASSING" VICTORY—Too much victory has its dangers in politics, and some of the British press are warning Mr. Lloyd George of the perils of his sweeping triumph at the polls. For one thing, his supporters in Parliament are largely of the aristocratic Unionist party, while he is so radical that he was reported as wishing to ask the Bolsheviki to send delegates to the Peace Conference at Paris. How far his Conservative supporters will follow him in his liberal policies, both at home and abroad, is a problem. Then, too, he was elected on a "coalition" ticket, which may some day cease to coalesce. As the London *Daily Chronicle* puts it, his majority is "unwieldy and would be likely to cohere better were it faced by a stronger opposition." The final results of the polls as published in the press give the coalition a majority of no less than 262 votes in the House of Commons. Yet this Liberal daily reminds the members of the majority that "even if an opposition's eyes are not on you, the eyes of the country will be." Full confidence is exprest in Mr. Lloyd George's dependability to abide by his campaign promises, and *The Chronicle* points out that it would "go ill with any party or section who stood between him and his execution of the people's mandate."

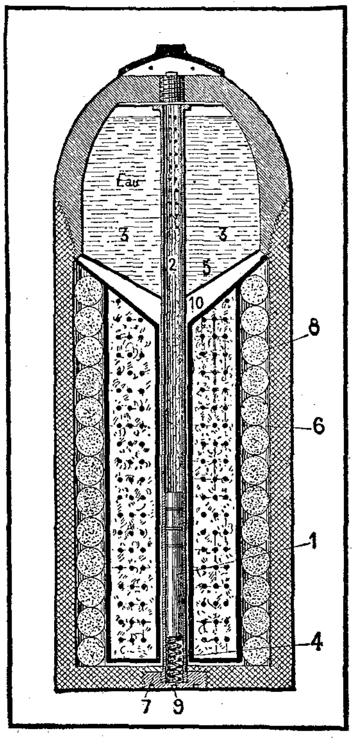
On the other hand, the Liberal Manchester *Guardian* can not blink grave difficulties in Mr. Lloyd George's future because the bottom fact of this House of Commons and this Government is that they are a Tory House and Government. *The Guardian* does not doubt that the Premier will do his best, but it makes a warning observation on the forces behind him as follows:

> "There is the force of property—a very great force where questions of taxation are likely to be among the most important. There is the force and organization of capital—a very great force also where the statutory conditions of labor and tariffs and the protection of industries are concerned. There is the landed interest, which has seen itself well paid during the war and is not likely to allow itself to be left in the cold on the arrival of peace. There is the great drink interest, which also has profited enormously and beyond its wildest expectations under war-conditions, and will count surely on not now being neglected. There is the influence of what is called Society and of the great Services, stronger now than in all their history and Tory to the backbone. With all of these will Mr. George have to reckon; with these also will the Liberals in his train, already, perhaps, rather ruefully surveying the situation. There is another force emerging with vastly increased energy and momentum into our public life. It is the force of organized labor. . . . There is a second and somewhat incalculable force, the force of the returning soldiery. These represent tendencies and ideas far removed, it may shortly prove, from those of the men who, taking the country at a disadvantage and on a vote of less than half of the electors, have seized on uncontrolled power. It is a dangerous situation."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

CURIOUS HUN PROJECTILES

INGENIOUS AND COMPLICATED artillery projectiles, invented in recent years in Germany and Austria, are described by Albert Gandolphe in *La Science et la Vie* (Paris), using for his source of information various German and Austrian periodicals, as well as the records of the French patent office. Our quotations are from an abstract in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, January 11). It appears to be certain, we are told, that some of these curious projectiles have been constructed and even experimented with, but it can not be stated positively that they have been employed during the war. The first one described is a shell, invented by Carl Gebauer, of Berlin, in 1909, and patented in all countries, which contains, besides shrapnel, small projectiles to be discharged toward the rear of the large projectile. The object was to reach enemies protected behind fortifications. We read in part:



ACETYLENE PROJECTILE.

The explosion is caused when the water (3) mixes with the calcium carbid (6) surrounding the central tube (2). It is described on the next page.

"The small projectiles are inclined to the rear so as to form an acute angle with the axis of the large projectile. At the instant when the latter touches the ground the small projectiles which it contains are discharged to the rear, or else the detonation of the special charge is regulated by a time fuse so that they will explode at a distance varying from 800 to 8,000 meters from the point of departure.

"The range of the large shell itself is increased—by a well-known effect of reaction—through the rearward discharge of the small bullets. There is another advantage, moreover, in the fact that the envelop of the large shell bursts into a greater number of small fragments by reason of the numerous niches or sockets with which the envelop is bored.

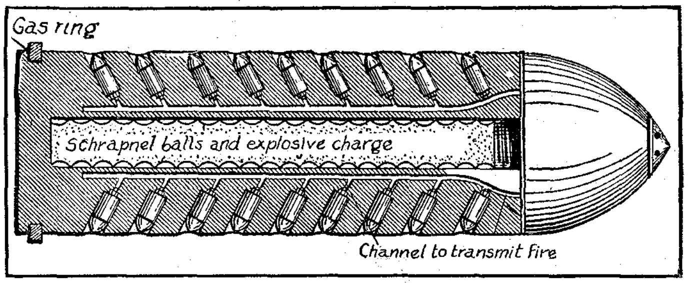
"Another German, Heinrich Brust, likewise patented at about the same time a projectile designed to be fired against batteries sheltered behind a steel mask, against which ordinary shrapnel has no effect, and which percussive shells do not destroy unless the shot strikes the target, which is rarely the case. The body of this shell is divided into two portions—one above the other—the lower part containing shrapnel balls, and the upper part within which are placed tubes, rifled on the interior, which act like actual small guns.

"The explosive with which they are filled must have sufficient force to destroy the steel shields when the latter are struck. The explosion of the shrapnel is retarded so that these balls find the road prepared by the percussive shells, and can thus readily strike the gunners of the battery against whom this diabolical projectile is aimed.

"Because of this intimate combination of the time shell against the crew and of the percussive shells to destroy obstacles, the chance of striking the enemy is increased in ratio to the number of small percussive shells contained in the large projectile."

Another German concern makes a projectile that may be fired from a smooth-bore gun with the same rotary motion as that ordinarily due to rifling:

"It is provided with a central passage along its axis and carries in its rear end a small helical propeller-wheel fixt with reference to the body of the apparatus. During its flight the air acts on this little propeller and imparts to the projectile a rotary motion suitable to cause it to operate normally.



GEBAUER PROJECTILE THAT DISCHARGES SMALL SHELLS TO THE REAR.

"A false bottom or base plug, which falls off when the shell makes its exit from the gun, is provided to prevent the escape of the gases of the discharge through the aforesaid central passage.

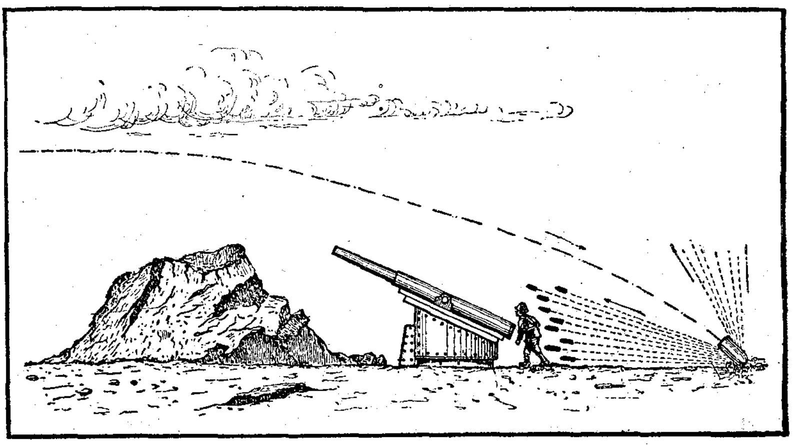
"These gases, or the pressures produced in the gun, have but little injurious effect upon the bore because of the absence of riflings, for it is chiefly these which wear rapidly in ordinary guns, and the gun, therefore, has a longer life.

"Moreover, the air-pressure being less against the ogive or head of a projectile of this nature, its trajectory, according to the constructor, will be flatter and its range as well as its power of penetration and destruction greater."

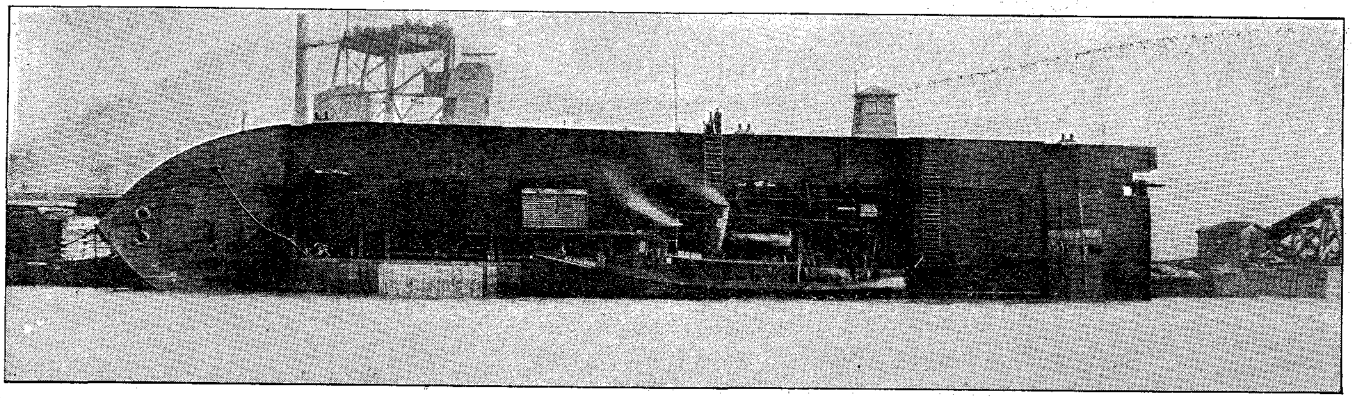
From the *Deutsches Offizierblatt* (Berlin) is next given a description of a device for giving rotary motion to a grenade when fired from a gun-barrel. Existing devices are imperfect, and the top-heavy grenade soon begins to somersault, so that devices of this kind are not effective at long distances. We read:

"The system described by the German review quoted above is said to be capable of throwing the bomb to about half the distance of projectiles shot by guns; these claims are said to be supported by tests on the Meppen range.

"This result is obtained by means of a special system of operation of two devices which permits one of them to assume a rotary motion without the other taking part in this motion. The rear portion of the bomb contains one opening capable of receiving the extremity of a shaft or rod connecting it with the projectile (this rod being of the same length as the bore of the gun, the bomb, which is of large diameter, being placed in front



EFFECT OF THE GEBAUER PROJECTILE BEHIND A MASKED GUN.



THROUGH THE LOCKS ON HER SIDE—THE *VAN HISE* READY FOR THE TRIP.

of the muzzle of the latter) and also comprising ball-bearings. This extremity of the shaft is contracted and threaded to receive a nut which holds it in place in the bearings, which are firmly fastened to the wall of the opening of the bomb, but offers no obstacle to its movement of rotation within these bearings. This movement is communicated to it when the shot is fired by reason of the riflings of the gun, and because of the rifling bands which it bears like ordinary projectiles; but because of the method by which its extremity is inserted within the ball-bearings, of which we have just spoken, it revolves within these as if they formed a solid block with the bomb of which they are a portion. It is this inertia, in fact, which prevents the latter from participating in this movement of rotation in spite of its being thrown forward by the projectile and the aforesaid rod of connection upon the ignition of the charge contained in the socket."

An acetylene shell devised by Heinrich Schreib, an Austrian, is described and illustrated in *Danzer's Armee Zeitung* (Vienna). Acetylene gas is one of the most powerful explosives known, especially when highly compressed. It may take the place of ordinary explosive charges on condition that it is not produced until the very moment it is to be employed, and this is what the Austrian invention has accomplished. As the writer informs us:

"The explosive charge accordingly presents not the slightest preliminary danger, since it is composed of carbid of calcium (which, as we know, produces acetylene when in contact with water) placed in a special device which prevents the decomposing liquid from operating until after the discharge, and under the thrust of the gases proceeding from the firing-charge.

"This system is composed of a tube traversing the shell from one end to the other along its axis, from the base to the ogive; the part nearest the ogive is perforated for a certain distance and traverses a receptacle containing water, which, passing through the perforations, fills it; the part which ends in the base, to which it is fastened in a socket, contains a piston with water-tight grooves and segments, one of whose faces is in contact with the water which fills the tube while the other rests against a lock-spring placed at the base of the said tube."

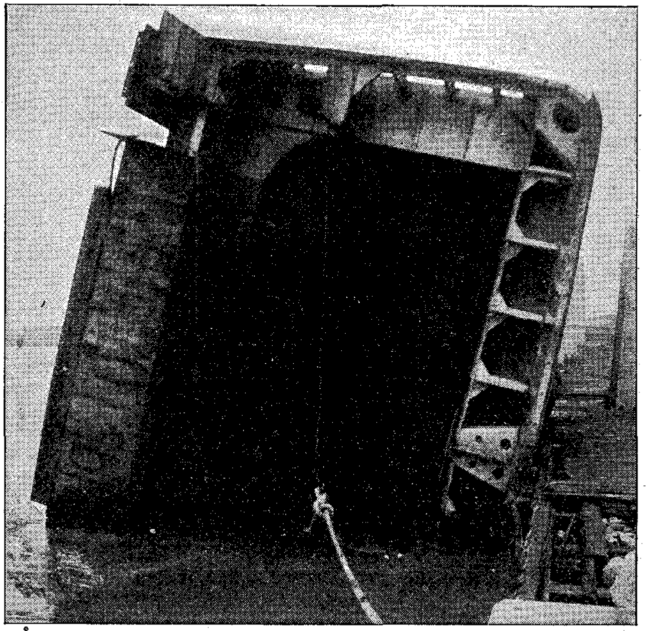
From the description accompanying the diagram, it appears that the explosion of the powder behind the projectile forces water over into contact with the carbid, generating gas at once. To quote again:

"The acetylene formed becomes very rapidly compressed, attaining a very high pressure in a few seconds; this results in such a great degree of heat of the gas that it is dissociated and ignited, giving birth to an instantaneous wave of a bursting power comparable to that of the majority of the explosives now in use.

"The dangerous effects which the water might produce by reason of an accidental shock during the transport or manipulation are annulled by a lock-spring placed in the tube beneath the piston, which acts as a shock-absorber."

THROUGH THE LOCKS ON HER SIDE—How a vessel too large to go through the Welland Canal locks in the ordinary way was carried through by turning her on her side is told by a writer in *Emergency Fleet News* (December 19). Says this paper:

"The forward section of the vessel *Charles R. Van Hise* was turned on its side at Buffalo, N. Y., December 5. This was accomplished by placing pontoon tanks on her starboard side, along her deck-line, and filling them with water. The *Charles R. Van Hise* is about twice the size of any other vessel to be reconstructed and cut in two on the Great Lakes for passage through the Welland Canal. She is a 9,000-ton freighter. The locks of the Welland Canal are 260 feet long and 44 feet wide. Therefore, besides cutting the *Van Hise* in two, it is necessary to turn her on her side to pass through these locks. By doing this, she will have only eight inches clearance. The plan for handling large ships on the Lakes was devised by F. A. Eustis and carried out by the Shipping Board engineers. Six pontoon tanks were placed on the forward section of the *Van Hise*, which, when filled, holds about 500 tons of water. This section was towed by two tugs to a suitable place to make the test. The pumps were put to work, filling the tanks, steam being furnished by the tugs. It required about five hours to fill the tanks, when the bow section had rolled over perfectly on its side. It was then towed back to the shipyards, where the vessel is being finished, to make a few minor repairs and stop some leaks. When the repairs were completed the forward section was towed from Buffalo to Port Colborne, Canada, the entrance to the Welland Canal. She was then towed into the first lock and the gates were closed, which revealed that the project was a success. The stern section of the *Van Hise*, now at Buffalo, will be rolled on its side in the near future."



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Emergency Fleet News."

WHERE THE SHIP WAS CUT IN TWO.

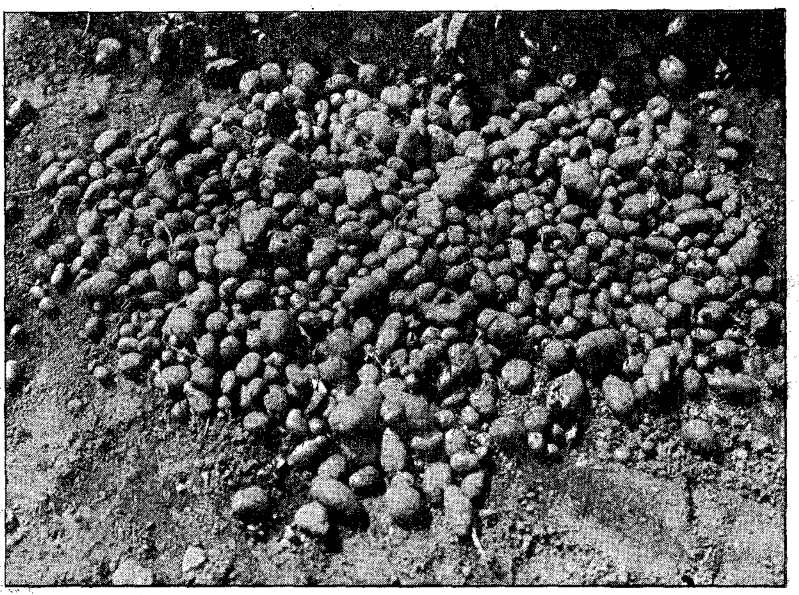
EFFICIENCY AND HORSE SENSE

"HUMAN ENGINEERING" is the most important field of endeavor in the world; or so thinks D. R. Kennedy, writing in *Industrial Management* (New York, January). Under this term Mr. Kennedy would group all the varieties of "efficiency" and "employment management," and he asserts that the one chief attribute of the man who essays to handle this new profession should be "just plain horse sense." Efficiency methods and efficiency engineers, thinks Mr. Kennedy, have lost much of their prestige in the last few years. This he attributes largely to the fact that, because of the rapid progress of efficiency engineering, many unqualified men have rushed into this new field and have unloaded upon the long-suffering executives of industrial enterprises much that was pure "bunk." He goes on:

> "Men with a smattering of stock terms and experience and a new formula advertised themselves as efficiency experts, and because a real expert had made a certain set-up on work in Jones's factory the so-called expert figured that the same set-up would produce excellent results in Smith's establishment. In short, we have been surfeited with efficiency experts until the really good men—and there are many of them—have been much embarrassed, and true efficiency has lost many of its opportunities from the 'get-rich-quick' methods of men who purported to sell service which they could not render.
>
> "A new profession has sprung up recently commonly known as 'employment management.' The importance of this function has been rather unduly emphasized because of war-necessities. As a matter of fact, the necessity now, or in the last six months, has been no larger than it ever was. The answer is that dire necessity has forced many reactionary employers into 'doing something about labor and employment,' and so we have employment managers turned out in six weeks from certain of our universities with a diploma solemnly certifying that they are full-fledged members of the new profession.
>
> "The situation, of course, demanded emergency treatment, and those responsible for these courses have been actuated by the highest motives and have in the main accomplished much in developing these men who took the courses in the rudiments of industrial relations matters, but they have also assumed a large risk in turning out quite a large number of men, most of them of youthful years, who will, unless they are very careful, allow stock phrases and theoretical ideas, unbacked by practical manufacturing, to bring a very high function in industrial management into more or less disrepute. No lifetime is sufficient for a man to acquire all of the knowledge which he should have to administer properly the industrial relations department of a large concern.
>
> "It can not be learned from books. It is certainly impossible for a purely theoretical teacher to give it to any one else. We have already developed many persons who claim to be able infallibly to 'place round pegs in round holes' and to do other things by 'rule of thumb' and algebraic equations plus some indefinable psychic power denied to the ordinary human being."

The average American business man, according to Mr. Kennedy, is a pretty hard-headed individual, and while he feels more and more keenly the necessity of a department of major importance in his organization, to handle the question of human relationship in all of its phases, he finds it difficult indeed to find an executive qualified to rank as he should rank, because the demand for such men, as may easily be imagined, far exceeds the supply. Therefore,

> "The human-relationship function should be in charge of a man ranking at least as a vice-president, and if he can intelligently handle the problems of employment, housing, transportation, feeding, wages, and wage adjustments, the medical and surgical care of employees, including sanitation and hygiene, safety, increased production, and the general well-being of the working force, he certainly should rank equal with purely technical experts handling purely tangible things and materials which have no brains or power of speech, criticism or complaint. The human machines of American industry have long gone on with less intelligent treatment than was accorded engines, boilers, and machinery which produced its product.
>
> "Human relations have always been and always will be the broadest field of endeavor in the world. It behooves every thinking, intelligent manufacturer to put his house quickly in order.
>
> "Not only Europe, but our own country, is undergoing a tremendous social revolution. The really big executive of the future will be a handler of men. Technical brains are the cheapest thing to be found in America to-day. A man who really knows how to organize and handle men is the most rarely found man in industry. The kind of competition which the American manufacturer must face in the next decade can only be met by a real cooperation between the three elements of the eternal triangle—the employee, the employer, and the public."



"THE LITERARY DIGEST POTATOES."

"Because they are excerpts from crops in all parts of the country."

A UNIQUE POTATO CROP—The accompanying photograph of what he pays us the compliment of calling "The Literary Digest Potatoes," is sent to us by Edward F. Bigelow, editor of *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn.). He writes:

> "This is so named for two reasons: First, because they are raised entirely from seed as the outcome of your article and of some copies of that article entitled 'Wanted: Potato-Seed,' on page 283 of The Literary Digest for February 5, 1916, and also 'Potato-Seed Again,' on page 710 of your number for March 18, 1916. The seeds from which these potatoes were grown in 1916 were sent us in response to those articles. In the first year's planting the potatoes were about as large as peas, tho some of them may have been a little larger. In the second year, 1918, a large number of the potatoes, as shown in the photograph, have grown to quite respectable size. The second reason for calling these 'The Literary Digest Potatoes' is because they are *excerpts from crops in all parts of the country:* perhaps not over two or three balls from some growers, but there were a few contributors who sent several balls. As this crop of potatoes is among the most unique that were ever grown—it is the consensus of opinion as to the disappearance of the potato-balls in all parts of the country—I think we may well name them from your magazine. Please read again the two articles you published and then consider what this wonderful crop really means. Strictly speaking, there are more than one hundred different kinds of potatoes. I suppose the real variation came in the first year's crop no larger than peas. In that crop no two are really the same kind. In the 1918 crop I should think the average would be about six to eight from each one of the 1917 potatoes, so that the number of different potatoes here shown would be from one-sixth to one-eighth of the total number of potatoes in the photograph."

CORPORATION DRY-ROT

THE TENDENCY OF LARGE CORPORATIONS to become satisfied with their ways of doing things, and to become blind followers of precedent, is pointed out by a writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, January 15). This writer does not argue from this in favor of government ownership, but rather the contrary, since the largest possible corporation is the Government itself and the evils of large corporate management are multiplied in it. Ambition and initiative are most valuable qualities in the officers of a great industrial institution; and it is easy to show them that these are not valued nor appreciated. The result is, we are told by the author, "that ambition becomes dormant or that it deserts the fields where it fails to find stimulating reward." He illustrates first by the refusal of the railroads, forty years since, to build refrigerator-cars:

"G. A. Swift, founder of Swift & Co., conceived the idea that it would be more economic to slaughter animals in the West and ship the drest meat in refrigerator-cars than to ship the live stock to the points of consumption. He tried to persuade several railway companies to build refrigerator-cars, but in no case met with success. The railway companies had a great many cattle-cars which they wished to continue to use, but they also doubted the economic feasibility of Mr. Swift's plan.

"Forced by the opposition and indifference of the railways, Mr. Swift built seventy refrigerator-cars and put his idea into practise. Swift & Co. now own seven thousand cars, and that company is only one of several that own great numbers of refrigerator-cars.

"In a similar manner Pullman conceived the idea of a sleeping-car, but, finding no encouragement from the railway companies, he decided to build and operate 'sleepers.' Only within recent years have any railway companies undertaken to own their own 'Pullmans.'

"When a railway company becomes large and its stock is widely distributed, the president and other general officers usually receive salaries that are not determined by the net earnings. If, then, these officers own relatively little or no stock, there is not the incentive to use their wits and to experiment that exists in smaller companies where a large percentage of the stock is owned by the executives. This is the fundamental reason why so many railway companies have shown lack of initiative, and it explains why men like Swift and Pullman have had to develop ideas that the railway companies rejected.

"If companies often show lack of initiative and a tendency to let well enough alone, it should surprize no one that governments are much worse in this respect. Stockholders in companies usually have enough knowledge of economics to pay liberal salaries to at least a few of their executives, and without doubt the desire to merit a large salary serves to stimulate a man to some extent. On the other hand, the citizens of a republic are notoriously averse to paying liberal salaries to their executives. . . . . .

"The salaries of some railway executives seem large to most men, but railway salaries are seldom adequate even where they are highest. Moreover, there is too big a chasm between the salaries of the presidents and the chief engineers, for example. The gap between the salaries of chief engineers and division engineers is also too great. The entire engineering staff of every railway is grossly underpaid, considering what depends upon their judgment.

"Salaries of executives and designers should bear a relation to the total expenditures that are dependent upon their judgment. Moreover, the incomes of such men should never be fixt, but should be proportionate to their economic performance. Schwab pays Grace, the president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, a million dollars a year. In similar manner Carnegie rewarded Schwab. When the greatest of industrial leaders thus illustrate their belief in 'the law of reward proportionate to economic performance,' the rest of the world should hesitate to adopt a contrary policy. Yet here we are with our high political office-holders drawing salaries far below what the importance of the position justifies. And here we are with countless managerial and engineering positions in railway companies likewise underpaid. The result is either that ambition becomes dormant or that it deserts the fields where it fails to find stimulating reward."

COMPULSORY TRAINING IN NURSING

COMPULSORY INTENSIVE TRAINING in the rudiments of nursing will accomplish for the women of America all that military training will do for the men. This is the opinion of Mrs. R. J. Marsh, corresponding secretary of the Visiting Nurse Association, of Portland, Ore., as set forth in an article contributed originally to the daily press of that city and now revised in pamphlet form. Woman's work after the war, thinks Mrs. Marsh, should be concentrated on the nursing problem, with a view to the reduction of infant mortality. The economic value of the trained nurse, she asserts, has never been so fully recognized as since the mobilization of our Army. And as we have readjusted our minds to some form of universal military training for our young men, as an essential part of their education, we must extend that readjustment to include the opposite sex. Three months' intensive instruction in nursing for every non-exempt girl is Mrs. Marsh's ideal. She writes:

"Radical as this may seem, I believe it could easily be adjusted through exemption boards in connection with our public-school registration. The public would accept it from the viewpoint that this war has taught us that efficiency on the part of the womanhood of the nation is as necessary as for the men; and practical efficiency in the home is the foundation of the lives of both.

"Who can estimate what such training would accomplish for the race? I do not mean that a three months' course would make a trained nurse out of each girl. Far from it; but I do believe that a wisely selected course would in that length of time give her an intelligent understanding of the problems of sickness and health which she will meet in every-day experience in the home.

"To avert the danger of a little knowledge being a 'dangerous thing," the course of instruction should omit all technical terms and symptoms of disease. The fact that pain or fever is nature's signal of distress should be emphasized as the only one necessary to guide the uneducated mind on such subjects.

"The study course should include nothing but the practical nursing care that it is possible to give in the average home. . . . Children's diseases, infant feeding, and the care of infants and children should receive special attention. It would be easily possible to arrange for such a study and demonstration course in our public-school auditoriums. The necessary equipment would be quite inexpensive, since it would be limited to the requirements of home nursing. Dummies and volunteers from the class or hospitals could be used as subjects for demonstration.

"The nurses employed as instructors, in addition to the highest standard of hospital training, should be required to hold certificates of public health courses, given by our leading universities. Our schools are already equipped for a domestic science course, which should be arranged so as to include sanitary cleanliness in addition to instruction in practical housekeeping and home cooking. . . . . .

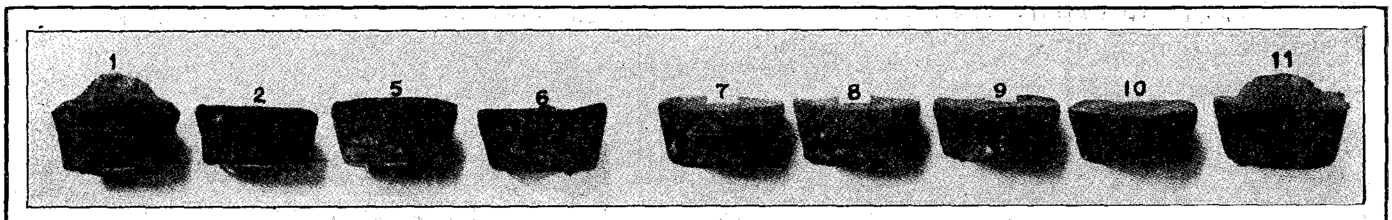
"In such a compulsory, intensive course there are many possibilities. It would establish a standard of national efficiency for all classes in the home. It would offer an opportunity of teaching the common courtesies of every-day life so frequently found lacking. The domestic-science course would give a long-needed opportunity for the working-girl to fit herself for domestic service.

"Instead of its being a sacrifice of time and effort, every woman would be adding a valuable asset to her life from which she would derive constant satisfaction. I believe that in such a course public health problems would be worked out in the most economic way possible, for in the knowledge gained we would have a public-health practitioner in every woman. . . . .

"If the proper sense of the value of accuracy and discipline, as the trained nurse knows and understands it, could reach all women, and especially those upon whom ignorance falls the most heavily, who would dare estimate the economic saving in the home life and health of the nation?

"If it seemed wise to provide exemption from the course, that should only be granted in cases of physical infirmities, or when a fixt sum of money is paid for exemption from the course. This money should be used to reimburse the earning wage of the girl who has to support actual dependents while she is taking the course. . . . . .

"The rural schools would offer the greatest problem. But



CAKES 1 AND 11 WERE MADE WITH EGGS OR EGG POWDER, 5 TO 10 WITH "SUBSTITUTES," 2 WITH NONE AT ALL.

an institution organized on the order of a boarding-school at the county-seat would take care of the draft from the most remote sections, thus solving the difficulty. The course would be of untold benefit to women living in the remote country districts. . . . . . .

"The world-wide calamity of the present epidemic of influenza fully justifies the suggestion of a plan that will compel practical efficiency in the care of health in the home.

"Federal regulation of public health is now being freely discust by thoughtful people. If such a course as I suggest could be arranged by competent authorities and placed under Federal control so that the standard would be uniform, it could be easily and rapidly put into operation."

SOME FALLACIOUS SUBSTITUTES

THE KEEPER of a country store was asked by a customer for library paste. "We don't keep it," he said, "but we have fine tooth-powder. Won't that do just as well?" This anecdote is told by a contributor to *The Forecast* (New York, January), who considers it typical of an attitude of mind. In the present food stringency, he asserts, many women are innocently making substitutions in the diet which substitute just as badly as tooth-powder would supply for library paste. The maid who spilled half the milk soup, and filled up the tureen with water, and the woman who advised another to diminish the proportion of meat in the beef-loaf, and substitute boiled tapioca, are cited as cases in point. "A grating of cheese in the 'watered' milk soup, or a handful of chopped nuts in the beef loaf, would both have been excellent substitutions, and that these or their equivalents were not used was doubtless due to ignorance or thoughtlessness." He goes on:

"It therefore behooves every woman who is obliged to diminish any of the accustomed foods in the diet to see to it that she substitutes something which is really, and not seemingly, 'just as good.'

"Advertisers of certain substitutes are apparently as ignorant of what constitutes a genuine substitute as are the housewives who, misled by the advertisements, use them in good faith. To this class belong the 'Egg Substitutes' and so-called 'Egg Savers,' which a short time ago were so widely advertised. More than forty of these were collected for analysis by Commissioner James Foust, of the Dairy and Food Bureau of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, and were analyzed by Mr. Charles H. LaWall, the State chemist. The result of the analysis was that nearly all of the preparations were found to contain fifty per cent., or more, of corn-starch; most of them were artificially colored yellow by coal-tar dyes, so as to make the cakes in which they were used look as if they were rich in eggs. Many of them contained soda and cream of tartar, or soda alone, for leavening purposes; a large number contained milk-powder or casein in some form; and only about one-fourth of the number analyzed contained small proportions of dried-egg albumen.

"Of course the analysis at once showed that in no sense could these preparations be considered true substitutes for eggs. The thoughtful purchaser might, unaided, have made a similar inference, judging merely from the extravagant claims by the manufacturers. In one case, 'a mustard spoonful'—whatever that may be—was said to be equal to two eggs; in no case was it said that more than a teaspoonful of substitute was needed to replace one egg. The packages were sold at the rate of from six cents to nine cents an ounce, and a four-ounce package was advertised as being equal to from three to four dozen eggs. The cartons were further dolled up with pictures of eggs, baskets of eggs, eggs with wings, hens and eggs, and similar suggestive devices to snare the naive marketer—but only the naive marketer, for this was so very much like getting something for nothing that a business woman would be likely to look skeptically at the proposition. With eggs at sixty cents a dozen it was hardly likely that the equivalent of three dozen could be sold for a quarter.

"In the State of Illinois, at the suggestion of Superintendent John B. Newman, of the Division of Foods and Dairies of the Department of Agriculture, a delightfully simple, practical, 'homey' kind of test was made of 'egg substitutes.' At his direction eleven batches of small cakes were made from a standard cup-cake batter—cakes which were all alike in their proportions of sugar, butter, flour, and milk, but which differed as follows:

"The first batch was made with the orthodox number of eggs; the second was without either eggs or egg substitutes; the fifth to the ninth were made with different egg substitutes added according to directions on the package; the tenth was made with a substitute which contained fifty-two per cent. of whole egg-powder; and the eleventh had a little more than one-half ounce of whole egg-powder added for each egg called for in the recipe.

"The materials were all accurately weighed and measured, the cakes—ten in each batch—were baked at the same temperature, and, after cooling, were cut, tasted, and compared with the standard cake, No. 1, made with eggs. In scoring the cakes the 'taste' test was made by allowing portions of each cake 'to become thoroughly moistened with saliva while being worked over by the tongue, and any flavors noted.' . . . . . .

"The cakes in which substitutes were used in the place of eggs were in *all* points much inferior to the cake made with real eggs. In fact, as good results could have been obtained in the baking if we had left out the so-called egg substitutes. Cake No. 2, baked without eggs or egg substitutes, in size shows up as well, or nearly as well, as its neighbors to the right, as you will notice in the photograph. . . . . . .

"Fine grain and tenderness are essentials in all cakes made with butter. The use of pastry-flour, with its larger proportion of starch and its less viscous quality of gluten, helps to produce tenderness, so does the large amount of butter used in the cup-cake and others. This very tenderness interferes with the rising, since the delicate bubbles of gluten, incorporated with the butter, are apt to burst and cause the cake to fall. Hence, where pastry-flour and butter are used, eggs are an essential, for their albumen is viscous enough to hold the air beaten in, yet is tenderer than the gluten when coagulated by heat."

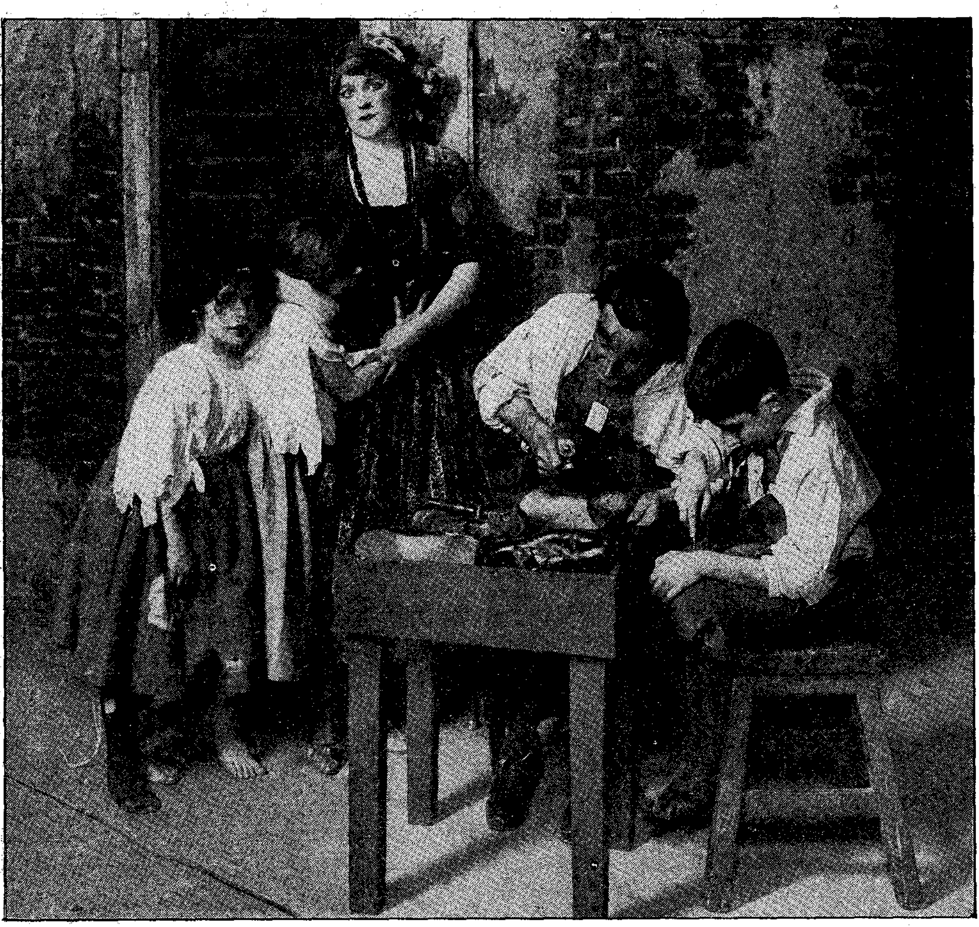
BIRDS IN BATTLE—According to *The American Museum Journal*, as quoted in *The Scientific American* (New York, December 7), birds at the European battle-front paid surprizingly little attention to the noise and confusion around them. Says this paper:

"In one case quoted, when a shell burst through the roof of a shed in the rafters of which swallows were nesting, the birds quickly took advantage of the new opening when flying back and forth to feed their young. Masked gun-sites are favorite nesting-places. A British ornithologist records that a brood of four young blackbirds was hatched within four feet of the muzzle of a gun. A pair of hedge-swallows had their nest in the hub of a broken wheel continuously under fire, and regularly fed their young without regard for the dropping shrapnel and bursting shells. It is stated, however, that droves of magpies have found the gun-fire in France too much for their nerves and have taken refuge in England. Birds ordinarily pay little attention to passing airplanes, but an exception is noted in the case of jackdaws at St. Omer, which have been known to leave their homes in the church steeples and attack the newfangled denizens of the air."

LETTERS - AND - ART

ANTIQUARIAN OPERA PREFERRED TO NEW

"WHEN A NEW BOOK COMES OUT I generally read an old one," said Dr. Johnson or some other old worthy who chiefly delighted in quenching new enthusiasms. Whether a Metropolitan Opera audience may be credited with similar intentions, their recent treatment of operatic fare is similar enough to recall the old arbiter of Fleet Street opinions. Puccini's wiles are hardly strong enough to hold attention, while the seventy-year-old outpourings of the Ricci brothers in the witty and fantastic form of "Crispino e la Comare"—"The Shoemaker and the Fairy"—set the Metropolitan audience into thrills of delight. Since so many destructive agencies have been abroad in the world the prospect of losses makes us hold the tighter to what we have, and perhaps reflect that "old wine, old books, old friends are best." "Crispino" has never before been thought worthy of revival at the dignified Temple of Music on Broadway, tho Mr. Hammerstein made it vocal in Thirty-fourth Street when he had Madame Tetrazzini for its roulades and staccati. Back of that we are turned to the old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street with Adelina Patti in 1884, or still earlier with Clara Louise Kellogg in 1864, or a year later in Brooklyn, when the palm went to Ronconi, "the greatest buffo that two generations can remember," says Mr. Krehbiel in *The Tribune*. All this antiquarian lore the critics reel off as tho the history of New York's operas were at their tongue's end; and so it may be unless some enthusiastic delver has supplied them all with the forgotten facts. Mr. Henderson, who evinces some contempt of antiquarians, shows the readers of the New York *Sun* that the present revival was demanded by the need of giving Mme. Hempel's floridities a field for activity. "One can not die of pulmonary adagio in the final scene of 'La Traviata' forever," he facetiously remarks. "Therefore, since there are no new operas for florid singers, let us away to the dead past and cull flowers from the cemetery." Mr. Henderson enlarges the historic perspective:



THE POOR COBBLER WHO TURNED DOCTOR.

It was a fairy who turned this grumpy family, Scotti as the cobbler and Frieda Hempel as his wife, into wealthy *parvenus* with all the foolish arrogance attending such elevations.

"'Crispino e la Comare' was last sung in this town at the Manhattan Opera House on February 1, 1909. It was a memorable night, but not because Louisa Tetrazzini was singing in the Ricci brothers' opera at the temple of art reared by the unquenchable Oscar Hammerstein. The real importance of the night consisted in the fact that at the Metropolitan, Marcella Sembrich made her farewell appearance as *Mimi*. It was her final performance of an opera, for at her farewell on February 6 she sang in portions of three different works.

"'Crispino e la Comare' on that evening was sturdily aided by the good old operatic tractor 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' The *opera-buffa* had been revived on March 6, 1908, for precisely the same reason that it will be revived, to provide a rôle for a florid singer.

"Mme. Tetrazzini was Mr. Hammerstein's continual problem, and he, too, had to turn to the past for solution. For precisely the same reason Cleofonte Campanini will have to revive it in the course of time. If the Galli-Curci vogue does not die out as quickly as the Tetrazzini excitement did 'Crispino e la Comare' will have its turn in the repertory of the Chicago Opera Company. . . . . . .

"The tiresome ancients will inevitably recall Adelina Patti in the rôle of *Annetta*. All old men are nuisances. They remember things that happened before we were born, whereas for us the world began only when we first took notice of it. And there is a general belief among us that things were not better fifty years ago than they are now.

"So be it. Let the young cherish their faith and their delight, God bless them! Let them be certain that Galli-Curci is a greater queen of floridity than Patti; that Rosa Raisa is a more imposing dramatic singer than Lilli Lehman; that Sophie Breslau is infinitely superior to Scalchi, and that compared with Crimi, Italo Campanini, if brought back to earth, would prove to be a pale shadow.

"But the tiresome ancients who have sorrowfully watched the descent of public taste at the opera and who have felt almost stunned at times at the attitude toward unutterably bad singing are not guessing when they speak of Adelina Patti. As Marcella Sembrich said to this writer upon a certain occasion, 'When you speak of Patti, you speak of something that was only once.'

"'Crispino e la Comare' was just the sort of opera she could glorify. Its performance calls for ebullient spirit, infectious gaiety, and scintillating song. Patti, as Ffrangcon-Davies used to say, 'was a witch.' She was ravishing in comedy. Her wicked eyes filled with a thousand lights, and her mocking smile, which in spite of its mockery made you smile too, and her exquisite beauty, coupled with her marvelous silver flute of a voice and her gushing outpour of tone— Ah, well, as Mr. Werrenrath sang to us the other day, 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.'

"Welcome Frieda Hempel as *Annetta* and may she give the young joy and make the old forget their foolish regrets. One has much confidence in her ability to do this."

By all accounts it was amply done; and even the old days of Ronconi, if there were any to recall them, were put in hazard of eclipse by Mr. Scotti's superb art. The story of the opera which has disturbed so much historic dust is of the slightest. Sylvester Rawlings, in *The Evening World*, warns us not to "bother about the book":

"Of all the inane chatter that is to be found in most English translations from the Italian, this is the worst. The improbable story is an absurd commingling of the human with the supernatural. Briefly, it is of a cobbler whose wife is a street ballad-singer, both unsuccessful, the family in dire poverty. Driven to desperation, the cobbler is about to cast himself into a well, when from it emerges a fairy, who gives him gold, tells him to become a doctor, and he shall amass a fortune. If he sees her (nobody else can, of course) the patient will die; if he doesn't sees her the patient will live. The scheme works. With wealth the cobbler becomes arrogant, abuses his wife and family, and is punished by the fairy by transportation to her subterranean abode and told he must die for his sins. He repents, is restored to his family and they live together happily ever after. The details are obvious to anybody who knows this much of the tale."

Turning again to Mr. Henderson, who wrote his monolog quoted above on the "tiresome ancients" before the Metropolitan performance, we find that the singers of to-day apparently shook all the gathered dust off the little opera:

"The melodic character of the opera is similar to that of a hundred other works of the Italian *buffa* type. It might have been composed by Donizetti or Cimarosa or some other of the long line of *maestri*. But altho it discloses no striking individuality, the music is filled with the buoyancy, the sparkle, and the gaiety of Italy's humor.

"In the hands of such artists as those in yesterday's cast it must always please an audience. The performance was admirable in spirit and in detail. A hard-hearted human would be that one who found no pleasure in it. Miss Hempel sang and acted *Annetta* charmingly. Her comedy was light, discreet, and contagious. Her singing was fluent, luminous, and elegant. Not to be outdone by her predecessor, she sang Benedict's variations in the banquet scene, herself garbed in a costume revealing a fine appreciation of the situation.

"Mr. Scotti as *Crispino* was irresistible. All old operagoers know that this remarkable actor sweeps the scale of impersonation from *Scarpia* to *Don Pasquale* with supreme ease, but at no time has his comic acting been so full of champagne as it was yesterday. As *Dr. Mirabolano* Mr. de Segurola was immensely funny, and Mr. Chalmers as *Fabrizio* completed the comic trio.

"Miss Breslau sang the music of the fairy in a thoroughly suitable style. The chorus had little to do, but did it well, and the duties of the orchestra were of comparatively small weight. The opera was presented with new scenery, which was well conceived and well painted."

The *Tribune's* Mr. Krehbiel finds this opera "spikes the heavy ordnance of criticism." "The story of the opera is delightfully humorous, and the music charming—sensuously, ingratiatingly, insinuatingly charming."

LITERATURE CROWNING PEACE

THE YEAR OF THE GREAT PEACE—if 1919 shall be so styled in "the log-book of Time"—brings in many occasions when the mind may turn away from the consideration of military matters and dwell upon some of the gentler arts. A list of the centenaries and other anniversaries falling due in the course of this year contains hardly a single man of arms, tho doubtless a few might be found for the searching. The writer signing himself "T. B.," who compiles a list for *The Westminster Gazette* (London), finds it "not a little significant of the promise of the future that the calendar of the past shows that the 19's have hitherto chiefly enriched the arts of peace." He shows us how:

CRISPINO CONSOLED BY HIS WIFE.

In his finery and arrogance *Crispino* outdoes *Christopher Sly*.

"Among the notable anniversaries of the year literature and the arts claim a larger share than politics. Next month brings round the centenary of the birth of John Ruskin, a great Englishman, and of Russell Lowell, a great American. In June befalls the centenary of Charles Kingsley, novelist and Christian Socialist; and later in the year occurs the hundredth anniversary of the birth in rural Warwickshire of Mary Ann Evans, the George Eliot of literary immortality. Another noteworthy name recalled by the calendar is that of Arthur Clough, the poet and friend of Emerson, Norton, and other distinguished Americans of last century. Joseph Addison died in 1719, and John Wolcott in 1819—the latter winning renown in his own day as Peter Pindar, the satirist.

"To the world of art belong the anniversaries of Nicholas Hilbard, the Elizabethan limner, of Devonshire birth, who may be accounted famous as the first great English painter of miniatures; James Gandy, one of the earliest of English portrait-painters; and, perhaps, John Boydell, the print-seller, who became Lord Mayor of London. Boydell made art pay, and he both amassed and expended a fortune in 'promoting the commerce of the fine arts.' Boydell's 'Shakespeare,' a gallery to which Romney, Fuseli, Opie, West, and Angelica Kauffmann—and even the great Sir Joshua himself—contributed, is no mean monument of an eighteenth-century enterprise. Nor must one forget the centenary of H. P. Frith, R.A., of 'Ramsgate Sands' and 'Railway Station' fame.

"In music 1919 recalls the names of Offenbach, the French master of *opéra-bouffe*, and of Brinley Richards, the Welsh composer. To the sister-art of the drama belong the anniversaries of Spranger Barry, the great Irish actor, and Westland Marston, the playwright.

"Other anniversaries of passing interest are those of Queen Victoria, born in 1819, and her Consort; Lord Cairns, the eminent lawyer—born in County Down in December, 1819; Sir Francis McClintock, the arctic explorer; Sir Joseph Bazalgette, the engineer, whose noblest monument is the Thames Embankment; Sir Monier Monier-Williams, the author of 'Modern India'; Ernest Jones, the Chartist; and, not least among them, Sir Thomas Gresham, the sixteenth-century financier who founded the Royal Exchange, established probably the first paper-mills in this country, and, above all, in view of Britain's finances during the strain of a great war, inculcated on Elizabethan statesmanship the sound principles that there should be as little borrowing as possible from beyond the seas, and stable credit for English trade."

The Indianapolis *Star* makes a complementary list in which, as is natural, there is a preponderance of American names. Taken together, there is a likelihood of all tastes being satisfied. Patriotic celebrators may dwell especially on this list:

"Some of the names of persons who will be thus honored are well known, others will have to be explained. It may be said that most people who will be interested in such observances will recognize the following: Arthur High Clough, John Ruskin, William Wetmore Story, James Russell Lowell, Queen Victoria, Julia Ward Howe, Walt Whitman, Thomas Dunn English, J. G. Holland, Charles A. Dana, Thomas A. Hendricks, George Eliot, Cyrus W. Field. Others will have to be looked up. One name, not generally known, will deserve special mention—William Thomas Green Morton, who played a leading part in the development and adoption of anesthetics.

"After one hundred years it may be said that 1819 produced few great personages, but any year which sent forth Ruskin, Lowell, Queen Victoria, Walt Whitman, and George Eliot deserves well from us.

"In the history of education in America, 1819 is memorable as being the year in which the University of Virginia began its formal existence with Thomas Jefferson as rector. It will be recalled that Jefferson subsequently wrote, 'The institution will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow the truth wherever it may lead, not to tolerate any error, so long as reason is left free to combat it.' The influence of him and his coworkers in the cause of higher education extends far beyond the boundaries of Virginia."

DID PERSHING SAY IT?—Before history is fully reared the iconoclasts have begun the work of tearing down. One of these is the man most concerned, General Pershing, who is said to disown his speech at Lafayette's tomb. The Spokane *Spokesman-Review* tells him it's no use denying:

"All the king's horses and all the king's men can not keep out of the next crop of school-readers the statement that General Pershing, of the United States Army, stood before the tomb of Lafayette in Paris, made a gesture, and enunciated (in French): 'Lafayette, here we are!' No matter how many times the General raises his right hand and swears (or affirms) that he never said it, that he doesn't know that much French, that he couldn't have thought of anything so dramatic, that he was there and knows who really did say it—in spite of all these things, the phrase is going down in history with Pershing's named tagged to it.

"One does not wish to be a killjoy. It is freely admitted that an American army officer, at the proper time and place, said: 'Lafayette, here we are!' It is a noble phrase, and mankind should not be cheated out of it. It was said, and it deserved every one of the thrills it aroused between here and Paris. But Colonel Stanton, of Pershing's staff, who said it, ought to have the credit, particularly as Pershing would not have the credit at any price, being a just man.

"However, the Colonel has very little chance. A first-class historical blunder like this never dies, but gets bigger and more exaggerated as years go on, and is found invaluable as a topic for commencement orations. You will remember that General Sherman always contended that he never said 'War is hell,' but he might as well have saved his breath."

A FRENCH ACADEMICIAN'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

AMERICA'S PART IN THE WORLD-WAR, and the hope that is held by at least a few of the French idealists and intellectuals of what she may be able to accomplish in the Peace Conference, form the subject-matter of a brief Latin poem which has won distinguished commendation in France. Mr. Humbert, member of the Institute and of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, is the author, and his verses appeared originally in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris). "Elegant and inspired Latin poetry" is one French editorial tribute to the literary quality of this poem in the antique meter of Vergil's "Æneid"; as for the subject-matter, that is so up-to-date that a prominent French man-of-letters has requested the publication of a translation in America. Following the original poem, whose beauties will be appreciated by all who remember their Vergil, we have added, to quote the original French publisher, "in order to assist hesitating good intentions, a modest translation."

AD AMERICAM

Stellæ quæ viva spectantur imagine fictæ
In signis, America, tuis, nunc vera videntur
Sidera et illustrant splendenti lumine mundum.
His vinclo conjuncta pio contendere ad alta
Non dubitas; tu, pacis amans sed amantior æqui,
Sponte giganteum terraque marique duellum
Suscipis, officiique tenax sub præside magno
Non opibus tantum ast animo gens magna probaris.
Nam te non lucri sitis imperiive cupido,
Sed cura humani generis jurisque tuendi
Unica ad arma movet, totus ne serviat orbis
Teutonici arbitrium jussus perferre tyranni.
Te quoque participem facit indignatio belli
Atque aliena tuas injuria suscitat iras.
Sunt lacrymæ scelerum et mentem crudelia tangunt
Non ipsis audenda feris. Hinc acrius ardes
Irruere in ferrum populorum ultura latrones,
Militiæ et pestem penitus delere nefandam,
Immanesque duces et detestabile regnum!
Sic, trans Oceanum, qua sol proclivis in undas
Quaque die cedans nocturnis occidit umbris,
Apparet certi radians aurora triumphi,
Ac novus et melior rerum jam nascitur ordo,
Ut, junctas inter fraterno fœdere gentes,
Firmato æternum vigeat concordia jure
Et maneat pax exstinctis in sæcula bellis.

TO AMERICA

The stars whose living images are seen
Fixt on your flags, America, seem now
Grown real stars, and lighting all the world
With their resplendent glory. It was these
You followed, doubting not, up to the skies.
Lover of peace, you still loved justice more,
And willed to join, on land and on the sea,
The mighty conflict. Champion of law,
Under the lead of your great President,
Now you stand forth revealed not great alone
In worldly riches, but in mind and soul.
For not the thirst of gain nor lust for power
Drew you to battle, but the will to serve
Humanity and law. You would not see
The world to Teuton tyranny a slave.
High indignation drove you into arms,
And wrath for wrongs by others borne. Your tears
Flowed for foul outrage, and your spirit stirred
Against vile crimes even beasts would not have dared.
Hence came the storm-wind, driving you to war,
To end the rapine, to destroy, both root
And branch, the blight of ruthless savagery,
Its hated empire, and its monstrous chiefs.
So then, across that ocean where the sun
Sinks to the waves to rest, pursued by night,
Came, with the dawn of victory assured,
A new and better era for mankind,
When all the nations, joined in brotherhood,
Shall prosper in a reign of mutual trust,
Under the safeguard of the law, and peace
Shall be perpetuate from age to age.

THE MAN WHO GUIDED ART-COLLECTORS

AUCTION ROOMS IN NEW YORK are often treated as a superior sort of playhouse, and when pictures of great reputation or value come to be disposed of there the lure of the theater is often inferior to that of this auditorium of purely commercial transaction. Tickets if not paid for are issued only to likely competitors, and admission is granted on such terms only. Fashion and wealth often flock just to see a great picture sold, the audience filling every seat of one of the great ball-rooms of a famous hotel. The mystery of the picture's fate as it changes hands is for the most part represented only by a magic name or number, among which occurs frequently the name of "Duveen." Now that the head of this great international firm of art-dealers has died, we learn from the New York *Times* that New York has lost "one of the leading art-critics in the world," tho his judgments, instead of being spread forth in the public prints, were placed at the disposal of our millionaire art-collectors. The steady stream of foreign masterpieces that has been pouring into this country from foreign sources was largely directed and controlled by the house of which Henry J. Duveen was the head. The firm of Duveen Brothers has premises in Paris and London as well as New York. Its inception was English, tho the family are Dutch in origin. The late Sir Joseph Duveen was long the head of the English house and received his knighthood from King Edward VII. "in recognition of his generosity in building a gallery for the pictures Turner, the great artist, had left to the nation." The "American" Duveen had resided here for forty years, tho he remained a British subject, and in the beginning "opened a small art-shop in John Street, where he handled antique silverware, ivory carvings, rare porcelains, period furniture, and Oriental rugs." The romance of picture-dealing seems to center around the name of Duveen when one sees how it associates itself with this country's famous masterpieces. In *The Times* one reads:

HENRY J. DUVEEN.

Tho he helped others spend many millions on art objects, he collected postage stamps for himself.

> "Mr. Duveen came to New York when the art life was in a state of transition, and he became closely identified with the formation of most of the celebrated art-collections in America, such as those belonging to James A. Garland, J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Altman, Mr. Gould, Mr. Widener, Henry C. Frick, Mrs. Hamilton Rice, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The firm brought to this country furniture which was a heritage of the most luxurious period which France has ever known. Carvings, bronzes, hangings, and all manner of adornments were combined by the firm in remarkable decorations.
>
> "In 1909 Duveen Brothers disposed of their general business in interior decorations and sold their warehouses, and devoted themselves exclusively to the selling of the extremely fine art works. About this time the firm made some purchases which startled the art world. They purchased the art-collection of Rudolphe Kann for $5,000,000, which works were passed into the great American collections like those of the late J. P. Morgan, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, and Mrs. Archer M. Huntington, and a short time later they purchased the Maurice Kann collection, valued at $2,500,000. Henry J. Duveen's name will be especially remembered because of his efforts in the formation of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's collection, part of which was later purchased by his firm. They purchased the Morgan collection of porcelains for $3,000,000 and were the agents through whom Henry C. Frick bought the Fragonard panels out of the Morgan collection for $1,425,000.
>
> "Many years ago Henry J. Duveen was decorated with the Order of the *Légion d'Honneur* as a mark of appreciation by the French Government of his many artistic endeavors."

The methods of the art business as practised by this house are dwelt on by *The American Art News* (New York). In the development of this firm, "which made them very rich men," it says, "they naturally encountered fierce and bitter opposition and much trade jealousy, but the firm calmly pursued its way and was invariably successful":

> "To this success the late Henry J. Duveen largely contributed, but he was greatly aided and, in fact, surpassed by his nephew, now the head of the firm, son of the late Sir Joseph Duveen. It has been said in the trade that 'Sir Joseph (knighted for his large and valuable contribution to the British nation in the addition to the Tate Gallery in London, which has been supplemented by his son Joseph) brought the sticks to make the fire, that Henry made said fire, and Joseph lit it.'
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> "Not only did the Duveen firm buy largely and spare no cost to obtain the best art-works, but they employed special 'experts,' or, better, authorities, to give these the 'hall-mark' of authenticity before they bought or sold such works, notably Mr. Bernhard Berenson, who for ten years or more has passed upon all their purchases of old Italian art and that of some other countries as well, and who, with other authorities, while he and they have sometimes been mistaken in attributions, have, on the whole, done well for the house and justified the extraordinarily large salaries paid them.
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> "Among other notable transactions in which with his firm Mr. Duveen had a part was the purchase in 1907 of the collection of pictures and antiques—reputed as among the finest in Europe —of Rudolphe Kann, in Paris. The identity of the buyers of that collection was kept secret for a long time. It was not believed that there was an art firm which could handle such a transaction, but eventually it was shown that Duveen Brothers were the buyers. The collection included representative pictures by most of the masters of the Continental and English schools, and an especially strong group of Rembrandts.
>
> "The Franz Hals, depicting the artist and his family, for which the Duveens are said to have received in the neighborhood of $500,000 from Mr. Otto H. Kahn, was another of the firm's importations."

The Boston *Transcript* points out that with all his surroundings of pictures and statuary Mr. Duveen's private hobby was collecting postage stamps:

> "His collection ranked among the finest and most complete in existence. He won the grand prize trophy, a bronze figure of Diana, after Saint-Gaudens, in October, 1913, for the exhibit of the greatest merit displayed by one exhibitor at the International Philatelic Exhibition."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

PEWS FREE AND FOR SALE

FREE PEWS have been adopted by Trinity Church, New York, "as an expression of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the victory." Hereafter, the sittings will be free to all-comers, members and non-members alike, and the first come will be served first. Both systems, with a compromise go-between, probably prevail in this country, but the future tendency will likely be the way of Trinity. The day is assuredly gone when the famous Bob Evans story could be reenacted. The naval hero is said to have gone into a prominent New York church and seated himself according to his own inclination. The rich pew-owner arrived not long after with his numerous family and cast disapproving looks on the intruder. Evans, however, was serene even after he had received a slip of paper on which the indignant church member had scribbled: "I pay $4,000 for this pew." Quick with his pencil, Evans scrawled, "You pay too d—— much!" From that situation to the free-for-all pews is a wide interval filled by many churches who think they have free pews when they have a system of contributions and assignments. The pew is still practically closed to the free entry of the first comer. Trinity's vestrymen express in their act their "desire to do all that we can at this great moment in the world's history, to make the Church the central place of human fellowship, as it should be." The New York *Evening Post* has published the statements of two leading New York clergymen as to which is the better system. It finds Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, in favor of the free-pew plan, while the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, does not see in the free-pew idea a cure-all for the evils which it is desired to avoid. Dr. Coffin is thus quoted:

DR. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN,

Who sees a church with free pews in the light of "a public school, erected and supported by a congregation for the benefit of its entire neighborhood."

"There are two sorts of institutions with which a church may be compared. One is the club which its members support for their own benefit and that of their guests; the other is the public school, which is maintained by the community for the education of the children of the entire neighborhood. At first sight a church supported by the voluntary contributions of its adherents seems more analogous to the social club. It is maintained because the congregation desires its inspiration and teaching and fellowship for themselves and their families. And churches are an unusually hospitable form of club, offering their privileges to any who desire to receive them, bringing the dues down to the abilities of the poorest, and usually attempting to welcome strangers with friendly courtesy.

"If the church be such a club, then special provision for the seating of its paying adherents seems congruous with its nature; altho even then it is to be hoped that the seats will not be graded with prices varying according to location, so that Dives lines and middle aisle while Lazarus finds a rear seat in the gallery—a method plainly at variance with the Christian ideal of fellowship and in manifest opposition to the explicit teaching of the Epistle of James.

"But in reality a church is far more like a public school, erected and supported by a congregation for the benefit of its entire neighborhood. As Christians, its adherents are more eager that the religiously indifferent and unenlightened shall be reached than that they shall themselves be further edified. Under such circumstances they can not wish for themselves any preferential treatment in the house of God. They ought rather to prefer to stand, if necessary, that the casual attendant may be seated where he will hear most satisfactorily and be imprest with the courtesy and kindliness of those whose guest he finds himself in God's name."

This pastor sees also a local and, he hopes, temporary situation which renders it imperative that city churches do all in their power to attract the industrial workers:

"It is commonly felt that the churches belong to the well-to-do who pay for them, and that they are among the least democratic institutions in an age which adores that adjective. It is a lamentable fact that there are few congregations where one sees rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, side by side. Class-bound churches, whatever their gospel, can not be factors for social unity. Now the pew-rent system is in the eyes of the working people a conspicuous symbol of the proprietary hold on the churches by the wealthy. They feel in a church, as they do in the opera-house or in a theater, that people take their seats according to their means. Nothing is better calculated to alter their attitude than a free church where the poorest attendant may have the most desirable seat in the building. And on the Christian basis, why shouldn't he?

"In practise there is no very marked difference between the two systems. Attendants at a church get in the habit of occupying the same seat, and when they arrive in time they have little difficulty in securing it. Ushers with tact and a knowledge of the personal peculiarities of the people who usually sit on their aisle will keep an eye out for the elderly and those who have little children, and will see that families are kept together. The free-pew system has the advantage of placing a premium upon punctuality, which, if not a distinctively Christian grace, is none the less a virtue to be sedulously cultivated. It will be found that the elderly seldom fail to obtain desirable places, for the experience of life seems to inculcate promptness."

Dr. Stires favors an elastic system, but urges pastors not to forget that the "care of a very definite group of people" is committed to them, adding:

"The new era upon which we are entering will be largely influenced by the power of a simple and genuine Christianity. If the renting of pews prevents Christian hospitality in any church, then that church should quickly change its method. . . .

"There are at least a few churches where pews are rented, and where many people of small means are found in the middle aisle, and many of large means are in the side aisles. Vacant pews are offered to those applying for them, and in the order in which the application is made, without regard to wealth or any other consideration. There are churches which because of convenient location, or because of an attractive service, appeal to a large number of transient visitors. It is not unusual for such visitors to come an hour before the time of service, and they often come a half hour ahead of time. Frequently their number would represent at least half of the seating capacity of the church. All these visitors should be welcomed cordially. But the families who regularly attend that church should not be neglected. I will go further and say that if desired a pew should be assigned to each family, for the Sunday morning service only, on condition that they come to church in good time. The habit of occupying the family pew is a good habit, and there are memories which make it a very sacred spot."

MERCY FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

NO VOICE among the Churches in America was heard "urging clemency for political prisoners," complains *The Churchman*, restricting the observation to such papers as came under its notice. While there may have been many not open to the charge, it admits, they never came the *Churchman's* way; and "only *The Nation* and *The New Republic* have seen matter on this subject for Christian concern and anxiety." Credit is also given to the New York *World*, which stated, on December 26, what *The Churchman* describes as "the best that the daily press have done," that "the question whether in treatment and in time mitigation is due them will have to be studied—upon the merits of each case, as Mr. Baker says—best with a general tendency toward mercy." Perhaps something of that general tendency may be seen in Mr. Baker's order for the release from Fort Leavenworth of 113 "objectors" serving sentence there. By his order they will be restored to duty and immediately discharged from the Army. According to the Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, these men, examined by Judge Julian Mack and Dean Harlan F. Stone, were found to be "sincere objectors." The special form of discharge presented by the Secretary contains this sentence:

> "This is a conscientious objector who has done no military duty whatsoever and who refused to wear the uniform."

The two examiners divide the men thus released from the disciplinary barracks into two groups:

> "Group 1 includes men who were found to be conscientious in their objections both to combatant and non-combatant service in the Army. Thereafter these men were placed on trial by court martial and sentenced for terms of imprisonment in disciplinary barracks. They have never had opportunity to apply for the farm furlough in accordance with the recommendations of the board of inquiry. The undersigned have examined the court-martial records in the case of each of these men, and, in the opinion of the undersigned, clemency should be promptly exercised in their cases.
>
> "Group 2 includes those men who claim to be conscientious objectors who were not brought before the board of inquiry for examination prior to their court martial, conviction, and sentence to disciplinary barracks. The undersigned, having now examined them, report that in their opinion these men are conscientious in their objections both to combatant and non-combatant service in the Army, and that they would have been so classified by the board of inquiry had they been examined by the board. The undersigned have examined the court-martial records in the case of each of these men, and it is the opinion of the undersigned clemency should be promptly exercised in their cases."

Cases that still remain as prisoners are such as have been condemned by court martial. To these the further remarks of *The Churchman* may be taken as applying:

> "Most of the journals which would naturally plead the cause of the conscientious objectors have been suppressed during the war. We do not question the right and the wisdom of the state to exercise such censorship in times of national peril. Conscientious objectors are a pretty thorny problem to deal with. America went Prussia one better in the solution. Our judges, our War Department, and prison authorities would have none of England's soft-hearted, easy-going methods with these undesirables. Where England gave one- or two-year sentences and set her conscientious objectors and political prisoners at work that would appeal to their finicky temperaments, American judges gave these men from ten to thirty years. We are pretty credibly informed that they have been battered about, manacled to cell-bars, kept in solitary confinement, and beaten. Two majors in the United States Army have been discharged for severity toward conscientious objectors. If the tale be true that Norman Thomas tells in his letter published in *The New Republic*, any American loving fair play and hating to soil his hands with medieval prison tactics must feel chagrin. There is a report, so Mr. Thomas says, that at Fort Leavenworth one prisoner has gone insane from the brutality in the guard-house. The Social Service Commission of the Diocese of Kansas can perhaps tell us whether this statement is true.
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> "Just why America should have gone to such lengths of severity and cruelty in its treatment of political prisoners is not clear to some of us. We are a sentimental people and it not infrequently happens that those who shed tears most copiously over Belgian atrocities and over Russian martyrdoms in the days when George Kennen used to relate the terrors of Siberia will indulge their own passions quite recklessly on any at home whom they despise and hate."

AN INDIAN CHIEF ON OUR SPIRITUAL BREAKDOWN

THE WHITE MAN'S religious and social system has broken down, as the European War plainly proves, in the opinion of a leader of one of our own "subject races," and mankind would do well to regenerate both its economic and its spiritual forces on the basis of the ideals offered by the American Indian. In the days of Columbus, "the red races held in their hands the true key to democracy," declares the Rev. Chief Red Fox Skiuhushu, of the Northern Blackfeet, but the white men came with their hatred of freedom and their iron laws, and made the world a prison for themselves no less than for the Indians whom they conquered as a preliminary to "adopting" the land. But Chief Red Fox does not linger over the "unredeemed" heritage of his own race; as an American he takes up the fate of his fellow Americans in this discredited modern civilization which, in spite of "perfected systems of education and world-wide eminence in music, literature, and science," has left us "slaves" and "barbarians."

Chief Skiuhushu is now promoting religious and social work among the Indians, after a two years' course at the Bible Teachers' Training School of New York, and recently addrest an audience of 35,000 in New York. He writes in *The New-Church Messenger:*

> "The edict of our modern life is that no man has a right to be free. We are all slaves to one another, from the millionaire to the day-laborer. It is, indeed, astonishing that man should deliberately perpetuate the slavery of his race by failing to recognize the fact that he is born into the earth-life for the purpose of spiritual development, not that he might conform to human schemes and invention of materialistic tendencies. This was Jesus's teaching. And Emanuel Swedenborg strongly points this out in his many messages to the people of the world. Man has deliberately ignored the basic principle of nature's economy—namely, the right to live. This civilization of exclusiveness, for which might have been substituted right and justice, which permits one man to live while his neighbor starves, makes entirely for material development, not spiritual development. . . . Our true development does not come by way of the present so-called civilization. On the contrary, our civilization is one of strife and antagonism and exclusiveness which benefits the few to the detriment of the human race; for when individuals deny one another the right to exist on earth, what can we expect of nations?"

Taking up the "true economic basis of life," as opposed to the present arrangement by which everybody is a slave to everybody else, Chief Skiuhushu quotes from Sitting Bull's last speech at Fort Yates for the Peace Council in the Dakota country:

> "This land belongs to us, for the Great Spirit gave it to us when he put us here. We were free to come and go, and to live in our own way. But the white men, who belonged to another land, have come upon us and are forcing us to live according to their ideas. Suppose the white man was forced to live differently? This is an injustice. This life of white men is slavery. They are prisoners in towns and farms. The life my people want is a life of freedom. I have seen nothing that a white man has—houses or railways, clothing or food—that is as good as the right to move in the open country and live in our own fashion."

Let us ask ourselves, suggests the modern Indian leader, whether there may not be a word in this for us, bound as we are to a social régime prolific of so many ills:

"—one of continual strife, antagonism, war, and oppression, of disease, degeneracy, suffering, and want; one in which the public is ever at the mercy of ignorant, unscrupulous individuals, who by means of the monopolization of the earth's natural resources make and alter the laws of the land to suit their own convenience, and, under the protection of these same laws and imaginary rights, govern by might, or one in which the individual has no control over the natural resources of the earth of his fellow beings."

As opposed to such a régime, the writer offers another picture:

"A country where every man is welcome to his rightful share of these resources, enough to supply his wants, enough for the supreme development of his ideals; a country where there is an abundance of life's necessities for all, where wild animal life abounds and where waters teem with fish and are free of contamination; a country where life is long, where there are few crimes, few prisons or asylums or other institutions, and few taxes; a country where honor prevails and men are beholden unto God alone; where men are free to go and come at will, where they may work as little or as much as they please, where there is no drudgery except what is self-imposed, where the simple material necessities of life are within the reach of all and men may devote the greater part of their days to the development of their minds and bodies, making of them the sacred shrines and temples which the Supreme Being intended them to be, and not bodies of lust. This is no idle fancy, no commercial dream; it is the actual and normal earthly condition which nature intended man should inherit, through the process of his evolutionary development on earth."

LUTHERANS PLAN RECONSTRUCTION—Fifty millions of people in Europe are members of the Lutheran Church, and the Lutherans of this country believe that "the disintegration of the Lutheran Church of Europe would be the severest blow for Protestantism" there. Leaders of this faith in America, therefore, see that "the American Lutheran Church can and must cope with the situation." Hence a recent Lutheran Congress was held in Chicago to organize a $500,000 Reconstruction-Service Campaign. "The greater part of the fund," says the Lutheran Bureau, Inc., "is intended for overseas service, part for France, part for Finland, Esthonia, and the Black-Sea provinces, the remainder for the other portions of Europe in which there is need of assistance." The statement appearing in the Lutheran press gives additional information as to purpose and personnel:

"The significance of the campaign does not lie in the mere fact of raising funds for reconstruction service. Lutheran leaders believe that the providential hour has come when the Lutheran Church of this country must take the lead for the Lutheran cause throughout the world. . . . . . .

"Lutheran leaders of America hold that the American Lutheran Church can and must cope with the situation. They point to the fact that it has developed a strong, vigorous church-life, independent of state control and state aid, that it has carried the Reformation ideal of spiritual democracy into successful and effective operation. They consider it to be the hand of Providence that while the Church was divided till recently, the war-emergency and the need of following the 250,000 Lutheran boys in the Army welded the separate parts together into an effective, powerful unity. To-day they believe it stands ready and is in a position to meet unselfishly the greatest call for service and leadership that has come to a church body in modern times. They feel that it can and must bring to the Lutheran churches of Europe the spiritual democracy which it has developed here, that it must counsel, guide, and assist them into that independent, democratic, ordered church-life, which characterizes the Lutheran Church of America.

"That is the purpose for convening the Congress in Chicago to-day. It is planned to organize an army of 80,000 canvassers who will in the week of February 16–26, visit every Lutheran, and appeal for his aid.

"A national committee has already been formed, consisting of Dr. F. H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America; Rev. J. A. O. Stub, executive secretary of the National Lutheran Commission, and Hon. E. F. Eilert, of New York. Headquarters have been opened at 437 Fifth Avenue, New York. Dr. W. H. Greever and Rev. O. H. Pannkoke are in charge of the campaign."

AN EPISCOPALIAN VIEW OF ZIONISM

A WORD OF CAUTION is uttered to the "influential delegation sent to promote the Zionist cause at the Peace Conference." Their ambition to establish in Palestine an autonomous Jewish state meets with sympathy from *The Living Church* (Milwaukee), for, as its editor says, "history records no aspiration more pathetic, none more tenaciously held through age after age of persecution." Christian people, the writer avers, "do not forget our spiritual ancestry, nor our debt to the Jews," for "the roots of our faith go deep into Judaism." But, "just because we honor our brethren of the Circumcision we believe that they should walk warily in this matter of Zionism":

"A Jewish state necessarily implies a Jewish nation; and, as we have been forcibly reminded in these four terrible years, nationality is a jealous god. A man can belong to only one nation. At present men of the Hebrew race may be Jews by religion, and Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, or what else by nationality. Every one understands to-day that Lord Reading and Israel Zangwill are Englishmen who happen to be Jews, even as Mr. Wilson is an American who happens to be a Presbyterian. Rabbi Wise and Mr. Rosenwald are Americans who happen to go to the synagog instead of to the church. This situation is tenable only because there is no Jewish nation to confound the question of loyal allegiance. But the moment the Zionist policy succeeded and a Jewish nation was set up, the situation would be embarrassed by the old question of divided loyalty which has been the basis for anti-Semitism all these weary centuries, and the curse of the Jews ever since the days of Haman. 'Their laws'—how one hears the cry repeated from Shushan to Spain, and from Petrograd to London's Ghetto!—'Their laws are diverse from those of every people; neither keep they the king's laws; therefore, it is not for the king's profit to suffer them.'

"The Zionist, however, even if he recognizes this danger, will have another quiver for his bow: the need of his persecuted brethren in Russia, Galicia, Roumania, and elsewhere. For my brethren's sake, he will say, we must brave every peril. We Jews of the greater and more progressive nations, we who live in peace and safety, must espouse the cause of our downtrodden coreligionists in the backward and semibarbaric countries where the Jews are still baited and the pogrom still prevails.

After tears by ruined altars, after toil in alien lands,
After wailings by strange altars, after lifting of vain hands,
After cords and stripes and burdens, after ages scorched with fire,
Shall they not find the way of peace, a land of heart's desire?

"We salute the spirit of this argument, but we reply: The proposed League of Nations must see to it that neither Jews nor Armenians nor Croatians nor Poles nor any other minority will ever again be abandoned to the mercy of a persecuting majority in any nation of the earth. No longer will emigration be the sole refuge from political or religious persecution. The persecutors shall walk in the fear of the great democracies. The world is to be made safe for its citizens, and the League of Nations is to guarantee that safety."

With such considerations in mind *The Living Church* asks:

"Is it well, then, for the Jews, the loyal citizens to-day of many different nations, to come out from among them and to be separate, to cut themselves off from the people round about as if they were Hittites and Amorites, Moabites, and Hagarenes, to seek in national life to be a peculiar people, laying again the foundations for new anti-Semitic sentiment throughout the world?

"Or would it be better for the Jewish people to lose their life nationally that they may find it religiously, to lay it down in temporal sway that they may take it up in spiritual sweep, to surrender local pride and to gain universal leavening power?

"There is a Jerusalem which is a treasured ruin of a once glorious past. There is a 'Jerusalen which is above'—a spiritual ideal, a city whose 'maker and builder is God.' This spiritual Jerusalem 'is free, which is the mother of us all.'

"Is it not the special joy of the Jewish patriot in whatsoever land to sing of his native or adopted country as one of England's men has sung:

I will not cease from mental strife,
Nor shall the sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

Forced to Be Big!

THE packers are frequently accused of being large. If bigness is a crime, Armour and Company are guilty of the charge. For, from a small beginning this business has grown to a point where it serves millions—affording a constant, ever-open market to producers—bringing meats hundreds of miles to consumers.

Some one has wisely said that "Production waits on distribution." In other words, there can be no incentive to stock-growers to produce more livestock unless adequate outlets are provided to keep pace with the production. When greater yield is created on the farm, the outlet must be widened at the market to care for it.

Armour and Company are large because the livestock industry is large. Obviously the packing industry must keep pace with the increase of livestock and population-growth. As herds increased, the Armour organization kept step with them. New plants were erected in the centers of new stock-raising regions; improved operating methods were adopted; more refrigerator cars were built to carry the food.

Then, with the outbreak of war, the wisdom of this development had a chance to prove itself. In spite of labor shortage, disrupted railway service, and scores of other difficulties, Armour and Company and other similar concerns were equipped to instantly meet the War Department's call for food. In addition to shipping over a hundred carloads of meat a day, or seventy-five million pounds a month to the Army and Navy, we have taken care of civilian requirements in the usual way.

With an increase in cattle production, encouraged by the Food Administration's high prices, had to come further increased facilities for preparing and marketing not only the meat, but the hides, hoofs and all other parts of the animal. To meet the influx of the hundreds of additional cattle daily, we were compelled to erect a new building in ninety days, build additional coolers, tanks to handle the rendered products, dryers, buildings to treat and handle casings, additional oleo kettles, hide storage warehouses, etc.

With the return to normal conditions, these facilities — expanded during the stress of war to provide stock-growers with necessary outlets, and to furnish food in adequate quantities for both Army and civilian needs—are still at the service of the public. They represent a permanent investment, assuring a permanent outlet and thus a permanent supply of best foods at true value prices.

Today, with Europe looking to America as its most certain source of supply, together with our own country to be fed, Armour and Company's size and ability to handle large volume most efficiently and economically becomes of greater importance than ever.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHICAGO

2921

CURRENT POETRY

THE poems of John Masefield have been thoroughly tested for some years and their vitality makes itself felt anew to Masefield readers in the Collected Edition of his poems and plays (Macmillan Company, New York). In a modest and sincere utterance that characterizes all Masefield's work, he gives some autobiographic notes under the conventional caption "Preface." "I do not remember writing verses in my childhood; I made many, but did not write them down," he tells us, and relates that he wrote two poems when he was nine years old, "one about a pony called Gypsy, the other about a Red Indian." Among the poems that charmed him most in childhood he names those of Longfellow, especially "Hiawatha," "The Ingoldsby Legends," "The Wild Swan," by Tennyson, "I Remember, I Remember," by Thomas Hood, and Du Maurier's "Ballad of Camelot" in *Punch*. Sweeping from these early days over his active and varied career, we reach another autobiographic strain in which a statement of creed is made that echoes the Orient:

A CREED

By John Masefield

I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,
Has many a hundred times been dust
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth or effort in the past.
My life's a statement of the sum
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

. . . .

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made;
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreathe my head,
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mold,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

One fact brought out by the development of Jugo-Slavia as a united country, is that the Jugo-Slav literature is rich in stores of poetry and prose. From the works of one of the contemporary Slovene poets, Oton Zupantchitch, who was born in 1870, we quote this strange example of fierce piety. The verses were translated into English by Paul Selver for the London *Poetry Review:*

ASCENSION DAY

By Oton Zupantchitch

To-day an Ascension Day I divine,
My heart, how it surges and simmers,
My spirit silkily glimmers,
As tho it had drunk of magical wine.

Mark ye not? Yonder, from forests of gloom,
Hurricanes rage,
Fierce thunderings boom,
And from out of the haze comes the fitful blaze
Of a blood-red light, like a sword to the sight—
'Tis the dawn of a coming age.

O, brothers apace, toward life's trace!
At the blood-red sword do not waver,
This sword was not shaped for the braver,
And for him who is hale.
Only tombs this sword overturns, and
But fallen dwellings it burns, and
He who is strong shall prevail.

O brothers, brothers, the time is at hand!
O brothers, brothers, how do ye stand?
Are your fields yet garnished for reaping?
Fair stars are in the ascendent,
Seed falls that is golden—resplendent—
Are your fields yet garnished for reaping?

Shake ye stifling dreams away!
At lightning speed comes Ascension Day—
In vain shall he cry who now goes astray—
He only shall view it who bears the array!

The ballad is a most appropriate form for the narration of the thrilling situations and happenings of the war, and some of the most happy examples of this type are unquestionably those of Robert Service. Mr. A. St. John Adcock, in the London *Bookman*, says of them, "No Canadian poet has a wider popularity with civilians and soldiers than Robert Service. I have heard ballads of his recited in huts behind the lines in France, and could have found it in me to envy him the laughter and tears and the thundering cheers that greeted them." Mr. Adcock characterizes this particular ballad, taken from the anthology "Canadian Poems of the Great War," as one of "picturesque romanticism":

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

By Robert W. Service

Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas nothing but the thrumming
Of a woodpecker a-rapping on the hollow of a tree;
And she thought that I was fooling when I said it was the drumming
Of the mustering of legions, and 'twas calling unto me;
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop across the sea.

And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started up in wonder,
For I heard a savage roaring and 'twas coming from afar;
Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas only summer thunder,
And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her it was war;
'Twas the chariots of battle where the mighty armies are.

Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with russet sail a-flying,
And the word he said was "war" again, so what was I to do?
Oh, the dogs they took to howling, and the missis took to crying,
As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch canoe;
Yes, the old girl stood a-blubbing till an island hid the view.

Says the factor: "Mike, you're crazy! They have soldier-men a-plenty.
You're as grizzled as a badger, and you're sixty year or so."
"But I haven't missed a scrap," says I, "since I was one and twenty
And shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your whiskers—no!"
So I sold my furs and started . . . and that's eighteen months ago.

For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put me for a starter
In the trenches of the Argonne with the *Boche* a step away;
And the partner on my right hand was an Apache from Montmartre;
On my left there was a millionaire from Pittsburg, U. S. A.
(Poor fellow! They collected him in bits the other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch of the lumbago;
And they calls me old Methoosalah, and *blagues* me all the day,
I'm their exhibition sniper, and they work me like a Dago,
And laugh to see me plug a *Boche* a half a mile away.
Oh, I hold the highest record in the regiment, they say.

And at night they gather 'round me, and I tell them of my roaming
In the Country of the Crepuscule beside the Frozen Sea;
Where the musk-ox runs unchallenged, and the caribou goes homing—
And they sit like little children, just as quiet as can be:
Men of every clime and color, how they harken unto me!

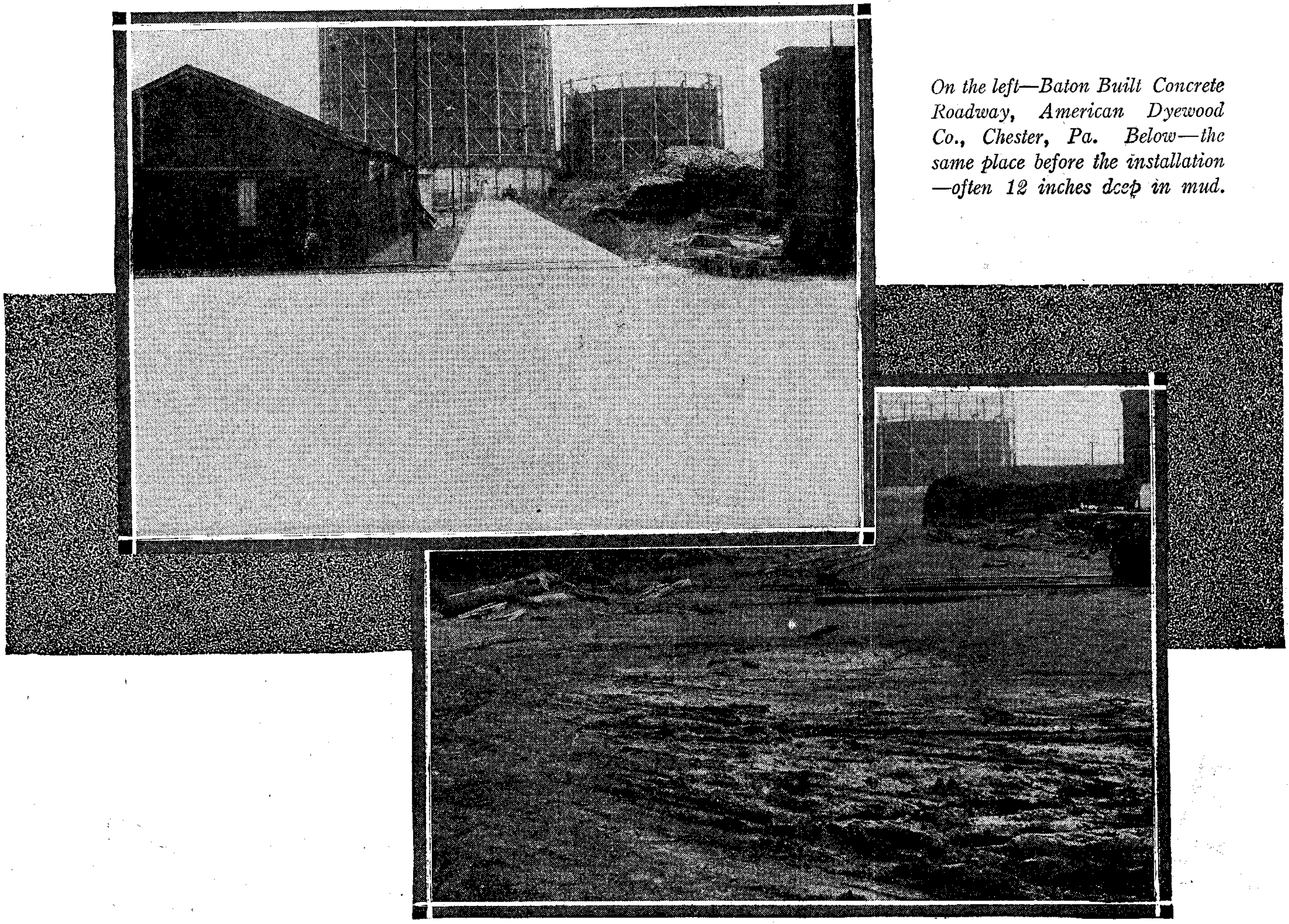
And I tell them of the Furland, of the tump-line, and the paddle,
Of secret rivers loitering, that no one will explore;
And I tell them of the ranges, of the pack-strap, and the saddle,
And they fill their pipes in silence, and their eyes beseech for more;
While above the star-shells fizzle and the high explosives roar.

And I tell of lakes fish-haunted, where the big bull moose are calling,
And forests still as sepulchers with never trail or track;
And valleys packed with purple gloom, and mountain peaks appalling;
And I tell them of my cabin on the shore at Fond du Lac;
And I find myself a-thinking: Sure I wish that I was back.

So I brag of bear and beaver while the batteries are roaring,
And the fellows on the firing-steps are blazing at the foe.
And I yarn of fur and feather when the marmits are a-soaring,
And they listen to my stories, seven *poilus* in a row,
Seven lean and lousy *poilus* with their cigarets aglow.

And I tell them when it's over how I'll hike for Athabaska;
And those seven greasy *poilus*, they are crazy to go, too.
And I'll give the wife the "pickle-tub" I promised and I'll ask her
The price of mink and marten, and the run of caribou;
And I'll get my traps in order, and I'll start to work anew.

For I've had my fill of fighting, and I've seen a nation scattered;
And an army swung to slaughter, and a river red with gore;
And a city all a-smolder, and . . . as if it really mattered,
For the lake is yonder dreaming, and my cabin's on the shore;
And the dogs are leaping madly, and the wife is singing gladly,
And I'll rest in Athabaska, and I'll leave it never more.



On the left—Baton Built Concrete Roadway, American Dyewood Co., Chester, Pa. Below—the same place before the installation—often 12 inches deep in mud.

Baton Built
Industrial Roadways
Increase Plant Efficiency

Look at these two roadways. One a sea of mud in wet weather, heavy with dust in dry weather, stiff with ruts in frozen weather. The other the same place after Baton Built Roadways were installed.

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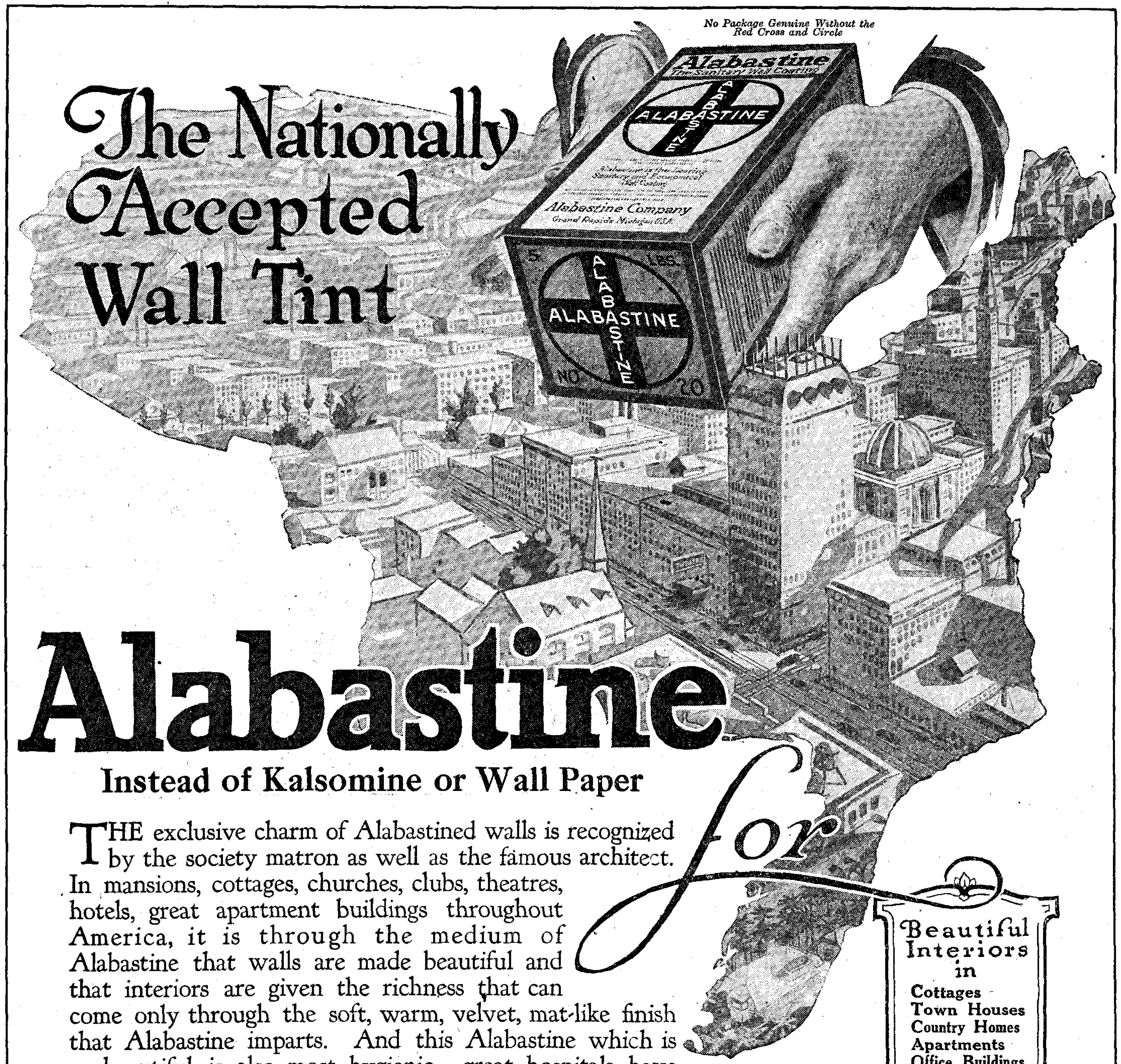
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- Town Houses
- Country Homes
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- Office Buildings
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NORWEGIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

WHERE THEY HAVE SETTLED—Immigrants from the Scandinavian countries are disinclined to settle in the **southern parts of the United States,** chiefly because of climatic conditions. In the northern sections, East, Middle West, and Far West, they encounter a climate similar to that of the "old home." The Norwegian population in this country is sometimes set as high as **a million and a half,** of which 500,000 came direct from Norway. The latter figure must be considered enormous when we remember that the population of Norway itself is reckoned at 2,300,000. In Illinois, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, Norwegians are notable as thrifty and prosperous **farmers.** Many Norwegians are to be met, also, on the east and the west coast. In the State of Washington, for instance, they are numerous as farmers and as workers and proprietors in the **fishing and canning industry.** As **fishermen and seamen** they are known along the Pacific coast from Seattle to Los Angeles and on the Atlantic from Maine to Florida. In Far-Western Canada, too, Norwegians are interested in the fishing and canning industries.

OCCUPATIONS OF NORWEGIANS—Besides their prominence in agricultural and maritime lines, the Norwegians are well represented in the technical and commercial branches of American life. Many of them rank high as **engineers** and are the product of Norway's exceptionally advanced polytechnic schools and colleges. In trade Norwegians are to be met on the east and west coast as **importers** and **exporters.** They do not figure largely as retail shopkeepers. Among the working class Norwegians are conspicuous as **carpenters, cabinet-makers,** and in the **building trades** generally. They are **skilled workmen** in general rather than unskilled.

Of the 22,000 Norwegians in Greater New York, the first generation claims 11,000. There are a few thousands more Norwegians in Chicago than in New York, while the most are in Minneapolis, which is their oldest important settlement in an American city.

NORWEGIANS IN POLITICAL LIFE — Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, was born in Norway, and Senator Asle J. Gronna, of North Dakota, was born in Iowa of Norwegian parents. The mother of Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, was born in Norway. In the House of Representatives there are a number of Congressmen of Norwegian birth or descent. Maurice Francis Egan, former Minister to Denmark, once described Norway as the **most sturdily democratic country in the world,** a remark prized by Norwegians in this country who quote it to prove that when their compatriots come here they are already trained in the spirit of our life and Government. The apparatus of this Government is different, but the **essence is identical.**

HOW THE WAR BROUGHT US CLOSER TO NORWAY—With the outbreak of the war in 1914 many sources of supply were cut off from Norway, which is not at all a self-sustaining country. Naturally she turned to the United States for the products needed, and trade between the two countries increased by leaps and bounds. Because Norwegians would like to have this country retain that trade, a **Norwegian-American Chamber of Commerce** has been established to facilitate business. To promote harmonious understanding between the two nations the **American-Scandinavian Foundation** was formed. One of its activities along cultural lines is the interchange of American and Scandinavian college students.

NORWEGIAN ASSIMILATION HERE—The percentage of **illiteracy** among the Scandinavians, we are told, is **less than 1 per cent.,** and this question is one that never comes up at Ellis Island in the case of a Norwegian immigrant. Education over there, as has been said above, has long been compulsory. In the large cities **the English language is a compulsory study** in the curriculum. Children born here of Norwegian parents are **rapidly assimilated** through their training in the public schools and through neighborhood associations. The point of view of the first generation is said to be changed as smoothly as one changes one's coat. The more rapidly Norwegians can become Americanized, according to one authority, the better they like it, for it is considered a handicap to live in one country and have your mind in another. Furthermore, sympathy with **western countries is a dominant trait of the people of Norway,** of whom it is said "**her windows face the west.**" Physically considered, Norwegians are tall as a rule and built on lines resembling the English and American type. Mentally they **share many characteristics of the English and the Americans.**

RELIGION OF THE NORWEGIANS HERE—In the main Norwegians cling to the **Lutheran Church,** which is their State Church. Tho the bulk of Norwegians adhere to Lutheranism in this country, there are numbers in the **Baptist and Methodist** denominations. If there is no Lutheran Church in a vicinity where there are some Norwegians, they tend to worship in the church they can find rather than not to go to church at all.

NORWEGIAN NEWSPAPERS HERE—**American newspapers** are read by Norwegians for events of the day, except in some cases where readers of the earlier generation by preference or necessity read papers printed in Norwegian. But as far as the **foreign-language newspaper** may be considered a problem, the Norwegian factor will solve itself by a **gradual process of elimination.** As it stands to-day, the newspaper is described by a representative Norwegian-American publisher as chiefly "**a letter from home**" because of the local news of the old country it contains. Norwegian journals urge their readers to patronize night classes in American public schools as a major method of rapid assimilation. Looking forward, they can see the time when the Norwegians here will be wholly **unilingual** rather **than bilingual.**

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC STATUS—To some extent **Norwegians live in groups.** Thus two-thirds of the Norwegian population in Greater New York inhabit the south and Bay Ridge sections of Brooklyn. They like to live in good districts and are devoted to the idea of **owning their own home.** In the main they are a **prosperous** citizenry and also very **law-abiding** by nature. They have quantities of benevolent societies, homes for the aged and for orphans, and hospitals, which latter, of course, are for the general public.

AS TO NORWEGIAN IMMIGRATION—The Government of Norway has **discouraged the departure** of its citizens to other lands by improving living conditions and by liberal grants of land, etc. Steamship companies do not nowadays speed the emigrant on his way outward because it is against the law. There has never been a great flood of immigration hitherward from Norway. Many Norwegians, business men, men of a trade, and seamen pass back and forth between the two countries. The **second generation** of Norwegians in the main **abide in the United States** for good and all. Among Norwegians born in the old country, especially when they marry here, the tendency is toward as **prompt naturalization** as feasible.

IMMIGRATION HISTORICALLY VIEWED—In his "History of Norwegian Immigration to the United States," from the earliest beginning to 1848 (privately printed at Iowa City, Iowa, 1909), Dr. George T. Flom tells us that Norway has lost by emigration to the North American continent a **comparatively larger portion** of her population than any other country of Europe, with the exception of Ireland. **The great majority went West** and bulked largely in the development of the agricultural regions in western Illinois, Wisconsin, Mississippi, north and west Iowa, and the Dakotas. In the movement into the virgin farm lands of Canada, several years ago, numbers of Norwegians reemigrated into the Dominion. Norwegian emigration to the United States, we learn from Dr. Flom, took systematic form in 1836. In 1843 it assumed larger proportions. From 1866 to 1870, during a period of financial depression, about 15,000 Norwegians came per annum. In the seventies the immigration rate declined, but it rose in the eighties. The figures for 1882 are fixt at 29,101 and the average for the next decade is computed at 18,000 per annum. In 1898 not quite 5,000 Norwegians came over here, but the number grew so that the record of 1903 registers 24,461.

WHERE NORWAY'S EMIGRANTS CAME FROM—To quote Dr. Flom further: Norwegian emigrants came from the **rural districts** and from other sections as laborers, artizans, farmers, seamen, and not a few of professional or technical training. All ages and classes were represented in Norwegian emigration, we are told, but by far the greater number of men

(*Continued on page* 137)

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

MR. BELASCO'S LIFE AND HIS IDEAS OF YOUNG WOMEN ON THE STAGE

Winter, William. The Life of David Belasco. 2 volumes. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $11 net.

It would have been surprizing if William Winter, in this stupendous "Life of David Belasco," had not been able to extract many colorful incidents from a career which has been picturesque and interesting. For many years he was a personal friend of the theatrical manager, whose biography—monumental as to size—altho not completed at the time of the veteran critic's death, was so far in shape that his son, Jefferson Winter, was able, with not much delay, to bring it to completion. The two volumes represent painstaking labor, and, tho in their construction they present a life of Mr. Belasco which is often obscured by a multiplicity of side issues, there are characteristic side-lights which are new and worth considering.

Mr. Belasco, from early San Francisco days to the present, has had an artistic career dominated by struggle. He reached his position by maintaining a dogged front before many enemies, of which members of the Theatrical Trust were the most formidable. He came to New York when other theater managers dominated the field, and, in spite of their established traditions, made a tradition of his own, and set to work to free himself from the incubus of dependence on the will and dictates of others. To-day Mr. Belasco, as a manager, is a law unto himself. Dramatists, actors, embryo stage-managers, all clamor to come under his guidance. He made a coterie who have brought pleasure to the present generation of playgoers. His technique as an actor himself, and his school of tradition, were of the very best. When a young man he was private secretary to Dion Boucicault; when not much older, he managed for Adelaide Neilson. Both as actor and stage-manager, in early Western days, he ran the gamut of the classic drama, which makes him eminently fit to produce Shakespeare, and created a type of melodrama suited to the taste of the people stimulated by dreams of get-rich-quick comfort.

This record is discust by Mr. Winter, but not outlined or described with as much vividness as it perhaps deserved. Most of the color comes from data supplied by Mr. Belasco in his own words as when he discoursed of actors of a past generation and used adjectives which differentiate old-time players in his memory. Writing to Jefferson Winter, the manager says:

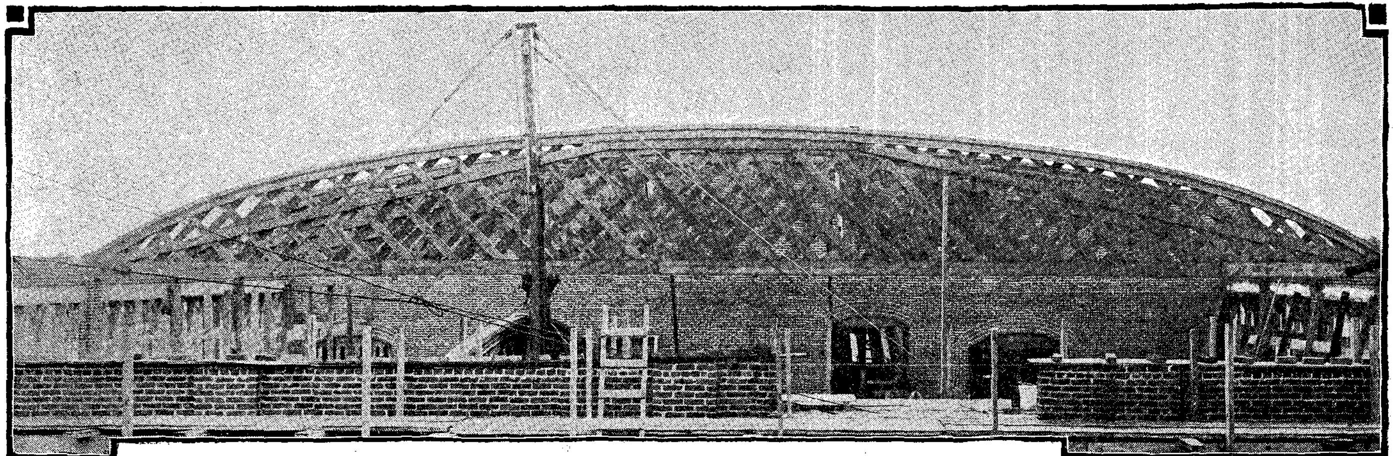
> "You ask me to tell you who, of all the players I have ever seen, is my favorite. My, but that is a hard question to answer! In fact, I don't think I can answer with just a name. I have so many favorites! It is a case of 'Not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more!' And then, too, I have seen and known so many players of so many different kinds—of all kinds—and our moods vary. As I look back into my memory and try to call up the actors and actresses of the past, it seems to me that John MacCullough was the most lovable as a man, and, in the great, heroic parts, the most satisfying as an actor. Barrett was the most ambitious; Booth was the most powerful and interesting; Owens was the funniest man I ever saw, and after him Raymond; Wallack was the most polished and courtly; Salvini was the most imposing; Irving the most intellectual and dominating; Mansfield the most erratic—and all of them were great actors, and each of them, I think, was my special favorite! But if I could see only one more theatrical performance and had to choose which one of those actors I would see, I think I would choose Edwin Booth in 'King Richard III.'
>
> "Of the women—Adelaide Neilson was easily the most winsome and passionate. Modjeska was the most romantic. Mary Anderson was the stateliest. Ellen Terry the most pathetic, Ada Rehan the greatest *comédienne*, and Sarah Bernhardt—ah, what shall I say of the Divine Sarah? If I were to have the choice of one last performance by the one actress I admire the most, I am afraid I should quarrel with Fate and insist on choosing two—Adelaide Neilson in 'Juliet' and Sarah Bernhardt in anything."

With much particularity, Mr. Winter distributes dates and names through his laborious record of Mr. Belasco's life. He traces the evolution and stage history of almost every play ever presented by the manager, and now and again disputes with the manager, who is not given to making statements in phrases as guarded and as calculating as those of Mr. Winter, who was a critic of the stage for over sixty years. As an example of many disputatious passages the following may be taken to show how right both debaters may be, and how interesting the evidence may be, even tho it results in not too much intellectual profit to the reader. Mr. Winter says:

> "In commenting on Warfield's great, indeed phenomenal, success and popularity in 'The Music Master,' Belasco writes: 'I have no doubt that he could become a one-part actor and appear as *von Barwig* perennially, just as Jefferson played *Rip Van Winkle* and Sothern *Lord Dundreary*. However, neither he nor I approve of this plan.' It is singular, indeed, what a strange, delusive, ineradicable effect the parrot-like repetition of a word sometimes creates. Belasco—like the majority of other persons who mention the subject—has got it firmly established in his mind that Jefferson and Sothern were what he designates as 'one-part actors' (actors who, as he expressly states, follow a professional course of which he does not approve), and he will, I suppose, go to his grave serene in the conviction that such was the case, and unconscious of the injustice he does both those great actors. Yet Sothern gave hundreds of performances in 'Sam,' 'David Garrick,' 'The Crusht Tragedian,' 'Home,' and 'An English Gentleman,' after his great success in 'Lord Dundreary'; while Jefferson's repertory embraced well over one hundred parts; for every five performances he gave of *Rip* he gave about three of *Bob Acres*, in 'The Rivals,' and—to the delight of audiences throughout our country—he acted, hundreds of times, as *Dr. Pangloss*, in 'The Heir-at-Law'; *Caleb Plummer*, in 'The Cricket on the Hearth'; *Mr. Golightly*, in 'Lend Me Five Shillings' (which, by the way, was the last part he ever played); *Dr. Ollapod*, in 'The Poor Gentleman'; *Hugh de Brass*, in 'A Regular Fix,' and *Mr. Woodcock*, in 'Woodcock's Little Game.' Every exceptionally successful actor is more popular in some one part than he is in any other, and as it was with Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* and Sothern in *Dundreary*, so also is it with Warfield in *von Barwig*."

Mr. Winter discusses the merits of all the players whom Belasco made, from Lotta to the present time. This raises an interest in the manager's ability to create players out of crude materials. Mrs. Leslie Carter learned everything from him; Frances Starr was brought to success through his artistic ministrations; Ina Claire was chosen from the chorus and the movies by his discerning judgment. Every novice that has ever wanted to tread the boards has sought his office for an engagement. One might well ask how he has worked his necromancy. Mr. Winter reveals it by quoting a letter from Belasco:

> "It is not an easy task to write what I have to say, but it is time that it should be written and understood. If I am to do for your cousin, Miss V——, what I want to do and have hoped to do; if I am to open the way for her to a career, she must be guided by me. My influence, not yours nor that of anybody else, must predominate. The stage is a harsh master. Real success on it does not 'happen'; it is made —made of striving and sacrifice, and self-denial and hard work.
>
> "What you do is, of course, no concern of mine, and I have no wish to meddle in anybody else's business, having far more of my own than I can properly look after. But I have every reason to think that, if it were not for your influence, I might not have so many causes to be dissatisfied with Miss V——. At present my wishes are not heeded by her. And so that we may all reach an understanding, I want to say to you that I resent Miss V——'s recent conduct; that, in view of the fact that I have taken the trouble to interest myself in her future as an actress, I resent it very much, and will not any longer tolerate it.
>
> "If I am in some ways a strict master, I am always a fair and considerate one. But—and please realize this—in everything connected with my theater, from the water-boys in the smoking-room to the 'star' on the stage; from the carpets to be laid on the floors to the plays that are produced, I am the master, and my word is the absolute and final law.
>
> "Miss V—— is a very young girl who has seen very little of the world. She is not only exceptionally talented but pretty, attractive, and charming. Consequently she is admired by the idlers who have time to kill in dangling after young women of the stage—and nothing better to do. Miss V—— is much sought after by matrons who are ever on the lookout for pretty girls to attract men to their dances and their 'week-end' visits. Such women care nothing at all about a girl's career or whether they ruin it or not—and they will ruin it, every time, if the girl is weak or foolish enough to be persuaded. Miss V—— likes this kind of attention, which is natural, but it won't do—not if she is to remain with me. No big man or woman has time for frivolities; it is either one thing or the other; we work and work and rise and rise; or else we try to flutter through life on butterfly wings—and then we fall by the wayside.
>
> "Miss V—— has, I am informed, been neglecting her duties at the theater. True, at present she has only the minor position of an understudy; but she should at least be conscientious enough to attend to its duties. She knows very well that she should keep Mr. L—— informed of her whereabouts. She has no right, no excuse, to go anywhere, or to be in any place, where he can not reach her at a moment's notice by telephone. An understudy is just a reserve soldier, subject to instant call. If Mr. Dean had been well, of course, he would have attended to this matter of Miss V——'s neglect. But, as it is, Mr.



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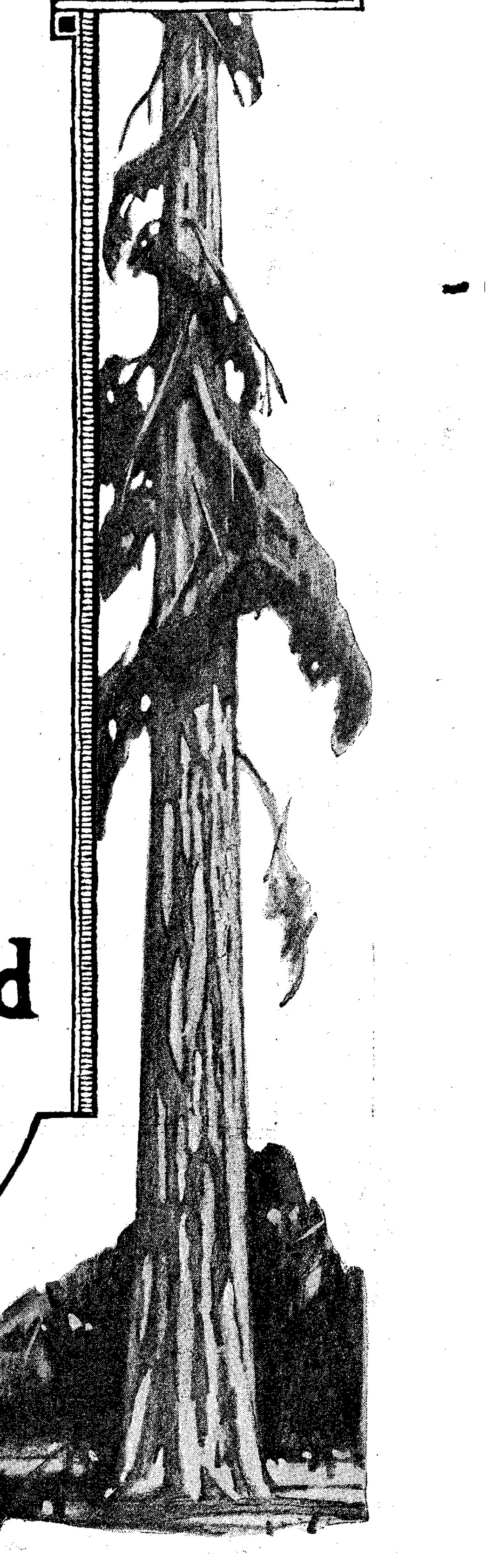

Details of 100-foot span "Double Strength Redwood Lattice Truss," showing support for monitor
But one of several types of lattice truss

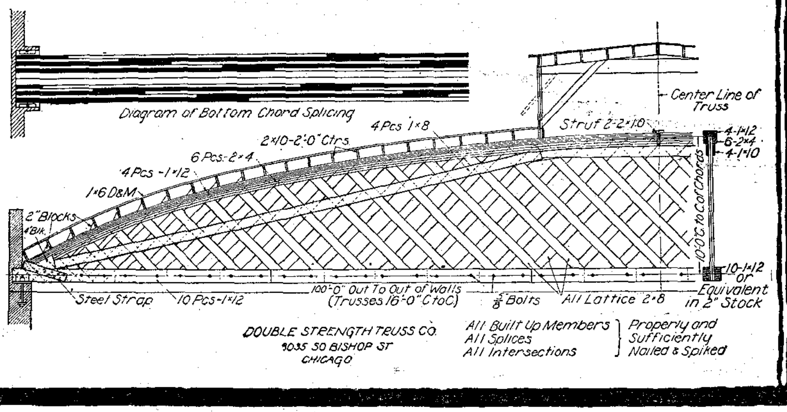
Diagram of Bottom Chord Splicing
Center Line of Truss
4 Pcs 1×8
Strut 2-2×10
2×10-2'-0" Ctrs
6 Pcs-2×4
4 Pcs-1×12
1×6 D&M
2" Blocks
4' Blk.
4-1×12
6-2×4
4-1×10
10'-0" C. to C. of Chords
10-1×12 or Equivalent in 2" Stock
Steel Strap
10 Pcs-1×12
100'-0" Out To Out of Walls (Trusses 16'-0" C to C)
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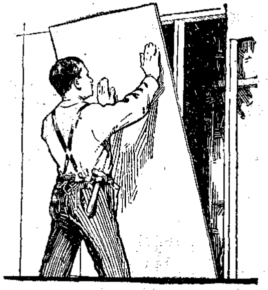

Easy to Put Up—
Lasts a Lifetime

L—— has too many details to look after. Her conduct is not fair to him, to say nothing of me, nor does it show any proper respect for the theater, for Miss V—— so to ignore her obligations. Last evening, through an indisposition, Miss ——, whom she understudies, was nearly obliged to remain away. If she had done so, the house would have been dismissed, and Mr. L—— would have been discharged, through her negligence. Have you any conception what it would mean to me to disappoint an audience, in my theater?

"If Miss V—— is to remain under my guidance she must obey my wishes: not yours, or her own, or anybody else's, but mine—at all times and in everything. If she does not see fit to follow my advice, I shall reluctantly leave her to her own resources. Inasmuch as I have made myself responsible for her artistic success, her mental and physical condition are matters of much moment to me and I will not have them jeopardized as (they are) by her present mode of life. Automobile rides, midnight suppers, and dances until daylight are all very well—but they are not conducive to health. They are a sapping of the vitality which, if she wishes to succeed, should be reserved for higher things.

"Do you realize that, for months past, I have given two nights a week to Miss V——, time and work that no money could buy and no influence induce me to waste? I realize it! I once refused a fortune, a theater in London and an endowment for life, in return for which I was to give a popular actress what I have given Miss V—— for nothing, simply because she has great talent and I have believed in her. And I refused to direct that actress because I knew she would never sacrifice her society life and pleasures for her work. Understand, please; I have a reputation to maintain, a standard to live up to. Sickness, weariness, accident, trouble, death—the public does not want and will not take excuses. That is not what they (it) comes into my theater for. It comes to see the best plays I can put on, acted by the best artists I can engage and train. Miss V—— can be one of these, if she will pay the price; if, like the women who have made a success of their lives she can be strong to give up everything else 'for the love of the working.' Miss —— did, and little Miss ——; otherwise, they would not be where they are to-day. . . . .

"If it is your intention for Miss V—— to make her *début* in society, with matrimony in view for her, then I suggest that you and she be frank enough to let me know, so that I may make my plans accordingly. Matrimony is a career with which nothing else can compete.

"I have been very lenient and have written at length and explained myself, because Miss V—— is very young, and because I hold you more to blame than I do her. But if I am to continue the molding of her artistic career it must be with the distinct understanding that my wishes and my influence shall dominate in everything.

"If Miss V—— wishes to continue under my direction—absolute obedience, application, study, effort, and constant hard work are the conditions. On the other hand, when you have read this letter to her, she is at liberty to consider herself released from all engagements to me if she so desires."

We see here how the career of Mr. Belasco was brought to a successful height through exercise of a strong will. Mr. Winter's book is ample evidence of that. Mr. Belasco's career might have been more succinctly and graphically set forth had the critic eliminated from the two volumes certain long treatises not vital to a portrait of Belasco. The illustrations as well as the contents, however, make the biography one of particular value to the history of the stage in our time.

OURSELVES AND SOUTH AMERICA

Cooper, Clayton Sedgwick. Understanding South America. 8vo, pp. 426. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $2 net.

How to retain such trade with Latin America as is already ours and, still further, to increase its volume are two of the problems that vitally concern business people in the United States. This is a question not merely of goods, but of methods, not merely of materials, but of men. Between the North and South in our own country there are considerable differences in customs, likings, and antipathies. Between the United States and much of South America differences are continental. If we wish to trade extensively with the South-Americans, we must first conciliate them; to conciliate them, to get them in a receptive attitude, we must understand them. Fortunately an experienced traveler, an acute observer, and a graceful writer, has shown us in the volume before us how these things may be done. The lesson is needed, and when learned will benefit in more ways than one.

Mr. Cooper's second chapter strikes close to the heart of the problem as he tells of "The Oriental South-American." He illustrates the vast distance between ourselves and this "Oriental" by giving in a "really truly letter" the South-American version of the blunt "United States" saying "I want a job!" The letter covers nearly a page of print. A North-American salesman will make little headway in Rio by entering an office and bluntly asking—"Well, what can I sell you to-day?" An etiquette, a ceremonial, of selling that may not be abbreviated prevails there. The strain of Moorish blood, with the elements of proud Castilian ancestry thrown in, does not brook rude and abrupt ways of approach. Only recently has what Mr. Cooper calls "the tide of modernity" begun to flow "in most of the twenty Latin-American states." So that a study of manners becomes a necessary preliminary to the placing of a bill of goods. And beyond that must come also recognition of the important facts that two (at least) are parties to a trade transaction, the seller and the buyer, and that the latter's preferences are to be consulted if success is to meet the former.

These facts are well illustrated by the contents of the chapter on "The Germans in Latin America." It is an old story that the Teutons had almost completed a trade conquest south of us. They had "penetrated" by commerce, had mastered Spanish and Portuguese, copied with fidelity South-American manners, observed the etiquette, had regard for preference as to methods of packing, studied the necessities of transport and destination so as to fit the size and character of packages to the routes and means of carriage. Nor were they content with all this minute commercial care. German professors, military officers, press writers, agents of many sorts, flattered native *amour propre* and helped along the liking for things Teutonic. They "adapted" themselves, and a huge trade was the result. If they have lost it, it is because they have shocked the humanities and disgusted excellent peoples with their savagery.

The volume is comprehensive, it covers essentially the whole of the southern continent. It differentiates carefully national characteristics, circumstances, and preferences of the separate republics. It gives the racial coloring in each case. It concerns itself with religion, education, roads, and routes, women, city and country, and approaches by sea. It tells of the American consul and his work. And it closes with a chapter on "Winning South Americans." The writing is easy and natural with no straining for effect. Anecdotes that illustrate the mind of the native, and, moreover, "point a moral" are frequent. It is pleasant and may be made profitable reading. The latter will be especially the case, if we prepare to receive hospitably points of view strange to us and do it without being shocked.

DR. FERNALD'S LAST BOOK

Fernald, James C., L.H.D. Expressive English. 8vo, pp. xii–463. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.60 net.

The proofs of this volume were read by the author during his last illness, after he had distinguished himself through a long life by a fine and discriminating scholarship in English lexicography and grammar. One could hardly look for a better crown of a useful life's labors than this on the use of English to express precisely and concisely what one wishes to say. The author says in his preface: "The best speaking or writing of English will be done always by asking, 'What do I really mean to say?' or 'What do I most deeply want to say?'—in other phrase, 'What for my purpose can words now and here best express?'" He then seeks to show how this may be accomplished. His preface expresses what the entire book manifests—an enthusiasm and love for the English language "as a great, beneficent, and living power."

Dr. Fernald's purpose was not merely to guide but to stimulate those using English to achieve power by using the words that best express the purpose of the moment. There are chapters on the simplicity, power, and wealth of the language; on ways of using a dictionary, on connectives, on grammar, on swelling one's vocabulary, on cant and slang, and on difficulties, which four deal with clearness, one each with brevity, figures, invention, and constructive work. The last chapter, well worth reprinting for itself, is on "Life the Supreme Achievement." Mastery is the end and aim of his instruction—to be sought, not by a mere reading or even by earnest study of this volume, but by diligent heed of the advice here given, and unremitting practise of the principles enunciated. The last chapter gives a profound analysis of moving speech—it is the impartation to words of a living, intelligent, and informed spirit.

SUSAN HALE'S LETTERS

Atkinson, Caroline P. [Editor]. Letters of Susan Hale. With an Introduction by Edward E. Hale. Illustrated. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $3.50.

A collection of letters, even those of well-known and brilliant celebrities, only now and then awaken enthusiasm in literary circles, or with the general reading public, but here are letters that warrant praise and appreciation. Most readers are much more familiar with the Rev. Edward Everett Hale than with his younger sister Susan, but no one will fail to sense the unusual quality of her letters which cover a period of sixty-two years. They are full of wit and wisdom and written in a style that is attractive and amusing. They are personal and family letters for the most part, but they never contain unpleasant gossip, disagreeable criticism, or fault-finding self-pity. They are just witty expressions of the writer's charm, of her joyous nature, often defying conventional rules of grammar, making use of colloquial but forceful expressions, and revealing a nature bubbling over with fun, sympathetic, joyous, possest of a keen sense of humor and thoroughly *en rapport* with every outdoor sport and the beauties of nature.

The introduction by her nephew gives a comprehensive and appreciative account of the main facts in Susan's life, describing her travels, studies, teaching, lectures, art studies, and friendships with men and women of note, both literary and social. She was born in 1833 of a well-known family. Two of her brothers were connected with the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, one famous brother became the minister of the South Congregational Church, and later Charles was Consul-General to Egypt. Susan's first foreign trip was taken with her sister Lucretia to Egypt while Charles was consul there, but after 1883, when she assumed the management of the family home in Matunuck, Rhode Island, she spent her summers there and traveled winters, sometimes alone, oftener with friends. Her letters from France, Spain, Germany, and England gave her every opportunity for vivid descriptions, amusing comments, and graphic word-pictures, to which she added line sketches to complete and further her meaning. Her allusions, in her letters, to such friends as Emerson, the Lowells, Charles Dudley Warner, and others, were made with no false pride. In clever conversation she was as popular as in her talks and lectures on famous books. She never alludes to her spinsterhood, but laughingly to marriage and love.

After her foreign letters it is good to read her witty accounts of Matunuck life, full of homely duties: her encounters with inefficient colored help, her swims, and hikes, and struggles to keep her house-parties of young nephews, nieces, and friends (all of whom called her "Susan") supplied, first of all with sufficient food, and then every known article from soap to wheelbarrows, "always left on the entry table after use and expected to be close at hand the next time." Wherever she was, her soul reveled in nature and its riot of gorgeous or delicate colors. Her letters from Europe give fine pictures—"The old churches are wonderfully interesting, but what I really and truly delight in is the hedgerows all full of primroses, with violets alongside of 'em, blackthorn all in blossom, full of blackbirds, turf so thick your foot sinks in it, holly hedges with the berries still on, and around each cathedral its beautiful grounds with immense great trees, all a sheen of promise just now, and that soft veil of English atmosphere between everything, so to speak."

Mr. Hale speaks of her as at her best at Matunuck after the season. In one of her letters she says: "You know I am an incorrigible devotee to solitude and am never so cheerful, I believe, or so unruffled by small difficulties as when I'm alone. There's a sort of obligation to be polite and pleasant to yourself when nobody's around and, besides, what's the use of getting mad with yourself? Yourself can't hit back." Dental experiences are summed up as follows:

> "I had a horrible time. You see a tooth broke in the back of my head, the mainstay of my celebrated 'bridge.' The dentist decided to move all my chewing machinery to the other side of my mouth; whereon he moved in there himself, taking buzz-saws and chewing-gum and rubber pipes and table-cloths, and remained there four days. When he came out, rather exhausted, I was a wreck, but the results are excellent."

It is pleasant to see with what instinct her judgments touch vital points. As late as 1898 she sums up theatrical conditions in New York as "a cloud of white petticoats and black stockings—a great mush of legs, jokes, songs, and falling up-stairs. Such is the state of culture (stage) at this end of the nineteenth century." Of the Chautauquans she says: "You know they are all here improving their minds, learning some darn thing or other, and hearing lectures and being very devout, especially Sundays. I am a small lion myself, but seldom growl in the presence of Rev. E. E. H., of course. It is a philanthropic enterprise, and no doubt gives a lot of culture and all that, but, do you know, even the gate money brings in thousands of dollars, so they can afford to do things in style." When she was seventy-four she became quite deaf. Then it was that her cheerfulness, sense of humor, and pluck carried her through trying times. She took bravely what came to her. As a critic, she was frank and terse. After reading "Bella Donna," she wrote—"A vile book in my opinion. People give it to me because I have been twice in Egypt and am familiar with the Nile. All the more reason for avoiding a book which stains all the picturesque effect of the scenery with evil imagination. I'm sorry, for Mr. Hichens is very capable." These entertaining letters reveal a fine character, with spontaniety of expression, a thoroughly up-to-date mind, and a delicious humor which endeared her to all, and particularly to young persons.

WAR-TIME FOOD BOOKS

Doddridge, Amelia. Liberty Recipes. Pp. 106. 1918. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.25 net.

Evans, Mary Elizabeth. Mary Elizabeth's War-time Recipes. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, pp. x–164. 1918. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.25 net.

Franks, Netta Quay. Daily Menus for War-service. 1918. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Palmer, Lillian Alice. The Taplex Book for Selected Recipes. Oilcloth covers. Pp. 157. 1918. New York: The Taplex Corporation.

Rockwell, Frederick T. Save It for Winter. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xiii–206. 1918. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1 net.

While Food Administration regulations have been lifted, we still ought to save, and, accordingly, cook-books based on war-food conditions are still coming from the presses. One hundred odd "Liberty Recipes" are given by Amelia Doddridge, in particularly concise and useful form. Since they are all "tried and true," the author thinks, with some show of reason, that "they should be useable and still practical even after the war-clouds pass, and freedom is ours." The bread-making recipes deserve special attention.

One of our most successful candy-makers came to the aid of the Food Administration this year by featuring the sale of candies made without sugar. Miss Evans's very useful book of recipes contains, besides directions for making a baker's dozen of delectable sugarless candies, formulas for producing many of the favorite dishes served in her tea-rooms. Here are meatless fricassees, wheatless breads and desserts, tempting soups, salads, ices, and beverages.

Mrs. Franks's bulky volume contains three menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner for every day in the year, graded according to expense. The approximate number of calories is given for each individual helping. The introduction contains some interesting scientific data on food-values. In an appendix are a number of recipes for dishes recommended by the author.

"The Taplex Book" is simply a scrap-book in which a few suggestive recipes are given and there are about 150 blank pages in which the housewife may paste clippings from household magazines and the food-columns of the daily papers.

"Save It for Winter" is a well-illustrated and practical hand-book of modern methods of canning, dehydrating, preserving, and storing vegetables and fruit for winter use. It also contains some valuable information for the gardener.

A POSTHUMOUS VOLUME BY JOHN MUIR

Muir, John. Steep Trails. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1918. $3 net.

In this posthumous volume of John Muir, Professor Bade has collected various papers and letters which will be enjoyed by all who have found the author's interpretation of nature and of our Western mountains to be the truest and most beautiful in American literature. Perhaps Muir's most valuable contribution was that of his clear recognition of God as the creator and revealer of beauty in nature. He is never confused by God's manner of working when a desired result is brought about through an evolutionary process; for he sees the Creator working in and through his creation. This is a different attitude of mind from that of many nature-writers whose style is tiresome to the reader, and it is responsible for the insight and life of his marvelous descriptions. He stood strongly for individuality, believing that everything is made first for itself and then interrelated and united to all others.

More than any other well-known writer Muir was at home when alone in the mountains, and he delighted in long journeys afoot over difficult mountain and cañon country. In "Steep Trails" he tells us of a trip from Yosemite Valley up the exceedingly difficult Tenaya Cañon; and he describes his stroll around Mount Shasta. Most thrilling of his many experiences in this volume are his ascents of Shasta. In summer the lower slopes of the mountain are carpeted with miles of sweet scented flowers of many varieties, while a multitude of butterflies and of happy insect life fill the air with color and music. But in November the peak is robed in deep soft snow, and the fierce wind lifts the drifts, hurling them far out like a great glistening flag from its summit. Muir started alone at one o'clock of a November morning and worked his way up the steep slope amid intense cold, and through mealy snow in which he frequently sank to his armpits. Altho he had brought no coat, he enjoyed the view from the summit for two hours before he was forced downward by the icy clouds. In the following April, Muir ascended with a companion to make barometrical observations. Just as they finished, the fury of a storm burst upon them, beating them with hail and endangering their lives by continuous lightning. The temperature fell below zero and the wind threatened to sweep them away. No one who has not encountered a blizzard on a peak above 10,000 feet can realize the difficulty and danger of the situation. They passed the night near the summit rolling in the boiling mud of a group of fumaroles, and fighting for breath amid the fumes of poisonous gases. The force of the storm compelled them to lie prostrate while they were frozen, blistered, and starved, but by morning the storm ceased and they were able to descend to warm spring weather at the base of the mountain.

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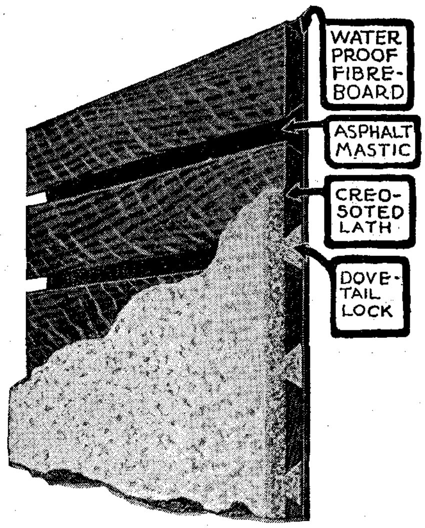

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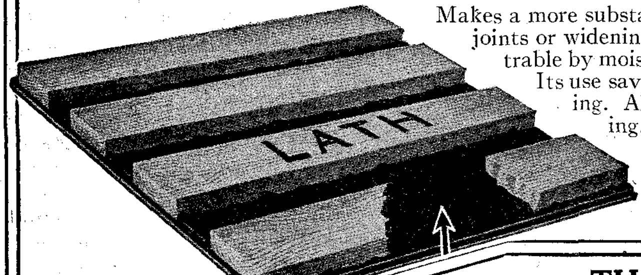

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In other chapters Muir tells of his rambles in Utah, Nevada, Oregon, and about Puget Sound, concluding with his interesting impressions of that most stupendous of all our natural wonders, the Grand Cañon of Colorado.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Allen, Mrs. Ida C. Bailey. (1) Mrs. Allen's Book of Meat Substitutes; (2) Mrs. Allen's Book of Sugar Substitutes; (3) Mrs. Allen's Book of Wheat Substitutes. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cents net.

Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen has produced three neatly bound, well-printed, highly serviceable monographs on the substitutes for meat, sugar, and wheat. In these days of hooverizing, books of this kind, written by an expert in cookery and all the gallimaufry of the cuisine, will prove of great value, particularly to those who are hard up against the problem of stretching a 1910 stipend to meet the requirements of a home-run on 1918 prices. One is pleased to find an author as appreciative of the conditions that the Great War has produced as Mrs. Allen evidently is, for she says, "One of the fine things about the war is that the women of this country, through dire necessity, are learning to use meat substitutes rather than too much meat." Time was when the medical profession laid nearly half the ills that man is heir to to the abuse of a meat diet. To-day the tune of the physician has changed. No longer is one warned to eschew red meats so as to ward off rheumatism, perhaps because the all-wise father of medicine realizes that it is beyond the price of pearls. Be this as it may, this series of books is to be commended for the practical common sense that it shows in suggesting easily obtainable and cheap substitutes for those products that a truly paternal administration has warned us to use sparingly and "win the war." These little volumes have the intrinsic merit of teaching us what we can use of those commodities that are within our reach in price, and how we can do so to best advantage without stinting ourselves for need of knowledge of the real nourishment that is essential to sustain health in body as well as mind.

Banks, Helen Ward. Stokes's Wonder Book of the Bible. Illustrated. Pp. 417. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50 net.

For a child's introduction to the Bible as a whole, this collection has some unusual features that make it both attractive and valuable. The stories are short, and are told in a clear, straightforward way, not as history, but as the adventures or deeds of the particular hero or prophet or saint concerned. The writer follows the original order, from the Creation to the Apocalypse, with careful selection and treatment. Such conversation as appears is wisely given in the words of the Bible itself, and the style of the telling is so simple and direct that no sense of incongruity results. The book is lavishly illustrated with full-page colored and black-and-white drawings.

Steel, Flora Annie. English Fairy-Tales. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Pp. 363. New York: Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This treasure-chest of joy contains among its forty stories the old favorites and many others not so familiar but quite as interesting. They are told in a mixture of colloquial and romantic diction that should delight the heart of a child as well as prove diverting to the grown-up fortunate enough to share the tales. All the picturesque, minute details are cleverly brought out, with surprizes and adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes enough to satisfy the most exacting childish appetite. St. George of Merrie England, Jack the Giant Killer, the Laidly Worm, the Golden Snuff-Box, Dick Whittington and His Cat, The Bogy-Beast, Molly Whupple and the Giant, Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar, are titles taken at random. The many illustrations by Arthur Rackham, an enticing procession of fairies and elves and princes and giants, are drawn with his customary delicacy of line and beauty of coloring, and are exquisitely reproduced.

Segovia, Gertrudis, and Quinn, Elisabeth Vernon [Translator]. The Spanish Fairy Book. Illustrated. Pp. 321. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50 net.

These Spanish tales are full of magic, enchantment, and disenchantment, arduous labors to rescue and win lovely princesses, and there are fairy talismans, marvelous palaces, talking animals, kind fairies and malignant sorcerers on every page. The stories make some attempt to teach kindness and courage and other virtues by rewarding all the good folk and punishing all the bad in the traditional fashion. There is a marked sameness about the stories, but children will doubtless find them very interesting. The book is one of a series of fairy-tales from other lands. The eight illustrations by George W. Hood are in color.

Gordon, Mrs. Will, F.R.G.S. Roumania Yesterday and To-day. Pp. 264. London: John Lane Company. $3. Postage, 14 cents.

The introduction to this book amd some chapters by Queen Marie of Roumania are most attractive pages in this pathetic account of Roumania's tragic experiences in the war. Mrs. Gordon has painted a graphic picture of the country's history, the life, literature, and customs of "its Latin people," also a detailed account of Roumania's entrance into the war and her rapid and tragic downfall. Except for the historical part the general effect is depressing and lugubrious, but that was only to be expected. We fancy that it was written just at this time so that from its sale money might be raised for Roumanian relief.

Hawley, Walter A. Asia Minor. Pp. 319. London: John Lane Company. $3.50. Postage, 12 cents.

"Asia Minor occupies an important position as the gateway between the industrial West and the awakening East. It is a country which, on account of its vast forests, undeveloped mineral wealth, grain-producing plains, and fertile valleys, is capable under proper conditions of a great development." A country little visited by travelers is here described by a man who, in his exhaustive study of oriental rugs, made a close study also of the people who made them. He graphically describes the people, their development (or lack of it), and gives special attention to the cities of "The Seven Churches of Asia," surrounded by oriental squalor and buried beneath a pall of silence and solitude. It is a book easy to read, because of its easy and personal descriptions. Its many photographs attract and hold the reader's attention. From Smyrna to Trebizond, on the shores of the Black Sea, we wander through the valleys of the Meander and sister rivers with one who understands them. The book has much that is educational as well as interesting for the general reader.

Jacoby, George W., M.D. The Unsound Mind and the Law. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $3. Postage, 18 cents.

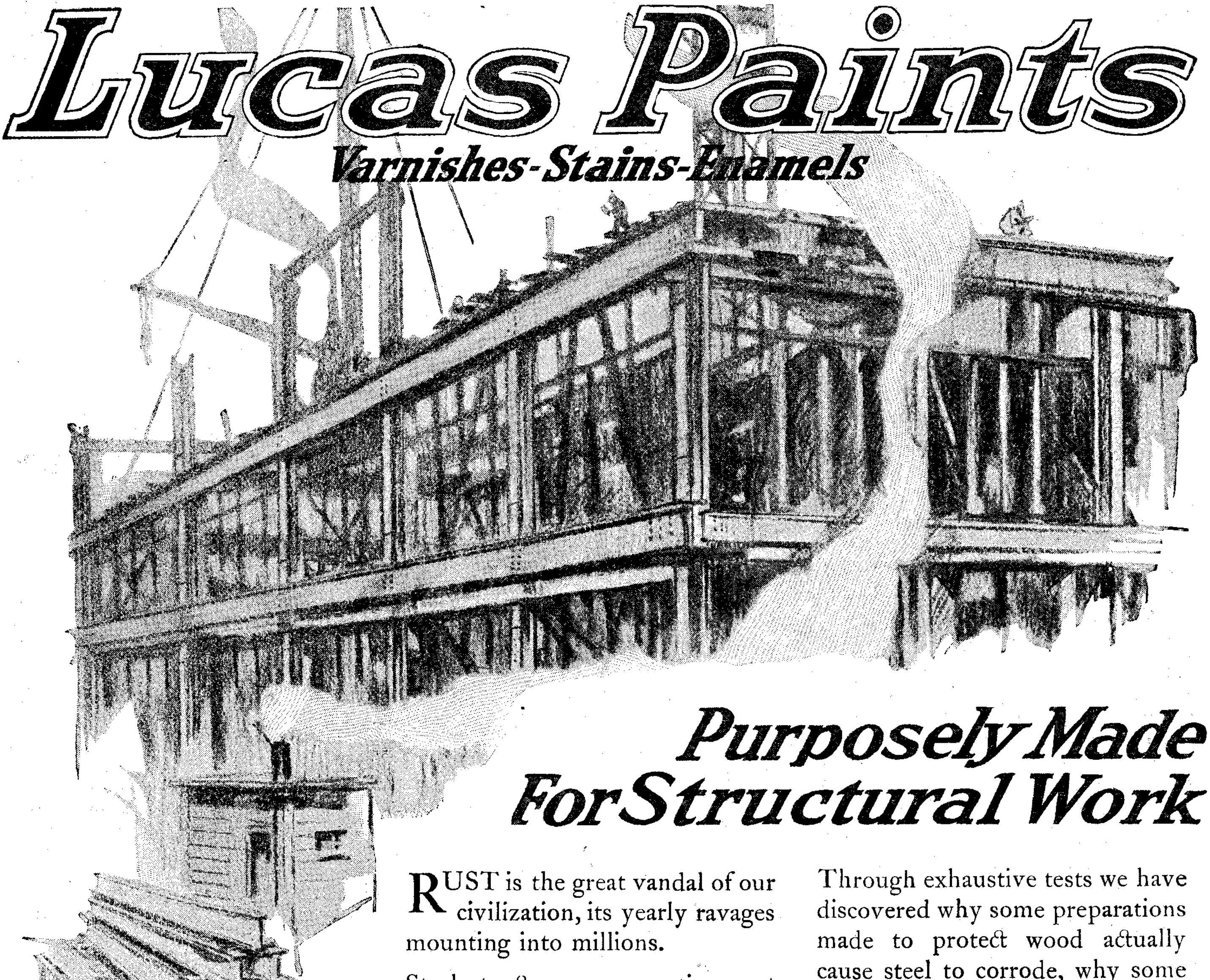
This book is a treatise on forensic psychiatry, written by a man distinguished in medical and neurological circles, and already known to more popular readers through his book on "Child Training as an Exact Science." It is written from the medical view-point, and in the belief that "the science of medicine must constitute the logical basis for every treatise on juristic psychiatry, for the medical facts alone are stable, even if their scientific recognition may be uncertain and may vary with the lapse of time." It is in three parts. The first part treats historical retrospect: The Notions of Mental Disorders, Psychopathic Disposition, Exogenous Causes of Mental Disease, Mental Disorder and Responsibility, and the Examination of the Insane. The second part treats Psychoses in General: the Neuropsychoses, the Psychoses of Involution, and the Intoxication Psychoses. The third part treats Hypnosis and the Anomalies of Sexual Sense. For the general reader the value of the book lies in its reasonable and readable presentation of the complicated character of the men and women who violate the law. It has been the naive opinion of men throughout the centuries, and is still the opinion of large sections of civilization, that offenses against the law are simply moral in nature. Criminal laws and all procedures against the criminal population are based upon the theory of a deliberately perverse will as the incentive to crime. Dr. Jacoby shows that human conflicts with the law may spring from mental anomalies and diseases of all kinds—some of them sufficiently pronounced to leave no question even in the non-medical mind, some of them so subtle that medical knowledge itself is hardly adequate to pass judgment. Some radical reconstruction of our popular ideas of free will and its relation to moral character is urgent. Dr. Jacoby's book helps to supply material and stimulus for such reconstruction. The world has not succeeded over well in its dealings thus far with immorality. Perhaps the reason may lie in its ignorance of just such facts and principles as are to be found in this book.

Usher, Roland G. The Pilgrims and Their History. Vol. I. Illustrated. Pp. 310. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

In view of the proposed nation-wide celebration in 1920 of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass., and the expected rendezvous of the British Fleet at Plymouth, England, to meet President Wilson, this work, by the professor of history at Washington University at St. Louis, is very timely. It is a good example of thorough research, presenting a historical picture of brave men and women, who twice left homes and comforts, for voyages on sea, in fulfilment of an ideal. It gives more attention to the economic side of the Pilgrim venture than has been common in the library of books on this subject. Nor does it draw upon fictitious themes or characters to sustain the interest of the reader. Indeed, so far is the author's interest in this subject of material advantage carried that he declares that "the really significant achievement was not the emigration itself, but the economic success of the years 1621 to 1627." Of nineteen chapters, only five are devoted to life in England and in the Dutch republic. Of course, Brewster, Bradford, Standish, and Winslow are the chief figures. Interesting and praiseworthy as is Dr. Usher's work, there is room, even yet, for a volume, based on known facts, which will make the narrative of greater human interest, while showing also why the leaven of the Separatists has been so powerful in

Lucas Paints

Varnishes-Stains-Enamels



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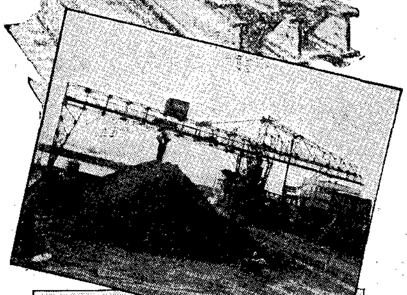
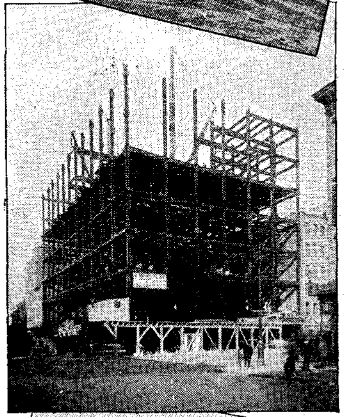
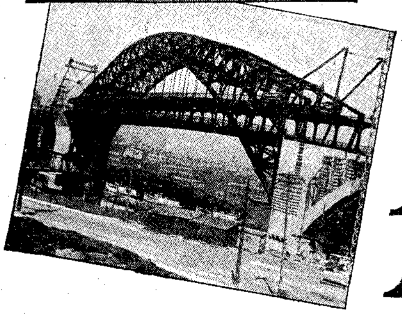
This briefly accounts for the *Lucas* principle of *Lucas Paints purposely made for every purpose*, from the giant sky-scraper to the humble bungalow, from the plates of the ocean liner to the walls and woodwork of your home.

We have perfected a system of efficient and economical paint standardization for large industrial concerns which we shall be glad to present to any manufacturer who will write to us.







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American life. As it is, the book, tho a marvel of accuracy, reads more like a professor's thesis than the narration of a historical episode that had other than drab for its characteristic color. In fact, the true background of life in England and Holland is lacking in the picture here presented. There are illustrations and an index.

Holliday, Robert Cortes. Walking-Stick Papers. Pp. 309. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net. Postage, 14 cents.

Here is good company—a friendly gossip fit for winter firesides or summer rambles. The mood of it catches you unaware, as if from the midst of the long tumult of war and the turmoil of traffic you were whisked up suddenly and set gently but firmly down in some quiet garden. Mr. Holliday's chats—that is the only name for them—cover amusing and unusual subjects, places, and people. Walking-stick in hand, he strolls amiably through the unknown streets of New York, through the by-ways of London; he calls on Mr. Chesterton, converses with Henry James, "waits on" Mrs. Wharton; receives the confidences of the scrubwoman, and is snubbed by a haughty Englishman. About canes, now, you never realized what an enormous part they had played in civilization. The titles are diverting, like tempting little paths. Note the placards: "A Clerk May Look at a Celebrity," "'You Are an American,'" "Why Men Can't Read Novels Written by Women," "Caun't Speak the Language." "On Going a Journey," "Literary Levites in London," "The Dessert of Life"—and there are others equally enticing. A mellow, leisurely, humorous, human book.

Radziwill, Princess Catherine. Rasputin and the Russian Revolution. Illustrated. Pp. 319. New York: John Lane Company. $3. Postage, 16 cents.

Whether we read Gorky, Dostoyefsky, Tolstoy, Radziwill, or outside writers, we have only a feeling of intense pity for the Russian people, disgust and horror at its chaotic condition, abhorrence for its famous and infamous leaders, and a hopeless feeling that ages alone can, by education and training, bring the people to the inheritance to which they are entitled. Princess Radziwill pictures Rasputin vividly as a cunning, low-minded, but shrewd peasant of filthy habits, the "tool" of the adventurous Count Witte, but "never the omnipotent man he was believed to be." He was "an illiterate brute, but possest a magnetic force," "a fraud, an arrogant and insolent peasant, who exploited with considerable ability to his personal advantage the stupidity of his neighbors." To the author of this book, there is one cause only for the Russian downfall — personified in the Czarina, Alexandra Feodorovna, and she is designated as the arch-criminal, hated by the Russian people, proud to the point of insolence, and thoroughly under the influence of the German propagandists. Until the future writes for us a clear page of truth, it is well to read this and every other book dealing with the events of this chaotic era, and then, after comparing them all, hold to the facts on which all agree, in an honest effort to get at the truth, unpleasant enough at best.

Guthrie, William Norman. Leaves of the Greater Bible. Being an Anthology of Reprints and Paraphrases from Ethnic Scriptures and Kindred Literatures. Small 4to, pp. xvi–143. New York: Brentano's.

From indications in the table of contents and the notes the material for this volume was collected from some monthly publication which was perhaps presented to a class in comparative religion or literature. The publishers have put it into attractive form, in excellent print, on good paper, with wide margins, and in a pleasing cover. With the purpose of the author, to teach and illustrate the essential unity of mankind in the exercise of worship of higher powers or a Higher Power, there should be close sympathy. Commendable indeed is the catholicity of feeling that notes the religiousness of red man, white, yellow, etc., and repeats reverently their expressions of worship. Hindu, Parsee, Greek, red man, Egyptian, Buddhist, Jew, and Christian are represented here. In the main, faithful reproduction is the rule. But in some of the paraphrases—for example, those from American Indian sources—the "paraphrase" comes perilously near misrepresentation, so foot-free is it from the original. The "Greater Bible" is in part rewritten by the paraphrast. In the sources quoted, sometimes on the same pages, literal yet beautiful translations are given which are much nearer the original than the "paraphrases."

De Massabielle, Roch-Alphonse. Rapid Method for French Verbs. Pp. 104. San Francisco: Henry Crocker & Co. $1 net. Postage, 8 cents.

This eminently practical little book is based upon a new method of attacking the problem of studying French, a method that, according to the author's preface, has been thoroughly tried and has proved unusually successful. The central aim is to give the learner, be he child or grown-up, a simple and easily grasped formula for memorizing verb structure and the formation of tenses. The author's plan, which is apparently a most wonderful saver of time and labor, is to group together those verb forms in which the stem is common, disregarding for this purpose the order of persons and tenses as they appear in the usual conjugations. This process does away entirely with the irregular verb, that bugbear of the beginner, and substitutes an easy and effective key system for conjugating all verbs of similar stem formation. A certain verb is chosen, reduced to its stem form, and the tenses are formed by adding to that stem certain unchanging terminations, good for all verbs in the group. The pupil is taught to form the tenses of a number of verbs he has never seen before and does it easily and without mistakes. The system of tense-building keeps him alert and holds his attention, and what he learns is retained without difficulty. The pronunciation and writing out of all forms are urged, that the student may become orally and optically familiar with each at the same time. The compound tenses are very thoroughly treated and all combinations with auxiliary verbs are clearly and briefly explained. Sentence formation in relation to certain selected verbs is next taught, and conversations on various subjects likely to be useful, with appropriate vocabularies, make up the balance of the book. This little volume, from its simplicity and comprehensibility, should be valuable not only in teaching classes of children but of adults, and should prove of considerable use to those ordered to France on service who wish to obtain a rapid acquaintance with the principles underlying the formation of French verbs.

Tileston, Mary Wilder. Caleb and Mary Wilder Foote. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2. Postage, 12 cents.

This is a memorial volume, written by a daughter of Caleb and Mary to keep her father's and mother's influence from being forgotten and lost. As a revelation of beautiful character, the letters are interesting and there are also interesting accounts of New England life and history, the War of 1812, and political conditions later.

Whiting, Lillian. The Golden Road. Pp. 316. *Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Postage, 12 cents.*

The author outlines her aims as being to make a book as rambling as life itself, touching on points only here and there; for life is a series of sequences and events apparently unrelated at the time, and often appear, in any retrospective glance, as fitting themselves into a mosaic structure. Miss Whiting excels in critical essays and poetic philosophy and combines travel, descriptions of life in Boston, Paris, Athens, and other famous cities with engrossing accounts of famous people she met. Always there are an undercurrent of poetic and literary criticism and appreciative estimates of people and places. Her personal reminiscences are charming, her treasures of imagination alluring, and for one who enjoys wandering through charming experiences, described in word-pictures, with uplifting thoughts and spiritual suggestions, this will be a more than welcome book.

Harned, Thomas. The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman. Pp. 242. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2. Postage, 12 cents.

Letters written *to* Walt Whitman would have been a better title for this book, since the communications *from* Walt Whitman are few and far between. Anne Gilchrist, an Englishwoman of letters, was a widow with three small children when she became acquainted with Whitman's writings through William Rossetti, and he immediately wrote an "estimate" of the poet which must have cheered the author, it was so unstintedly laudatory and appreciative. Converted to his "language of strength, power, passion, intensity, absorption, and sincerity," she began a series of letters to Whitman offering her love, all she had, and was, showing an evident desire for love and marriage, but there seemed to be no ready response from the invalided poet. The letters are interesting and the editor explains that in later years Mrs. Gilchrist came to America and that Whitman spent many happy hours at her tea-table and with her family. It is a book to interest many, especially students and friends of Walt Whitman.

A Savant's Vacation.—A highbrow friend of ours who has a chair in the faculty of a great university, who is a world's expert on experimental physics, and whose opinion on physical forces is the last word, admitted the other day in a personal conversation that sometimes he wearied of it all.

"I want a rest," he said; "I don't want to be anybody much for a while."

"Well," we said, "if you had your wish, what'd you rather be for a while?"

After careful thought he replied:

"I'd like to be a dog so I could chase a cat up a tree and bite a tramp."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Beauty-Hint.—Bobbie had been studying his grandfather's face, which was very wrinkled.

"Well, Bob," said the old gentleman, "do you like my face?"

"Yes, grandpa," said Bobbie. "It's an awfully nice face, but why don't you have it ironed?"—*Tit-Bits.*

PERSONAL - GLIMPSES

"DON'T PITY THE BLIND," SAYS SIR ARTHUR PEARSON

BLIND men to the number of between seven and ten thousand make up the war's toll among the Allied armies, according to a recent report from Paris; and even tho unofficial reports have credited the American forces with a smaller proportion of totally blinded men than our *pro rata* strength on the Western Front would justify, the total number of young Americans rendered sightless is large enough to give unusual significance to the American visit of Sir Arthur Pearson. Sir Arthur, who was stricken with blindness at the height of his career, and who, "after the first horrible struggle with despair, has become one of the most useful and one of the happiest citizens of the world," is devoting his life to work among the blind. His first injunction, the first tenet of the gospel of hope which he brings to blinded men, is that they must not expect, nor be given, pity. To acquaintances, friends, and especially to "loving wives and mothers," he presents this plea:

"Don't pity the blind. They don't want your pity, and they can't use it if you give it to them. There is something they do want from you, and something for which they have a right to ask: that is, the same normal spirit of cooperation you are willing to extend to equals everywhere. Cooperate with the blind man, and you'll both be stronger for it. Pity him, and you'll both be weaker. Pity exhausts the giver and demoralizes the recipient. Almost invariably, the worst enemies our blinded soldiers have are their own loving wives and mothers."

As the head of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors in Regent's Park, London, Sir Arthur speaks from a fund of information and intimate knowledge; but it is his own life-story, remarks the New York *World*, that gives his advice such unusual authority:

Six years ago Sir Arthur was the proprietor of five big English dailies and a whole string of magazines throughout Great Britain. In the prime of life and with almost unlimited energy, he was advancing in wealth and power at an almost meteoric rate when he mysteriously lost his sight. The greatest specialists were helpless. They could do nothing. Without warning and with no preparation for the sentence, this man of myriad activities was condemned by fate to spend the rest of his days in utter darkness.

There was nothing that could be done, he was told. He must learn resignation, that was all. His friends gathered about him in well-meant commiseration—and the strong man almost broke under the strain.

But Sir Arthur didn't break. He rebelled. He rebelled against all this well-meant pity. He said he was not through with the struggle of life, and he would not unfurl the white flag of resignation. He hadn't lost his nerve, he said; he had simply lost his optic nerve—and that was an altogether different thing.

He sold his papers—not because he thought it necessary, but because it seemed advisable. Incidentally, it would give him time to concentrate on a great new ambition. He would bring a message to blind men everywhere. He could not restore their sight, but he might give them something far more precious. He might restore their confidence. He might bring back their fighting spirit.

From that day to this Sir Arthur hasn't known unhappiness. He hasn't had time. He retained control of his weekly and monthly magazines—just to show, among other reasons, that he could work as well as ever. Then he became president of the National Institute for the Blind. Just a few months later the war broke out, and Sir Arthur launched a plan for the restoration to self-support of blinded soldiers and sailors.

St. Dunstan's, next to the largest estate in London, was loaned for the purpose through the generosity of Otto Kahn. It provided ample room for school and shop activities; and so successful was its work from the start that a number of lesser movements were united under its control. St. Dunstan's now has more than four hundred students and has trained and equipped more than six hundred graduates who would once have been considered "hopelessly" blind.

"And most of these boys," Sir Arthur told me, "are doing better work, living a fuller life, and getting bigger incomes than they received before they went to war. Most of them, moreover, have returned to their old trades and are asking no odds from their competitors with normal vision. Many have discovered new talents which they did not know that they possest before, and some have ventured out on altogether new lines. But in no case is the suggestion thrown out that it will now be necessary to 'live a different life.' In all cases they are living the same old life—and meeting its problems with the same old fighting spirit."

To the numerous reporters who interviewed him when he was in New York, Sir Arthur seemed "an inspiring example of normality." His interviewers at first could not help considering him "an afflicted man," but after five minutes he made them change their minds:

"I know," he remarked merrily, "that the average conception of how to treat a blind man is to read the Bible to him and play soft music. I was solemnly informed when I first undertook this work that the joys of the blind are necessarily limited to the pleasures of the table and to contemplation of the rewards that await them in the great hereafter.

"We haven't any such blind men at St. Dunstan's. Not one of our boys is blind enough to look at life as a mere matter of gluttony and idleness. In fact, we make it plain to them when they first come in that they are not blind—that they are merely normal human beings who have lost one faculty of perception, and will therefore find it necessary to develop some others.

"No normal automobilist breaks down and cries when he finds the usual highway closed to him. Eliminate the detours, in fact, and you would eliminate a large part of the joys of touring. The healthy tourist, then, is not afraid of the new road; and with just a little cooperation from all concerned he may get as much fun out of the trip as anybody else. But suppose every time the road were closed we thought it necessary to dismantle the car and wait for a lingering death to carry us to the mansions above!"

Was it possible that Sir Arthur took his affliction so lightly? Or was not this the pose of a strong, proud spirit in order to protect himself from pity? Was he not concealing a tragedy beneath this blithe exterior, whistling, as it were, to keep up his courage, while despair was actually gnawing at his heart?

I for one am sure that it was not a pose. Sir Arthur is happy, blithe, merry, interested in every minute of life and having all sorts of a good time. He was talking specifically about blindness, but he was talking about it in terms of fundamental psychology.

Every concrete observation he made squared itself with principles which are capable of general application. They are the principles upon which the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men is founded; and every word of Sir Arthur's was seconded by Director Douglas C. McMurtrie. Going further afield, the principles which these two men are applying are identically the same principles which constitute the new note in educational discussions everywhere.

The central idea of this new philosophy is that happiness does not come from accumulating and acquiring nor from having an easy and comfortable existence. Neither does it come from resignation nor from any self-given order to be "glad." Happiness comes from doing, from exercising one's creative faculties, whatever they may be; and he who finds ample opportunity for this fundamental self-expression needs no one's pity. The only real tragedy of life, say these philosophers, is inhibition; the denial, from whatever source it may come, of the opportunity to go on trying. This inhibition may come from a bad economic derangement, from our failure to cooperate decently with our fellow men, or from the discouragement which is apt to follow when the victims of any particular misfortune are generally assumed to be "down and out." The man who has lost his sight is not essentially different in this respect from the king who has lost his crown, the child who has lost his parents in a crowded street, or the woman who has lost the love upon which she has staked everything in life. Under ordinary circumstances all will be heart-broken and full of panic. Only with this new revelation of the meaning of life can normality and happiness be regained.

Putting the matter into one pregnant phrase, Sir Arthur said that the most important phase of the work was "defeating the spirit of defeat." Almost every boy who came for help was afflicted with a malady more serious than physical blindness, he said—the malady of discouragement. And

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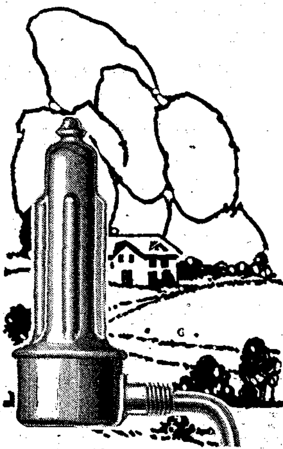

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HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

the power of evil suggestion was largely responsible:

"Those who take sight for granted do not know how small a factor in life it really is," he said, "and their utter despondency over their loved one's misfortune contributes fearfully to his own hopelessness. The mother and the sister and the wife have cried their eyes out over him, and it is almost unthinkable that he shall not be overcome by utter despair.

"At St. Dunstan's, however, he is shocked to find us generally happy. None of us pity him; we tell him, instead, of the fun he is going to have. We tell him his world may be dark to-day, but it will be illumined soon. We've all been through this process of illumination, and he knows that we've been through it. If people with ordinary vision talked to him the way we do it might not make much of an impression, but it means something coming from us.

"'Your eyes are of no more use to you,' we say. 'Well, then, we'll show you the way to get along without them. What are your eyes for? Simply to help you to see things, are they not? Look at this chicken, now. You can't see it now, but you will pretty soon. Harry here can see that it is a white Leghorn pullet, and he hasn't any eyes, either. Harry has been reading a lot about poultry, and he is going to run a chicken farm. He knows it will be a success, because he is already able to see so many things that people with eyes usually miss.'

"When he learns that Jim is going to be a florist, and Bill a barber, and Tom is going to have a shop of his own in which he will make a specially high-grade line of tables and chairs, he begins to look at his own blindness with a different perspective. What can he do? The answer generally depends on what he is most interested in. We ask him what he would like to do, and at St. Dunstan's we don't know of anything he may not hope to do if he is interested sufficiently."

In the first place, he wants to get around. That is a difficult procedure at first, but every one soon achieves it. Then he may want to read the papers or "see some show." Very well, he is told. Everybody at St. Dunstan's learns Braille; and there is hardly anything worth knowing that isn't printed in that. It will take some time, but it is fun learning; it is always fun to learn anything one is interested in. As for "seeing shows," St. Dunstan's simply couldn't get along without its theater. Very good acting, too, according to Sir Arthur; for very many blind men learn niceties of expression which are completely beyond actors, who depend too much upon the optic nerve.

And almost all the students, whether they wish to follow it as a profession or not, learn typewriting and shorthand. The shorthand is done by machine, 120 words a minute guaranteed.

Netting is generally learned, not as a job but as preparatory manual training. If one wants to go on to basket- and mat-making, he may. Cobbling is a favorite occupation: but it is made clear every time that one must not expect any special consideration. If he wants to make a success of his repair shop, the thing to do is to learn to be a better cobbler than the other man who happens not to have lost his eyes.

Sir Arthur told of many specific cases in which the blinded heroes had made themselves inestimably more useful to their employers than they had been before they went to war. One captain had been colonial director of a certain business house, and it was almost taken for granted that he could not return. But Sir Arthur would not take it for granted; and the captain to-day not only retains his old position, but is visiting the colonies to reestablish the firm's trade, which was disorganized by the war.

One former steamfitter, a private, made such headway at St. Dunstan's that he now holds an important executive position with his old employers, doing highly technical work. One barber wanted to "stick to his shaving," and Sir Arthur saw no reason why he shouldn't. He runs a most successful shop in London to-day, delegating the hair-cutting to an assistant. A former butcher only had to learn a little more about the knife and saw to become an expert carpenter and joiner. In every case possible the men are encouraged to take up their former occupations, not only that they may take advantage of the skill they already possess, but that they may not come to look at their blindness as a central crisis which necessarily upset their whole course in life.

"And throughout it all," said Sir Arthur, "the blind do literally lead the blind—not, however, in the sense that the expression was first used, for neither of them falls in the ditch. The blind at St. Dunstan's lead the blind into the great new life, because they know the road and can see so much better than others can. Our teachers are blind. And when a blind boy is told what he can do by some other boy who has gone through the experience, his faith is strengthened. And, after all, it is his resumption of faith in life that counts."

WAR-TRIALS AND PERILS IN TRAINING-CAMPS

JUDGING from the report of "A Battle-Scarred Veteran" in the Little Rock *Gazette*, it required immense courage and power of endurance to face the perils and hardships of war as attached to some of our training-camps. There was the absorbing trial of fare, for instance. When the men at Camp Pike, where this hero was being initiated into the blood-curdling mysteries of militarism, went "gaily forth to tame the Kaiser, the first repulse was when we marched for the first time into the mess-hall." The fare would have been all right, however, "if they could occasionally suppress the liver and onions and K. C. sausages, but these unwelcome visitors, like *Banquo's* ghost, popped up at every stage of the game." The conclusion drawn, after months of brave encounters at the mess-table, is that "army fare is all right in its place, which is in the Army." The account of an early skirmish in the field follows some harrowing remarks about the prior physical examination:

One of the first orders issued by the major was for us to wear our head-gear parallel with the terrane at all times—in other words, to wear our hats straight. The major himself invariably wore his hat cocked to one side. He explained that he was required to do this because of a certain abnormal condition of his head.

No mystery ever puzzled us more than that. The major always wore his hat while outdoors and the only time I found occasion to look his head over was in the orderly room whenever I went there on business. On two occasions I stared so hard at the commanding officer's head that I forgot to salute and 'bout face, the penalty for which in the Army, if the indiscretion is observed, is to be shot at sunrise, or "such other punishment as the court martial might direct."

The mystery remains unsolved. The major never confest what the abnormality was. The general conclusion reached was that his brains had shifted to one side and he was accordingly obliged to wear his hat on that side.

One day as I sat meditating over the horrors of war in the trenches on a quiet sector I was surprized by an armed party. The trench system, a complete set of earthworks, barbican, laterals, P. C., dug-outs, breastworks and all, was evidently conceived by a master engineer in modern defensive works. The walls were held firmly in place by latticed poles, the laterals and communicating-trenches made a perfect labyrinth of underground passageways; and here and there a door gave ingress to some subterranean cellar, dry and comfortable.

Far off to the southeast could be heard intermittent rifle-fire and the angry rattle of machine guns. From a cleverly concealed observation-post one obtained a good view of the shell-devastated area in No Man's Land. From the rear came the faint echo of marching feet—a tired and dusty battalion marching along an obscure road on its way to rest-billets. No battle-planes buzzed overhead and the world seemed at peace.

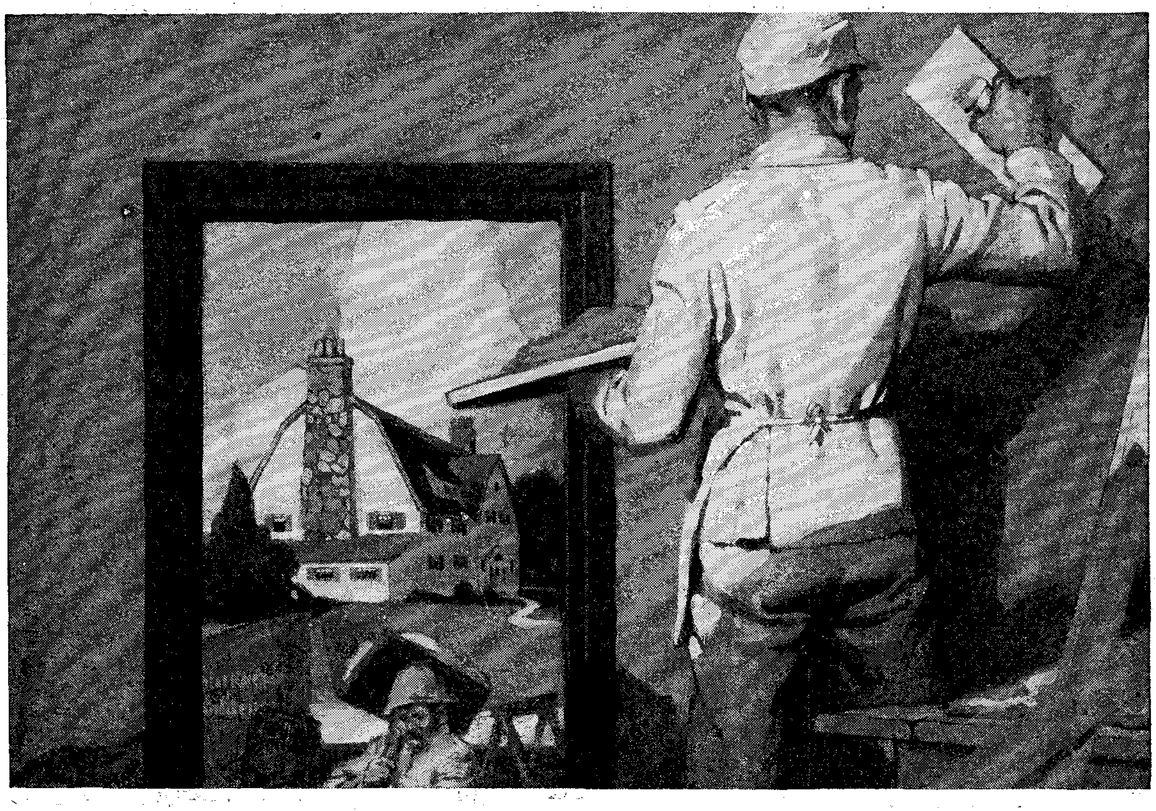
Suddenly the ground seemed to tremble beneath the weight of heavy feet in No Man's Land. I ran to an observation-post and peered out. The sun glinted on hundreds of rifle-barrels, and the strip of territory before me was alive with armed men who were marching directly upon the trenches where I stood.

I consider it no disparagement to the uniform I wore when I admit that I jumped down from the fire-step and retreated to the innermost cavern in the subterranean works, because the trenches I have described are on a hill northeast of the grenade field at Camp Pike and the company marching toward me was my own company. The major was in the lead, and as I had been assigned to quarters, and had no business to be away from barracks, it would not have been good military strategy on my part to be caught by the major inspecting a trench system more than a mile from camp. I remained in hiding until the company passed by.

When there is talk of the horrors of war, this intrepid warrior is inclined to be desperately eloquent. He tells of a fierce engagement on the Cato road, where hundreds of men of his battalion fell out exhausted:

I was sent as a courier from our administrative officer to the major in command of our company, and altho our company was composed of 250 men, not counting those who, like myself, had managed to get themselves on the sick report, I spent the better part of an autumn afternoon trying to find it. When I did find it at rest by the roadside I was so tired and disgusted that I walked on by without even so much as "How do ye do?" In fact, I was so confused that I didn't recognize my own officers and men.

I had passed company after company



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resting by the roadside. Resting seemed to be a valuable part of the military strategy. The officers I talked to all had varying opinions as to where the Third Company *might* be located. I got two of them to agree that the company was on ahead with the advance guard, but when I caught up with the advance guard I was told that the company was back with the main body. Later on I received information that it was with the reserves, and still later learned that it wasn't engaged in the defense of the Cato road at all.

The report that the enemy was advancing in force along the Cato road proved to be erroneous after all, otherwise it seems likely that Camp Pike with all its military stores, would now be in the hands of the invaders. None of the commanders seemed to know what he was doing or what the others were doing, what detachments were in action or where such detachments might be found.

It *might* be possible that they knew all these things and did not care to take me into their confidence.

In due course our hero gets into the hospital, and he proudly declares that nurses and ward-masters "will testify willingly that I was one of the best soldiers who ever saw service in the base hospital, where I did most of my soldiering." After he was discharged in fit condition, the old "quarters" grew irksome to him, and he was once more eager for the fray. Therefore:

I went to the infirmary one morning fully determined to have the doctors mark me "duty." Before I could get an interview with the doctor I met a comrade who spilled the information that our company would march to the rifle-range the next day, a matter of some five or six miles, with full packs and equipment, shoot all day, and then march back again.

So when the doctor gave me the "once over" and asked me how I felt I began to describe in minute detail all the aches and pains I had been subject to the past two days, and only applied the brakes on this story of physical suffering when the doctor intimated that he was of a mind to send me back to the hospital.

Before day the next morning I watched my comrades march away in the gloom with their full packs and equipment, and I wept copious tears because I could not strap on my pack full of kitchen-utensils and household furniture and take the trail with them. It was just as well that I didn't, for the bore of my rifle was so dirty at that time that if I had fired it on the range it might have exploded and killed some good Americans—in particular myself.

It is a matter of historical record that the Third Company, Third Battalion, I. C. O. T. S., never got within *parlez-vous* distance of the sunny land of France, that no member of our company was ever kissed on both cheeks by a bearded Frenchman (or by a *petite demoiselle*, for that matter, altho that would be different), that none of us tasted either *vin ordinaire* or Flanders mud. We admit that we had no opportunity to cross bayonets with the barbarians on the field of honor.

And yet perpend *my* words—as our old friend *Pistol* says in "Henry IV.," the moment William Hohenzollern was informed that the Third Company was in training at Camp Pike for service overseas he immediately gave up the ghost and wished himself off on his Dutch cousins. That's an item of history you can't escape from. We ought to have the *Croix de Paix* because it must be admitted that we won a glorious moral victory.

I say we did!

AMERICAN INDIANS TRUE TO TRADITION IN THE WAR

"THE North-American Indian has distinctly made good in the great national crisis," asserts the Washington *Star*, in a typically complimentary editorial on Indian Commissioner Sells's annual report, and the New York *Evening Sun* follows with some interviews obtained from wounded Indians, showing how they did it. Out of 33,000 eligibles, nearly 9,000 entered the service, and 500 more performed other war-work. As scouts and small-group fighters they won greatest fame. "From the standpoint of discipline," admits *The Sun*, "the Indians were not the best soldiers." They would not salute except when compelled to do so, and, instead of a snappy "Sir" to an officer, which military regulations demand, they "grunted." But when it came to fighting, and scouting, and sniping, "woodcraft was bred in their bones," and their tactics helped to keep down the casualty-lists. Silas Samuels, a full-blooded Choctaw from Oklahoma, arrived in New York not long since, with a wound and a story of how they carried on:

Samuels was with the 312th Infantry, which "walked all over France, fight a lot, but plenty food most of time." He was over the top four times, and knows positively that he killed at least one German, who opposed him during a trench raid. He led a party over the top in a raid one night at midnight, and, guiding them along over the shell-torn terrane, was among the Germans before the latter knew of the foe's presence.

The Huns fought for a few minutes, and then their artillery lay down a box barrage of shrapnel and gas. The gas got fourteen of the Indian's party and shrapnel accounted for three more. However, he assisted in bringing back fifteen prisoners, and saw one other Hun fall before his rifle. His dark eyes fairly glistened as he told of the death of the enemy. He made a quick, instinctive move of the hand, and one could almost see the knife flash.

"You know the cannon?" he asked in his rich, guttural tones. "Guns never still on our front. They roar all time like Thunder God in the mountains. Nothing so much like it except the Thunder God in the mountains. When German guns talk it is just like battle of good and bad gods." His eyes glistened as he resorted to a native figure of speech to convey his impression of the artillery.

Twice the young Choctaw and his band attacked the German trenches after violent artillery preparation. "By damn, Germans run away and hide. Not stand and fight like us troops. We catch some in dugout. They come up, they yell something and feel silly. No fight till die like Indians, quick give up," he said.

The fourth time Samuels charged over the top he was struck by shrapnel fire. With typical Indian stoicism he walked back to the dressing-station and asked for first aid so that he might rejoin his troops. The surgeons examined his wound, and he has been in a hospital ever since. "Leg sore, but I can fight when they don't let me. Old time Indians hurt worse still fight," he said, reverting to his own race for comparisons.

Samuels did duty as a sniper at odd times. He says he accounted for a few of the *Boche*, and his eyes danced as he described the death of one of them. This Jerry was peeping over a trench one night when Samuels was exploring around in a shell-hole. Years of hunting deer at night gave the Indian a skill with the rifle that can be obtained in no other way, and the German "went West" on one bullet.

Samuels said that the whole Choctaw nation was glad of the chance to fight. They answered the call, but now that it is all over, he said, he was glad to get back to America, and he hoped to go home to Oklahoma and stay there. Having expressed his opinions on the war and told his experiences, the Indian stood up and said, "That's all." He shook hands gravely and returned to some of the other boys in the war.

Louis Atkins, a Pottawatomie Indian, is another brave who answered the call to service. Atkins was educated at the Shawnee Mission School, and is "a modern Indian of the finest type." He was with the 103rd Field Artillery, attached to the 26th Division, and is still suffering from the effects of a "gassing" received near Verdun. Tho reticent at first, he later, says the reporter, "warmed to the conversation":

"We were in a heavy artillery regiment," said Atkins. "We devoted most of our attention to shelling a certain crossroad over which the Germans were bringing up detachments of troops and issues of supplies and ammunition. We hurled six-inch shells on this road every night at two-minute intervals. Of course we never saw our target, so I can not tell you just what we accomplished, but if Jerry was around when we were shelling he certainly got his.

"Occasionally we were called in to participate in artillery-duels with the German batteries. On such occasions we caught glimpses of the enemy positions. We managed to account for some of his guns, too. For several months, and every month seemed like a year, we were in constant action. Night after night we fired, sleeping in the daytime when we could. War is a terrible thing, but I'm glad I was in it. I feel that I can look the whole world in the face now that I went and have come back. The realization of duty well done is satisfying.

"I was gassed badly, and the doctors say that I will be a long time recovering, but even so I would not have stayed at home. I don't live on a reservation. We are full citizens, you know. I live with my mother. She wept when I left home, but she said to me, 'Go over and help to end it all quickly. Remember the traditions of your forefathers, and be brave in action.' I tried my best to follow her instructions.

"Our guns were all brought up at night into prepared positions. Occasionally we had to dig our own pits and dugouts in which to take shelter. We had a lot

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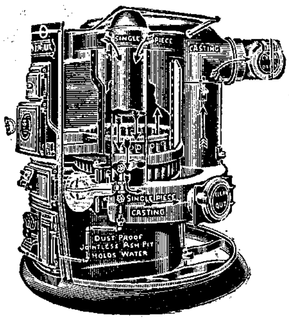

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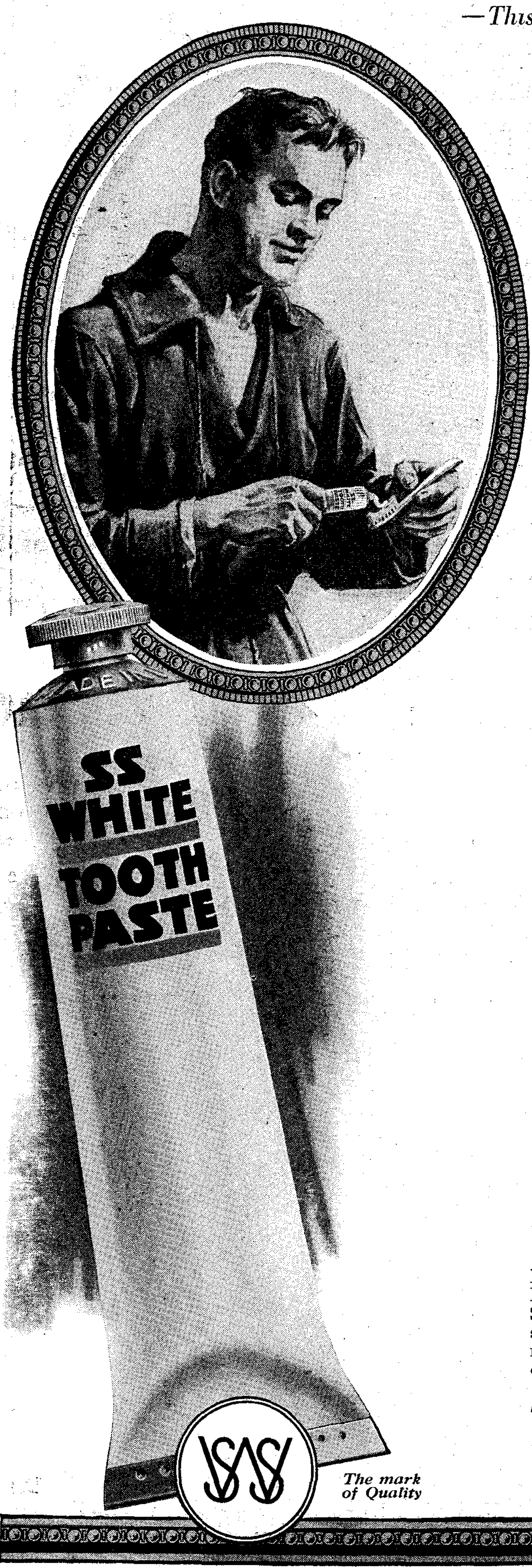

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A noted scientist and lecturer of New York, Meyer L. Rhein, M.D., D.D.S., recently said, "I cannot refrain from advising you against the indiscriminate use of dentifrices. It is useless to expect any *curative* value from the ingredients of *any* dentifrice and all those which advertise powerful antiseptics or drugs should be carefully avoided."

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It has always been our purpose to study the problems of dentistry and to apply our knowledge constantly to the improvement of S. S. White Tooth Paste.

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No matter what dentifrice you are using now—try S. S. White Tooth Paste. Use it *faithfully* for a week. Know the difference between the Dentifrice made for Dentists and all other dentifrices in the world. Test S. S. White's yourself. You will like its delicate flavor, its velvety smoothness and the quick way it bubbles up and rinses out of your mouth. Pure white in color—pure White in quality. Start today to have *absolutely clean* teeth.

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> of marching to do from time to time. Sometimes it was raining and we were drenched to the skin. At such times our rations often failed to reach us, and that failed to add to the comforts of the trip. But just the same we carried on. Our horses had to be cared for, too. The drivers had their own troubles.
>
> "I was a cannoneer, stationed at No. 2 position. I had to throw the empty shell-cases to one side and help in shifting the trail of the gun. It is heavy work throwing a six-inch siege gun around.
>
> "I was gassed on October 2. One night before that we had a great scare. We had a fire in one of our dugouts. Powder became ignited and it burned up all our stuff. Our gas-masks were consumed in the fire, and if Fritzie had sent over gas that night we would have been out of luck. But he didn't and we escaped. I really don't know how I came to be gassed. We were working and I didn't have my mask on. I was caught, and here I am. We had been deluged with chlorine, sneeze, and mustard gas before, but we all escaped.
>
> "But what is troubling me most now," he said—and for the first time he showed real emotion, "I have not heard from my mother. I've written her twice, but no reply has reached me. I'm afraid something has happened to her. The war was bad, but her silence is far worse than all the German bombardments that ever were hurled against us."

Joseph Cloud, scion of the famous Cloud family that once dominated the Sioux tribe, was walking around on crutches, nursing a foot that had been mutilated by German shrapnel. The reporter outlines the war-record of this representative of one of the oldest American families:

> He was a machine-gunner, attached to the 121st Machine Gun Battalion, and fought at Château-Thierry with the Mad Marines in saving Paris. He was over the top twice and came to close quarters with the Germans once. He isn't sure just how many Huns he got, but thinks he sent enough of them. Cloud admitted rather dolefully that there was no time to lift any German's hair. The troops had to keep on going, he explained, and he had to go with the troops.
>
> Cloud has no respect for the fighting ability of the Germans. He insists that when they are driven back they stay put. He sneered contemptuously. "They don't attack the Americans. By damn, when we got over the top they just run like hell, and they don't stop running at all.
>
> "I was wounded on August 4 at Château-Thierry. We were chasing the Germans back from the road to Paris. Our infantry waves were in front of us and the machine-gunners were coming along in support. Their guns were thundering at us to beat the band, but we got through the barrage all right and had them going. There were a lot of woods around where we were fighting, and the American troops adopted the old Indian tactics. They took cover whenever they could and advanced in a fairly even line.
>
> "It was a terrible fight, with the shells roaring all around us, but we went on and over and through them. I was wounded just before we got to their trench. I was carrying ammunition. I tried to keep up, for I didn't want the boys to know I was hurt. But my foot was broken and I had to lie down. I lay in a shell-hole until I was helped back to the lines.
>
> "Before I was wounded I had been over the top before. This, too, was a frightful battle. We went over the top at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle raged for a long time. We drove the Huns on before us. They won't fight unless they are running. My forefathers gave the cavalry better battles than the Germans gave us.
>
> "We underwent hardships cheerfully. There were times when the food did not reach us. Carriers were killed and gas spoiled the food. But we stuck it out gamely, and the war was won by Americans.
>
> "I did all I could for my country. I'm proud that I did and I would do it all over again, too. My nation gave liberally to the Army. The men wanted to go; the women ordered us to go. No good Indian would run away from a fight. We knew that the life of America depended on its men, and we are Americans."
>
> A note of pride came into Cloud's voice, and one could see through a veil of tears a painted-feathers warrior talking of the valor of his tribe. The years have altered the form and face but the warlike heart of the Indian is untouched.
>
> "The Germans," he went on, "tried to stir up disloyalty among the Indians. They failed. No one could have made our nation disloyal. Whatever may have happened in the past is all over now. We are Americans, loyal Americans, and proud to fight under the Stars and Stripes."
>
> Cloud is twenty-five years old. He is a farmer and horse-dealer. He is married and has a young son who will be a soldier if he is ever needed, according to Joseph Cloud, hereditary chief of the Sisston Sioux and a proud American.

DAVID LUBIN, FOE OF THE FOOD MIDDLEMAN AND SPECULATOR

IT must have astonished the "man in the street" to see the unanimous tribute of the American newspapers, North, East, South, and West, to the memory of David Lubin, who died recently in Rome, for "outside of government officials and the newspapers, almost no one knew of this American Jew who was the head and brains of the International Institute of Agriculture," says the Grand Rapids *Press*, prefacing a eulogy of "the man who had his fingers on the pulse of the world's food-yield." He fought with the "horde of toll-takers who wantonly increase food-prices and decrease food-supplies for their own selfish ends," in the words of the Toledo *News-Bee*, the New Orleans *States* credits him with having left his "impress large upon the business of the United States and of the world," and the Philadelphia *North American* refers to him as "a world benefactor." If he was unknown to fame during his lifetime, his death has brought forth a chorus of appreciation. *The North American* marvels that "whatever power rules human existence" should have chosen "a Jewish lad, born in Poland, and by destiny discovered dipping watch-chains in a factory in Attleboro, Mass., and piloted him through the queerest paths to a place where he could put an end to the traffic in hunger and human life long carried on by men who 'cornered' world food-supplies." His life in California, where he went to work in his brother-in-law's dry-goods store, developed in a way suggestive of romance rather than of reality:

> He wanted to be independent, so with a case of overalls, bought on credit, he moved to a room over a Chinese laundry in Sacramento, hired a buggy, and marketed his wearables among neighboring fruit-growers.
>
> From them he heard their woes—how the commission merchants to whom they shipped their produce cheated and robbed them. He thought he saw a way out for the farmer, and, his business having grown, he journeyed to England, studied the cooperative sale system, and came back to organize the now powerful California Fruit Growers' Association.
>
> He himself became a fruit-grower. Then he raised wheat. And one day he collided with a "corner" engineered by some Chicago trader who built a fortune on fabricated crop rumors concerning lands too far distant to be known about.
>
> This evolved a thought many another man might have smiled over, and dismissed.
>
> Why shouldn't all the farmers and food-producers in the world have a way of telling each other about crop prospects and conditions, and thus defeat the dealers in falsehoods, who, capitalizing ignorance as to such facts, were not only doing the soil-tillers out of their just earnings, but often aiding famine and abetting want?
>
> It was simple enough! The only need was for some big nation to suggest to other nations, the value of monthly crop reports, and thus keep the world informed and the food-growers fortified against their avaricious foes.
>
> He carried his idea to Washington, confident the great Republic would eagerly promote such a plan. But Washington was too busy with the tariff. He crossed to London, but London was immersed in something else. He knocked at the door of France, but couldn't be heard for the echoes of the Dreyfus case. But destiny knew its man—and any one who ever saw David Lubin need not be told that he and discouragement were not on speaking terms.
>
> He went to Italy, and at Rome the Minister of Finance heard him out and took him to the King, with whom he talked for two hours, and the next day the call was being drafted for the conference which in 1905 organized the International Institute of Agriculture, based on a treaty to which fifty-three nations now are signatories.
>
> Thus was founded a world clearing-house for food facts, which promptly proved its worth. Each month bulletins detailing crop and live-stock stores and conditions are sent from Rome to the cooperating governments and by them distributed among producers and market centers. With such knowledge at hand, it is possible to guide production and justly base prices, and impossible to mislead the public concerning either.
>
> Once a year the available world-supply of grain and meat is carefully forecast. Thus the great streams and the little streams of sustenance are charted, not for the benefit of those who would twist them out of their courses to turn wheels of inordinate gain, but of the common mass, whose very existence depends on enough to eat.
>
> It was in the autumn of 1917, when the world-war was at its height, that the

worth of this institution, which so many "wise" nations had let pass, was most emphatically manifested; that it contributed a necessary span to the bridge over which democracy was marching to victory, tho few signs of triumph then were visible.

Of course, food was playing its part as a potent factor in the struggle. Indeed, men who never had thought of it as anything more than a complement to appetite began to appreciate its decisive power. If Germany could keep feeding herself, she might win! If France could get more flour and sugar; if England could get more fats, it would mean more to the Allies than regiments of fighters!

And in the midst of these vital "ifs," landing like a superbomb, came the report from the institute at Rome of an unprecedented crop shortage throughout the world!

Even the most casual thinker can see what this information meant. Even the least imaginative can conjure a vision of what might have happened to the Allied nations if every one had proceeded on the assumption that food would be normally procurable.

What destiny had done through the man from Sacramento, whose adopted land had scorned his plan, now was to pay incalculable dividends. For with exact knowledge of food-conditions, it was possible to cut the garment according to the cloth, and thus forearmed, England, France, and Italy, with this country sharing to the limit, were able to down the specter of famine, which just one year ago stared them in the face.

Of course, no one thing won the war. Victory came as the result of many well-aimed shots from many and widely separated fields of action, supply, control. But it is easy enough to figure how certain things might have lost the war—for some of them came perilously near doing so. And one shudders to think what might now be happening had not the food-controllers of the nations fighting for freedom been supplied with accurate advance information as to corn, wheat, and cattle conditions throughout the world.

This is only a part of David Lubin's legacy to his fellow men. For a score of years he worked zealously in behalf of a just system of rural credits in this and other countries. It was his belief that the man who controls the soil—the one source of creative wealth—should share at least some of the credit advantages long accorded the man who gambles in the fruit of the farmer's toil.

And, having had some experience with the Altruistic Order of Middlemen, he also made it his business to secure such modifications of parcel-post rulings as to permit, for instance, Maryland farmers to ship drest turkeys to the national capital last Christmas, delivering them at forty-two cents a pound to customers who would have had to pay fifty-five or sixty cents to dealers, the farmers making six cents more on each pound than if they had sold to the accommodating commission merchants.

Yes, that and thousands of similar cases are echoes of the notably useful career cut short by influenza on New-year's day. And the news of his death brought to mind the closing words of his wonderful address at the National Farm School in Doylestown in 1916, when he boldly took issue with an ex-President and an ex-Ambassador for lauding this as "the greatest nation and the greatest people on earth."

"It can and should be the greatest nation, and we may and will be the greatest people if we determine to preserve an agricultural democracy," he thundered. "But with nearly 40 per cent. of our farm lands in the hands of renters, we are drifting dangerously toward conditions which will weaken us at the very source of our being. To counteract this drift, we must insure a national marketing system and a national rural credit system."

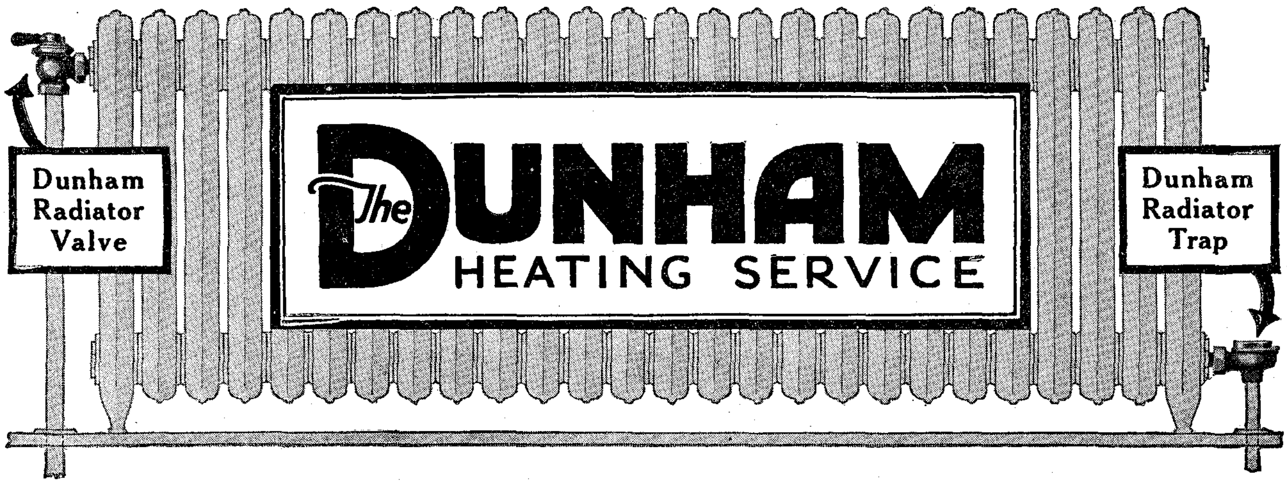
He knew, as all of us must learn, that from the economic standpoint the cornerstone of lasting freedom is farm-freedom. He put his life into the practical teaching of this lesson, and for centuries to come the world will be his debtor.

MR. GEORGE CREEL TELLS HOW OUR PUBLICITY OFFENSIVE ENDED THE WAR

NEARLY everybody and everything in the Allied countries has been credited, at one time or another, with putting the finishing touch to the German trouble in Europe. Now comes Chairman George Creel, of the Committee on Public Information, who has probably provoked more slings and arrows from raging editors than any other Government official connected with our war-time activities, and says it was Publicity that did it. "No grain of credit is to be taken away from the courage of the Allies or the heroic, decisive charges of the Americans at Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Belleau Wood," explains Mr. Creel, but the fact remains that the end came so unexpectedly, so dramatically, because of a spiritual collapse in Germany, "a disintegration of morale both on the firing-line and among the civilian population." In 1870, he points out, France fought on even after Sedan, without an army, food, or munitions, Paris standing a siege of six months. It was the truth, and nothing but the truth that sapped the foundations of German militarism, and finally brought about a surrender while the German Army "was well equipped with supplies and munitions, and behind it still stretched line after line almost impregnable by reason of natural strength and military science." Getting the truth into Germany and Austria was the particular business of the Committee on Public Information, writes Mr. Creel in the current *Everybody's Magazine*, "and it was as hard a battle as any fought in France." As he explains:

> A censorship cunningly conceived and rigidly enforced, not only guarded the frontiers, but crusht every internal attempt to speak or write honestly. Soldiers and civilians were drugged with lies about "Germany's defensive war," the "cruel purposes" of the enemy, the collapse of the Allies, the utter inability of America to train or transport troops, and the near approach of a tremendous victory that would mean world-mastery.
>
> These lies had all the force of divisions and it was as necessary to destroy them as tho each had been a machine-gun nest. And while it was easy enough to write and print the "shrapnel," it was difficult to determine the most effective way to fire it. The most obvious method of distribution was by airplanes, of course, and over firing-lines, towns, and cities the sky rained pamphlets that told the truth in short, sharp sentences. But the demand was so great for planes for the more imperative purposes of war that they could not be obtained in sufficient numbers for propaganda use, and other and additional means of distribution had to be found.
>
> The French introduced a rifle-grenade that carried pamphlets about six hundred feet in a favoring wind, and a seventy-five-shell that carried four or five miles. The British developed a six-inch gun that carried ten or twelve miles and scattered several thousand leaflets from each shell. The Italians used rockets for close work on the front, each rocket carrying forty or fifty leaflets. The obvious smash at German morale was through America's aim and swift war-progress, and for this reason the Allies used the President's speeches and our military facts freely and sometimes even exclusively.
>
> To reach further behind the lines, all fronts used paper balloons filled with coal-gas. They would remain in the air a minimum of twenty hours, so as to make a trip of six hundred miles in a thirty-mile wind. On a Belgian fête-day such balloons carried four hundred thousand greetings into Belgium, and some flew clear across Belgium. Fabric balloons, carrying seventeen or eighteen pounds of leaflets, were also employed, but with all the balloons the uncertainty of the wind made the work haphazard. A paper balloon, with propaganda intended for Alsace, came down in Kent, and a French balloon intended to reach the Rhine towns came down in Geneva.
>
> The attempt was made to fly kites over the trenches and drop leaflets from traveling containers that were run up the kite wire, but this method could be used only on fronts where airplanes were not active, because the wires were a menace to the planes. The paper used in the leaflets was chemically treated so that they would not spoil if they lay out in the rain.
>
> An American invention that gave promise of supplanting all others was a balloon that carried a tin container holding about ten thousand pamphlets. A clock attachment governed the climb of the balloon, it had a sailing range of from six to eight hundred miles, and the mechanism could be set in such manner as to have the pamphlets dropt in a bunch or one at a time at regular intervals, the whole business blowing up conclusively with the descent of the last printed "bullet." Preparation of the matter was our job, handled by historians, newspaper men, advertising specialists, and even a "psychologist" now and then for good measure, but distribution was a military function, and the Intelligence Division performed splendidly at all times.

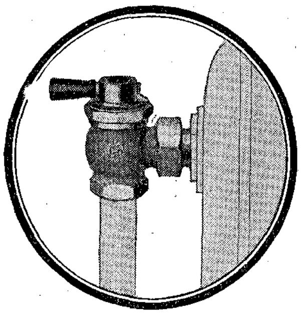
This work on the Western Front was matched, up to the Brest-Litovsk treaty, by similar work on the Eastern Front, where, since the Austrians were not strongly in favor of the war anyway, the publicity matter distributed by Americans had a better chance to sink in. American propaganda, put into the languages of Austria-Hungary, was hurled into the enemy's country by the ton, to counteract the tons of German and Austrian propaganda with which the Allies were being flooded. In the end the American propaganda won



Greater Heating Comfort Per Ton of Coal Is Easily Possible To All Who Desire It

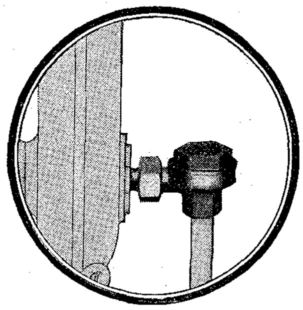
A full understanding of a few simple facts will set you straight on this important subject. Whether you own a home or manage a factory or office building you will find these suggestions of value.

STEAM must flow *freely* through a heating system before it can give up its useful heat. The usual obstructions are air and water. These accumulate because of improper piping or inadequate methods for removing them. Unless they are removed, the radiators will be partly cold, partly hot. A hotter fire only aggravates the trouble.



No stooping to turn the heat on, with the Dunham Radiator Valve. The Dunham Trap works automatically—requires no attention.

Old systems provided only one pipe to each radiator. These can be identified by their knocking and pounding and by the valves that hiss steam and leak water when anything goes wrong. Best engineering practice provides for each radiator a trap which automatically removes the heat-wasting air and water and sends them back to the boiler room through a *separate* pipe.



Radiator Traps were not new in 1903; but in that year steam heating was revolutionized by the invention of the Dunham Radiator Trap—one of the exclusive devices that gives Dunham Heating Service a peculiar advantage in the design of satisfactory steam heating systems. It is not necessary to go into details of the trap: the fact that it is specified by leading architects everywhere; that it is used in the Woolworth Building and in thousands of fine homes and country estates—all these argue for exceptional merit.

The same is true of the Dunham Packless Radiator Valve. It is fastened to the top of the radiator—no stooping to turn on the heat—and it cannot leak for there is no packing in it to wear out.

Dunham Heating Service will design a steam heating system for you, using the particular type of boiler and radiator you prefer, and will see that the installation is properly made and will thereafter make inspections when requested to insure continual satisfaction. In every respect, Dunham Heating Service must and will please you.

We are establishing Dunham Service Stations in towns of less than 100,000 population. Steam heating contractors who desire new business should write for details of the plan. Our products are of only one quality—the highest.

C. A. DUNHAM COMPANY, Fisher Building, CHICAGO

Factories: **Marshalltown, Iowa**
Toronto, Canada

Branches in 36 Cities in United States and Canada

Noisy, half-hot radiators waste heat.
They should be DUNHAMIZED

Existing steam heating systems can be Dunhamized at a cost which is low compared with the extra heating comfort obtained. Write for the entire story of Dunham Heating Service. If you cannot profit by it now, you will some day.

out, not only because of the superior ingenuity of the Allies in writing, printing, and distributing it, but also, it is assumed, because the American variety was backed by the idealism of President Wilson, and was accompanied by proofs that the Allies, helped by the United States, were certain to win in the end. The inevitability of victory, says Mr. Creel, was a strong argument. He continues:

> And always the speeches of President Wilson! They were our most effective weapons, and it was easy to mark their progress through the enemy country by the trail of ferment and disaffection that each one left. Never at any time did the German censorship dare to kill a Wilson speech outright, but the first addresses were invariably cut in such manner as to distort and misrepresent the meaning. What we did was to have the entire speech printed in German, playing up in red all deleted words and passages, and then, with airplanes, acquaint the German people with the deceits practised upon them by their Government. It was this back-fire that compelled the Germans eventually to publish the President's addresses fully and completely.
>
> The first proof of effectiveness was an order issued by the German General Staff establishing death as a penalty for all those seen picking up our matter or found with it in their possession. And even before this, Austria-Hungary had given orders to shoot or imprison all soldiers or citizens guilty of the abominable crime of reading "printed lies" against the Government.
>
> Accounts of trials and cruel sentences contained in Austrian papers proved conclusively that there was no "bluff" about it as far as the Dual Monarchy was concerned; but it is very questionable whether the Germans went very far in enforcement of the orders. Eight prisoners out of every ten captured by the Americans had our "stuff" in their pockets, and reports united in declaring the literature "well thumbed."
>
> Another equally effective medium of attack, even if less direct, was through the press of Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland. The public opinion of these countries was won for America, the overwhelming majority of newspapers commenced to fill with our material, and it was under this strain that the German censorship began to crack, breaking at last with a loud report, and letting in daylight with a rush.

Berlin met this Allied propaganda, and even anticipated it, with a propaganda of her own which, like her military machine, was at its best in the early part of the war. All neutral as well as enemy countries received liberal doses of Teutonic so-called truth. Mr. Creel writes:

> It is impossible even to estimate the amount of money spent on propaganda by the Germans. Russians competent to judge assured us that the agents of Berlin spent fifty million dollars in that country alone in their work of corruption and destruction. I only know that they owned or subsidized dailies in all the important cities of Mexico, South America, the Orient, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and Holland; that their publications, issued in every language, ran from costly brochures to the most expensive books and albums; that they thought nothing of paying twenty-five thousand dollars for a hole-in-the-wall picture-house, and that in every large city in every country their blackmailers and bribe-takers swarmed like carrion crows.
>
> Their propaganda, while playing upon different points of prejudice in various countries, was much the same in all countries. As an initial proposition, Americans were described as a nation of dollar-grabbers, devoid of ideals and inordinate in their ambitions.
>
> Our war with Mexico was played up as a cold-blooded, evil conquest, and our struggle with Spain painted as an effort of our financial masters to enter upon dreams of world-imperialism. Cuba, the Philippines, and Porto Rico were pitied as "America's slave nations"; Pershing's expedition to Mexico was declared to be the start of a war of conquest that we were later forced to relinquish because our "cowardice" shrank before the "dauntless" courage of Carranza; the Colorado coal strike, the Lawrence strike, and the Paterson strikes were all treated in the utmost detail to prove America's "system of wage slavery"; pictures were drawn of tremendous wealth on the one hand and peonage on the other; lynchings were exaggerated until it was made to appear that almost every tree in America was used for purposes of execution, and we were charged in every conceivable form and fashion of being the secret partner of one or the other of the Allies in commercial plans to control the trade of the world.
>
> Where there was French sentiment, America was set down as the secret partner of England. Where English sentiment prevailed, we were the secret partner of France; and where Italian sentiment obtained, America, England, and France were assumed to be in a plot to destroy Italy.
>
> The German drive against us was particularly strong in Italy and France among the peasants, and weekly papers, printed in close imitation of French and Italian publications, were circulated by the thousands. The French were asked to believe that the high prices were entirely due to the selfishness and extravagance of the Americans in France, also that the docks and railroads and warehouses built by the Expeditionary Force would be permanent American properties with a view to the commercial enslavement of France and the French.
>
> Playing upon the fact that only a small number of American troops were in Italy, the German "fakes" kept up the continual cry, "Why is Italy deserted? A new and more terrific drive is on the way, but Foch keeps help from us. Pershing and the Americans are the dupes of the selfish French."
>
> In Russia particularly, and also among the labor and Socialist groups of all the neutral and Allied countries, exaggerated attention was paid to the Mooney trial, the imprisonment of Emma Goldman, the deportations in Arizona, and other matters designated to show that there was an industrial autocracy in the United States more to be feared than the military autocracy of Germany.

Honesty was the American policy throughout, says Mr. Creel, especially in view of the fact that the Americans had, from the standpoint of facts, a case so much superior to that of the Germans. With the Germans, since the efficiency of their propaganda was not increased by honesty, honesty suffered. Both in neutral nations and in Germany, Mr. Creel believes, there is still need for the work of enlightenment which the Foreign Division of the Committee will continue to do. Work is especially needful in Russia and Germany. There are new lies to be fought in the latter country as well as those old ones on which the populace has been fed so long, and he concludes:

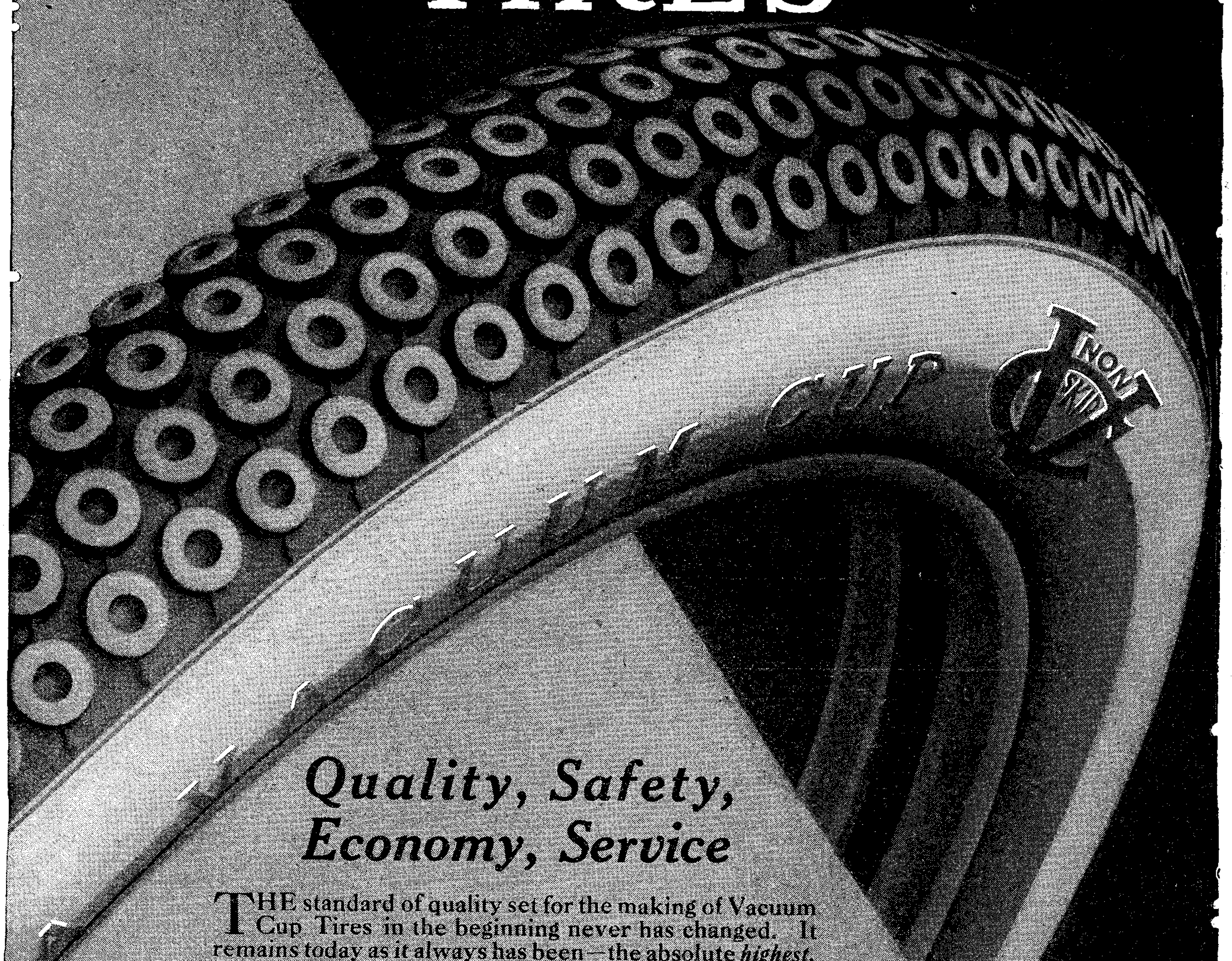
> It is a campaign that must be met and defeated just as other German campaigns were met and defeated. It will be. Barring these last desperate expedients, and the sullen ignorances and unrests of certain portions of the Central Powers not yet reached by the truth in full measure, America's battle for the good opinion of the world may be written down as a victory no less definite than that of the firing-line. There is not a corner of the earth to-day that does not know us as we are—a people with failures behind us, but struggling indomitably to the heights; a people materialistic in achievement, but idealistic in every aspiration—and knowing us, they like us and trust us.

THE LOVE-STORY OF A FRENCH MOTHER AND AN AMERICAN BOY

It is a true love-story, this that comes from the little town of Le Mans, France. It began when Mme. Blanche Gamaud, each time the 330th Regiment band came to town, stood always on the Place de la République and worshiped with her eyes Herman Risch, of 3105 Vine Street, Cincinnati, one of the youngest of the bandsmen. Madame Gamaud, who lives on the Impasse Desites, Pontlieu, Le Mans, is little and old and withered and gray. And still it is a love-story, insists the correspondent who sends it to the Cincinnati *Post*—"Yes, a fine love-story":

> It was shortly after the band came here from Camp Sherman that Herman Risch, of Upper Vine Street, first saw Madame Gamaud. The band was giving a concert and there was a great crowd on the Place de la République.
>
> You know how it is when one looks at you long and hard! You sort of feel it, says Risch, who felt that day the touch of staring eyes that seemed to say to him: "We are looking at you. Why don't you turn around?"
>
> And so he turned and met the eyes of little Madame Gamaud. And they shone with a light that flashed love. Oh, we are getting to the love part.
>
> Every day that week the band played, and every day Risch felt the touch of staring eyes that seemed to say to him: "We are looking at you. Why don't you turn around?"
>
> And each time Risch, of Cincinnati, would answer the call—he couldn't help it—and meet the glowing eyes of Madame Gamaud.
>
> The band went to its camp in the château country, but, after two weeks, came back for another series of concerts.
>
> And there was Madame Gamaud again on the Place de la République—the *madame* and her speaking eyes.
>
> So, after the concert, Risch addrest her through an interpreter: "Madame, why do you look at me always?"
>
> And she answered: "You look so much

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
TIRES



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The tread of Vacuum Cups is the only tread *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements.

Greatly increased demand and corresponding manufacturing facilities, together with a zone selling system which effects enormous savings in marketing, make it possible to sell Vacuum Cup Tires at approximately the same price charged for ordinary 3,500 mile tires, and at much less than other makes carrying the same mileage surety.

In service, Vacuum Cup Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—for

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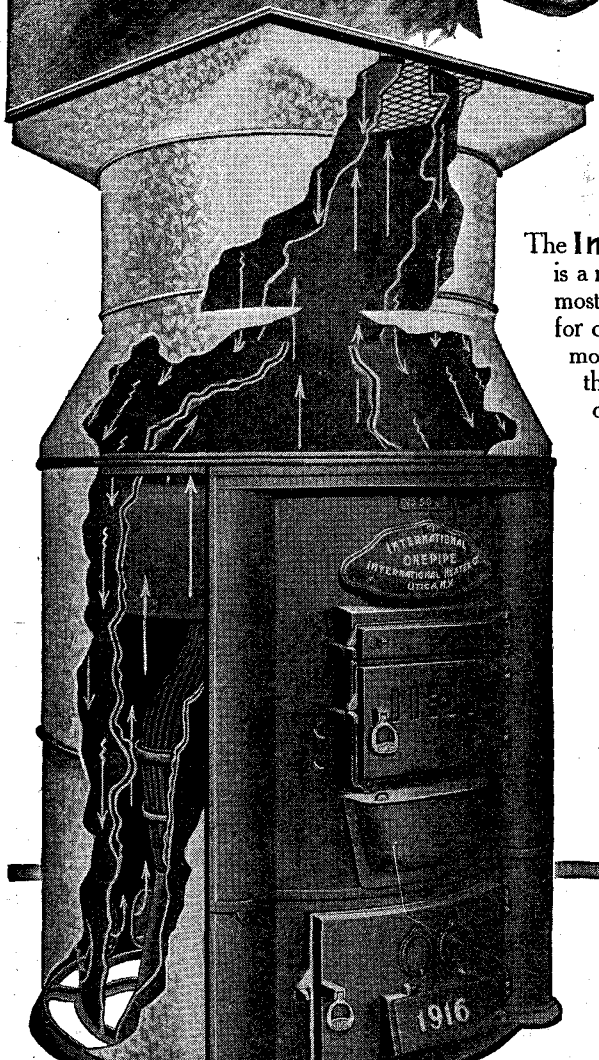
The choice of a proper heating system rarely comes more than once in a lifetime. It is well, therefore, to seek competent and dependable advice. For the right heating system properly installed will heat adequately and economically. The wrong selection—a misfit, a cheaply constructed heater, will waste fuel and fail to deliver heat when it is most required.

You are perfectly safe if guided by the dealer who is awarded this sign by the manufacturer. He merits your confidence because he has been selected with care.

And the International Heater Company's engineers are always ready and willing to offer you free and unbiased advice. They *can* be entirely unprejudiced, for this company makes all types of heating apparatus—steam and hot water boilers and warm air furnaces. For more than two generations they've made dependable heating systems. Their line includes a heating system best suited for every kind of building and every known condition. Their advice, therefore, is not biased in favor of any single style or type. They will not knowingly or willingly recommend a system where it is not exactly suited to conditions.



The **INTERNATIONAL ONEPIPE HEATER** is a most wonderful system. It is suited for most farm, town and village homes and also for churches and stores. It delivers fresh, moist and healthful heat to every room in the house, through only one pipe and one register. To install it, requires only *one* opening in *one* floor.

In thousands of homes, an International Onepipe has displaced stoves and even far more expensive heating systems. Hundreds of owners have written how it saves fuel, how it keeps them warm in coldest weather, and how they enjoy its extreme simplicity.

Like all International Heating Systems, it is scientifically and correctly designed to save fuel and deliver maximum heat. The big register, the heat radiating surfaces and the firepot are so correctly proportioned, that this heater proves a wonderful fuel saver.

In order that you may know whether this heater is suited to your house, we send on request, a simple chart with our catalog. When this chart is returned we tell you frankly whether this type of heater is adapted to your home and what size you need. A recommendation of the International Engineers carries with it a guarantee of the International Heater Company. Write us today. Our advice obligates you in no way.

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INTERNATIONAL ONEPIPE HEATER

like my son, who fell in action. I have taken you to my heart, *monsieur*."

What should a fellow say? Risch, of Cincinnati blushed and stammered "*Merci*," which our lexicon says means "Thank you" in French.

Came then to him every day candies and cookies and jellies and little things like that, such as one's mother makes. You know.

And one day during a concert Risch was coughing. So Madame Gamaud, who was there as usual, bought for him some cough-drops, and when she gave them to him he said to her:

"But, *madame*, you must not do these things for me."

She replied: "But would I not have done this for my own son? And have I not taken you to my heart in his place?"

At this writing, the hour is approaching when the 330th Regiment is to leave France. And to Madame Gamaud it is another tragedy. This day Risch received a package wrapt in tissue-paper and ribbons—a little book of French poems, written in her own hand, and on the fly-leaf this inscription:

Souvenir of a French Mother to an American
Who Resembles Her Son Olivier,
Fallen on the Field of Honor
Dec. 21, 1914,
Aged 19 Years,
On the Somme.

Surely you will agree that this is a love-story.

THE SUBCHASER THAT WAS LOST, BUT FOUND ITSELF

SUBMARINE Chaser *No. 28*, disabled, lost in mid-ocean, and left to its own devices for almost a month, comes through to the end of the war with one of the strangest histories in the annals of the sea. *No. 28* belonged to the flotilla of American-built "chasers" which were turned over to the French Government. She was only 110 feet long, and built rather for speed than for weathering a mid-winter gale in the Atlantic, such as separated her from her convoy and put her engines out of commission. Heavy seas swept over her, carrying away ventilators, boxes of coal, tanks of gasoline; the life-boat was torn from its davits, and the engine-room flooded. The other "chasers" and tugs in the convoy gave *No. 28* up as lost, but a month later the little boat limped into the Azores, under sails made out of bedclothes. The Brooklyn *Eagle* gives the skipper's story of intervening events, beginning with the storm of January 12, 1918:

"The machinists set to work to fix the engines, and on Wednesday, January 16, at midnight, the central engine started up. I set course east. There was nothing in sight. At 3 A.M. we again broke down. At 3:30 A.M. I saw the lights of two steamers to port on the horizon, headed east. I showed two red lights at the mast-head and signaled to them with the blinker. They did not answer me and continued on their course to the east. I lost sight of them a few minutes later.

"At 11:50 A.M. I saw the mast of a scout-boat on the horizon to the north-west. Considering my boat to be in a critical condition by reason of the length of time it had been disabled and the near exhaustion of my lubricating-oil, I fired a salvo of six shots and hoisted the signal of distress. I obtained no answer and could see nothing more of them a few minutes later. At noon the center engine started up; course east. Nothing in sight. At 1 P.M. a new breakdown of the engine. The chief machinist, Faignou, reported to me that the lubricating-oil was all gone. Thereupon I used soap-suds and several greasy substances to replace the oil, but these gave bad results.

"I then gave all the salad-oil and butter for the lubrication of the engines. These latter gave very good results, but were not sufficient. There were about five gallons. At 5:40 P.M. the center engine starte dup; course east, nothing in sight.

"At 11:30 P.M. another and last breakdown of the engine and burning out of the dynamo. The chief machinist reported to me that he would not be able to make the engines run any more. The radio would not work. It was impossible for me to call for help. There was nothing left me aboard but several pints of salad-oil which I used only for the lubrication of the auxiliary engine with which I pumped bilges when the state of the sea was such that I could not use the handy-billy (hand-pump).

"I found myself, therefore, in complete distress, drifting toward the southeast, at the mercy of the winds and sea, with no exact position.

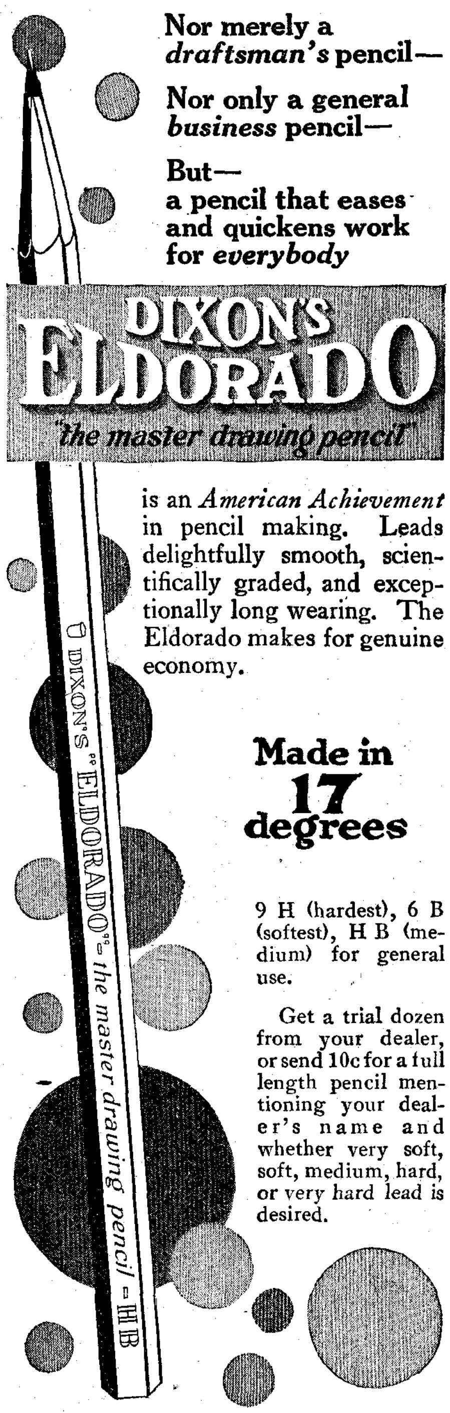
"I remained in this condition until the 18th of February without getting help of any kind. I ordered a jury-lug rig to be got up, pumping the bilges all the time, putting out and taking in a sea-anchor when I thought it well to use it, sparing the drinking water as much as possible, rationing the crew to the lowest possible amount, in view of the probability of a long voyage, putting out and taking in the sails according to the condition of the weather and the direction of the wind, and endeavoring to make headway east by compass in an effort to reach the Azores.

"I sighted four steamers, of which three were very far away and making a course nearly parallel to mine, so that they did not approach very near to me. They were out of sight very quickly and probably did not see me.

"On February 8, at 9:30 A.M., I saw the third steamer about four points to port and crossing our course not far away. The weather was fine, the sea very beautiful. I at once hoisted signals of distress and got out the life-boat, manned by two volunteers, and ordered it to get in the path of the steamer and speak to him, but when he arrived at a distance of about five miles and was bearing about two points forward of the port beam, the steamer changed course suddenly and put on all steam. I immediately fired a salvo of seven guns at intervals of one minute, in accordance with the rules for distress-signals, but he did not answer me and continued to run away. At 11:15 A.M. he disappeared over the horizon, heading about southwest.

"I had at this time a fore-and-aft mainsail, a staysail, and a kind of leg-of-mutton at the small foremast. At 11:20 I hoisted in the life-boat and continued to sail toward the east. I am certain that the steamer saw me clearly. I could not recognize her name or her nationality.

"The conduct of the crew was marvelous throughout the voyage. They retained at all times their habitual calm;



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Soothes — Feeds — Nourishes
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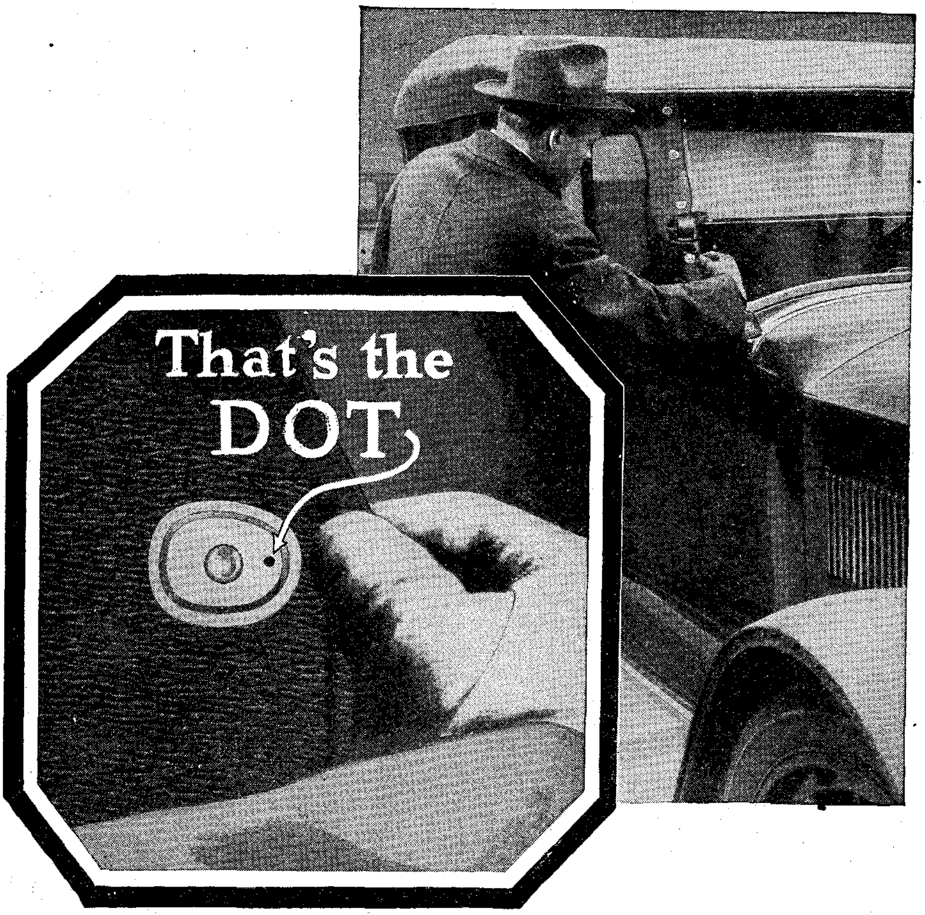

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This is one of many places on an automobile where the Lift-the-Dot three-side lock Fasteners are much more practicable than any other. These Fasteners lock securely on three sides and cannot pull open accidentally. Yet they are easily and instantly unfastened by lifting on the fourth side, the side with the Dot.

The Lift-the-Dot Fastener is but one of the complete line of fasteners which we make, known as The Dot Line of Fasteners.

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Fasteners
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Makers of "The Dot Line" of Fasteners

they never complained of the smallness of the ration which it was necessary for me to restrict them to, and thereby showed a grand spirit of sacrifice and self-denial.

"On February 18, at 6:30 A.M., I saw land one point on the port bow, bearing north fifty-five degrees east by compass. I headed over and took a sounding from time to time. At 11 A.M. I hoisted the signal 'YP'—'I require a tug.'

"At 3:25 the *Sin-Mac* took me in tow about five miles southwest of Fayal and brought me into the port of Horta.

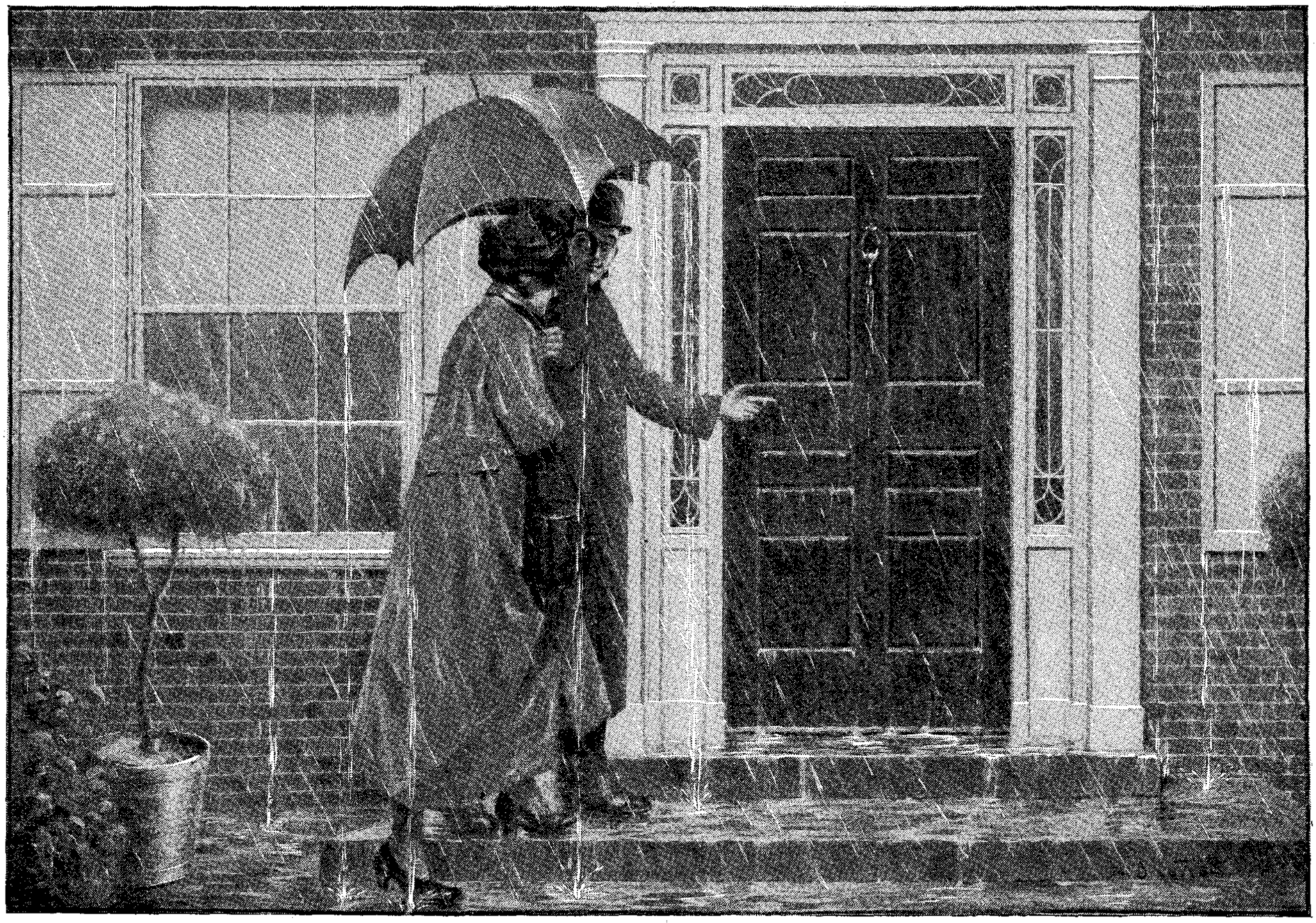
"The winding of the dynamo armature was burned out in two places. The electric wiring was all very badly grounded. The ship needs to be calked and cleaned at the bottom. The depth-bomb rack and skids need to be rebuilt, but the other damage is slight. Part of the crew's clothing was damaged by the water and dampness.

"The coal for the galley was all expended by January 26. The galley-fire was made from the wood of the broken mess-table and benches. I estimate that I might have held out for twenty days longer but not more than that, because all the provisions and water would have been gone by that time."

HE BUYS THE JACKIES PIPES AND PICKLES

"A FULL plate and a clean one" is an inviting program for a hungry man. Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan, Paymaster-General of the United States Navy, who feeds, clothes, and cares for the material wants of the sailors, has made it his rule. "Every man in the Navy can have all he wants to eat, and gets it, but he must clean up his plate." It is no trivial occupation to supply the needs of 1,100 ships and 300,000 men—the larder, the locker, the coal-bunker, and the store—especially in war-time. In fact, we are told that the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, of which he is the head, disburses some thirty million dollars a day. How well Admiral McGowan has handled this prodigious task is witnessed on the one hand by the Jacky himself, who can secure at the "store" on each ship everything he needs "from cold-cream to catsup, from pipes to pickles, vaseline to ice-cream, and padlocks to pastry." And "every man in the Navy, from the newest Jacky to Secretary Daniels, can tell you that there isn't a button or a shoelace lacking in the entire United States Navy, that there isn't a thing needed by it on land or sea but what is to be had for the asking." And, on the other hand, we are told by John Bruce Mitchell in *The Forum:*

> The Subcommittee of Naval Affairs discovered, in its investigation, that Rear-Admiral McGowan, Paymaster-General and Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, has a big job. The members of this committee reported that it is one of the biggest enterprises in the United States and that the man at the head of it "has established and well deserves a nation-wide reputation for business efficiency."
>
> The Admiral's office is unique, we are told, and there is probably not another



Beating storms hold no terrors for Valsparred doors—

VALSPAR VARNISH protects outdoor woodwork of all kinds against rain, hail, snow and sun.

There never was such a varnish as Valspar before. It is absolutely waterproof and it *positively won't turn white.*

It retains its brilliancy on outdoor woodwork without spotting, cracking or blistering, and looks new and fresh long after other varnishes have "gone to pieces."

That is why Valspar has become famous the world over as the great outdoor varnish.

And the same wonderful qualities that make Valspar practically *weather-proof* out-of-doors, make it well-nigh *wear-proof* on floors, woodwork, furniture and linoleum inside the house.

Whenever *anything* around your home needs varnishing, use Valspar. It is easy to apply, dries dust-free in two hours, and hard over night.

And bear this in mind—there is no "just as good" varnish. *Insist on Valspar.*

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Special Offer: Don't be content with merely *reading* about Valspar—*Try it.*

For 25c in stamps we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair. Or, if you will write your dealer's name on bottom line you need send us only 15c for the sample can.

Your Name..

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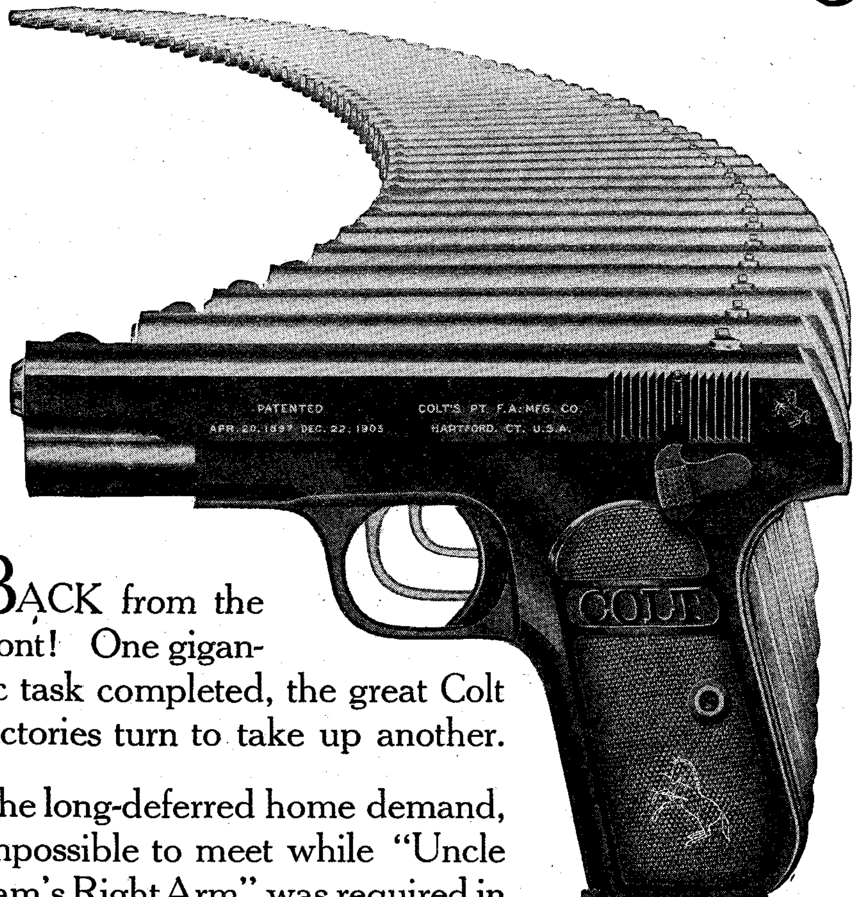

"The Colts are Coming"

BACK from the front! One gigantic task completed, the great Colt factories turn to take up another.

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The Colts are coming.

It is no longer necessary to "make something else do."

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You want a Colt.

And you want a Colt because its accuracy, its dependability, its safety, is what made possible its illustrious associations.

Have just a little more patience. All the popular sizes of Colt automatic pistols and Colt revolvers will be supplied to dealers as rapidly as possible. Tell your dealer your requirements to guide him in his orders.

COLT

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

"The Proven Best
By Government Test!"

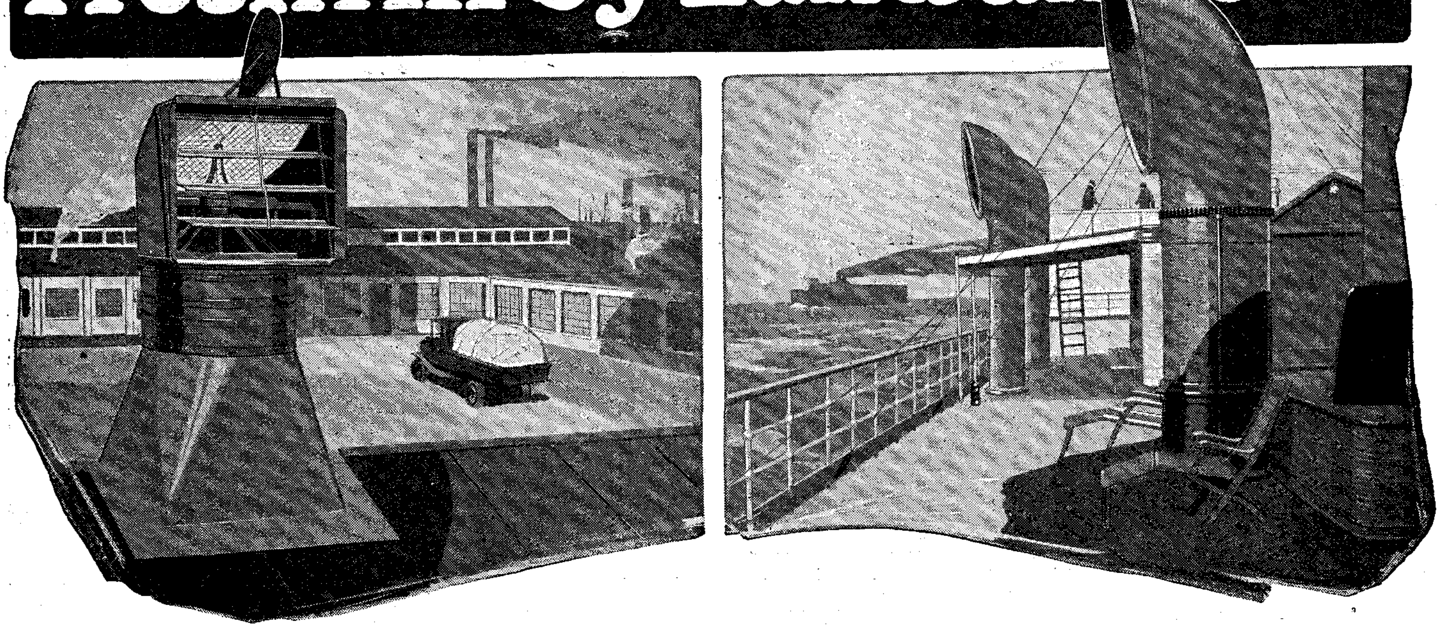
like it. To spend so much money providing for so many men would naturally involve a great mass of detail, and one can easily imagine a mammoth office filled in every corner and crevice with desks and filing-cases, shelves, and index-files. But that is not his style. Here is the picture:

> His is a large square room. The floor is of shining parquetry, as clean as a wind-swept battle-ship deck. At the center, near the wall, there is a flat-topped desk with a correspondence basket, generally empty, inkstand and penholder, blotter and writing-pad. At the desk is one swivel-chair.
>
> And there is not another chair in that office!
>
> Nor is there another desk, nor any other furniture whatsoever. McGowan never sits down unless he has to sign a letter. He steps into another room to dictate his letters. He goes through the big suite of offices, on two floors, where his staff of more than seven hundred work, consults references, and does other work while standing. And when he has callers in his sanctum he rises and awaits their entrance. The callers almost invariably look about for a chair. There are none. Admiral McGowan is standing. If he can stand, of course they can—and must stand.
>
> Then he smiles. It is said that he has more friends than any other man in the country. That smile is hearty and infectious. It has fooled many who would take advantage of it. Frequently men on business would like to "talk all around Robin Hood's barn." McGowan listens, but his replies make the visitor understand that he is to say what he has to say without waste of time.
>
> He will give his valuable time lavishly like a spendthrift, when it is necessary. When it is not necessary it is easier to get a speech out of the Sphinx than to get an unnecessary minute out of him.
>
> "Ahem!" began a pompous visitor one day who glanced severely about the office three times in a vain search for a chair, "are you economizing in furniture?"
>
> McGowan smiled cheerfully and even cordially. "Ah, no, not that. The fact is, that if I have chairs in here I am afraid I might take up too much of the valuable time of some of my callers."

The Paymaster-General is a native of South Carolina. His ability to work hard and constantly and with the greatest efficiency is not a new achievement. He began long ago. In his second year in the University of California he found it necessary to work his way through. He did it, and also put two others through the university. Says *The Forum:*

> By that time he had so well acquired the art of working that it became first nature to him. He entered the Navy Pay Corps in 1894 with the rank of Ensign. He is the only officer in the Navy who has made two cruises as Fleet Paymaster of the Atlantic Fleet.
>
> He almost made a third cruise. There was only one reason why he did not, but it was a good one—they wouldn't let him because they wanted him to become Paymaster-General.
>
> When the fleet was engaged off Vera Cruz in 1914 a change in paymasters was due and a radio was sent to the Navy Department from the Commander-in-Chief Rear-Admiral Charles J. Badger, to the effect that a Fleet Paymaster should be

Fresh Air by Land and Sea



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Swartwout Rotary Ball-Bearing Ventilators *(Patented)*

Swartwout Standardized Ship Cowls *(Pat. applied for)*

Swartwout Core Ovens, Shelf and Truck Types, and Gas-Oil Burners

Lind Motor Bodies

OUR office and public buildings, our great industrial structures where thousands work shoulder to shoulder, our theatres and auditoriums where hundreds gather daily, our schools where the youth of the nation develop their brains and bodies, and also our ships which must carry the tools of reconstruction to the world—all these demand assured ventilation.

For structures on land we build the *Swartwout Rotary Ball-Bearing Ventilator.* For ships, the *Swartwout Standardized Ship Cowl.* Both are illustrated above.

The Swartwout Rotary Ball-Bearing Ventilator (pat'd) is not a mere stationary "hole-in-the-roof."

It is a semi-automatic ventilating machine which "puts the wind to work." Because of its ample vane, it revolves readily, always facing AWAY from the wind.

The breeze, in passing, creates a suction before the mouth which is continually filled by a flow of used air from below.

A continuous change of air is assured.

Our ventilation handbook, *"The Gospel of Fresh Air,"* explains in detail. Sent on request.

Developed to meet the unprecedented need for speed in wartime ship construction, the Swartwout Standardized Cowl (patent applied for) is equally adapted for competitive building.

It enables the builder to specify a cowl complete with turning gear merely by name and size, being assured in return the highest grade of sheet metal craftsmanship and a design reducing skin friction to a minimum. Cowl and gears have been used and approved by the U. S. Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Bulletin on request.

Swartwout
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Modernized Power Plant Equipment

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Swartwout Cast Iron Exhaust Heads *(Patented)*

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ABERTHAW
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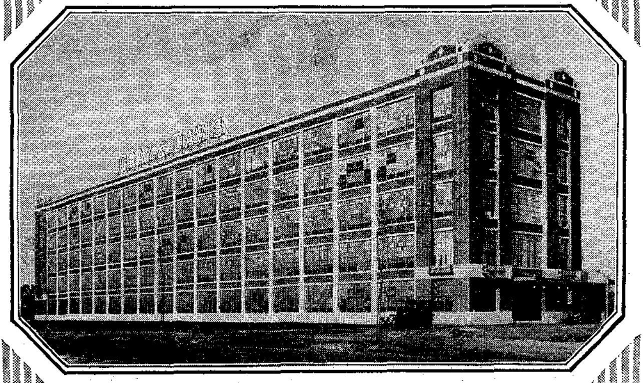


detailed at once and that McGowan was preferred.

But the Secretary of the Navy had other things in view for McGowan, so he missed his third cruise. The Secretary told the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs in a great many words just what he thought of McGowan and his work. He declared in his long report that McGowan had been able to subsist the Navy during two years of the European War, despite the great increase in the cost of the most commonly used foodstuffs, at a rate of more than a thousand dollars a day less than for a like period before the war.

It was July 1, 1914, only sixty days before Germany tore up a scrap of paper that had been a treaty with Belgium and thus started something that has resulted in an unmourned funeral of Prussianism, that McGowan was appointed to his present office. President Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio, a member of the Council of National Defense, "discovered" that the Paymaster-General made things sizzle and snap and hum in getting goods transported when he wanted them as promised. Willard literally took off his hat to the young naval officer and declared afterward that in all of his years of intercourse with government institutions he had never met up with such awe-inspiring efficiency as in McGowan's department. . . . . . .

It isn't necessary for him to maintain his "Do-it-now" reputation by slave-driving, or by shouting, "Get on to the job." He keeps in touch with his seven hundred men, however, and the clock-watchers go. His method of speeding up is to say a few words of approval to all who do their work well, and say it in such a manner that they glow with pride and joy for months.

SILHOUETTES OF HEROES WHO FOUGHT IN FRANCE

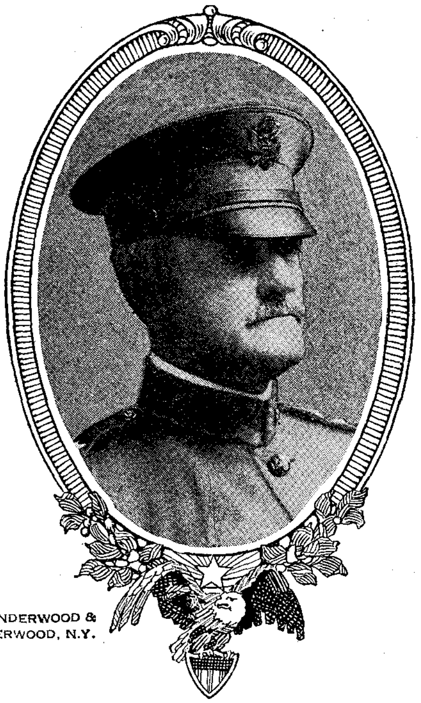
"SOME human experiences that one has in France stand out like the silhouettes of mountain-peaks against a crimson sunset," colorfully observes Dr. William M. Stidger, of the Y. M. C. A., introducing a little book of "Soldier Silhouettes" (Scribners), whose pages are full both of the unforgetable glory and suffering of the war. Dr. Stidger, whose sketches from the front have been quoted in these columns, explains that his sole object in publishing his collected "silhouettes" has been "to give to the father and mother, the brother and sister, the wife and child and friend of the boys 'over there' an accurate heart picture." We quote from the poignant chapter headed "Silhouettes Spiritual":

It was the gas ward. I had held a vesper service that evening and had had a strange experience. Just before the service I had been introduced to a lad who said to the chaplain who introduced me that he was a member of my denomination.

The boy could not speak above a whisper. He was gassed horribly, and in addition to his lungs being burned out, his face and neck were scarred.

"I have as many scars on my lungs as I have on my face," he said quite simply. I had to bend close to hear him. He could not talk loud enough to have awakened a sleeping child.

He said to me: "I used to be leader of



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Heine Boilers were supplied to the absolute limit of our facilities—not only in our standard types, but in special designs to meet every condition that arose. Heine Boilers to the extent of over 340,000 h.p. were installed in United States and Allied Ships—in addition to immense quantities for United States Army and Navy Power Plants, Arsenals, Hospitals, Railroads, Munition Plants and other factories engaged in war work.

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With these new laurels added to our thirty-eight years' reputation for highest standard of manufacture, Heine Boilers are again available for all industries. Our Engineering Department is at your service regarding your boiler problems. Our book, "Boiler Logic," will be sent on request. Write for it.

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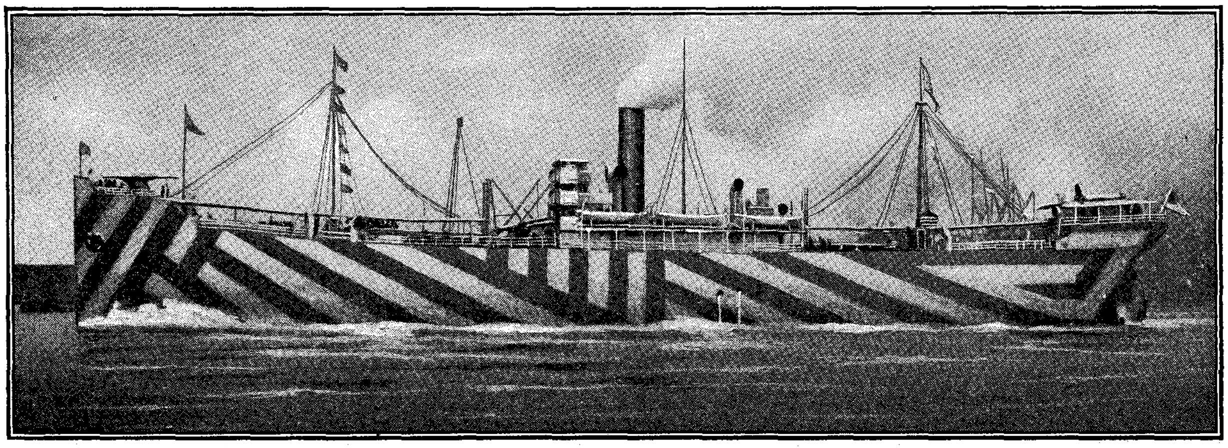
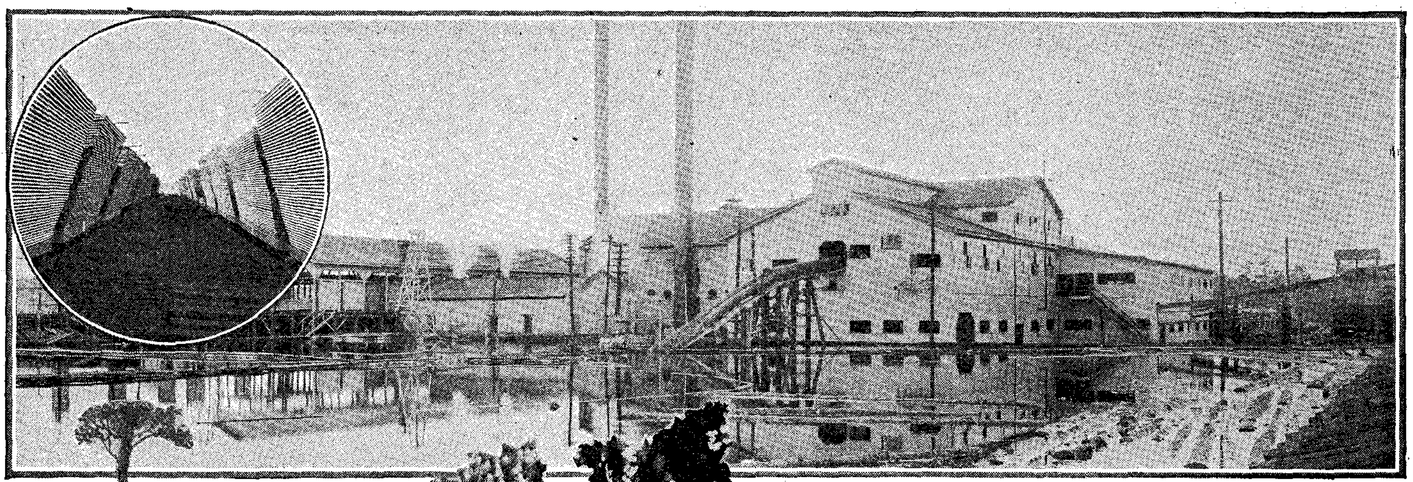
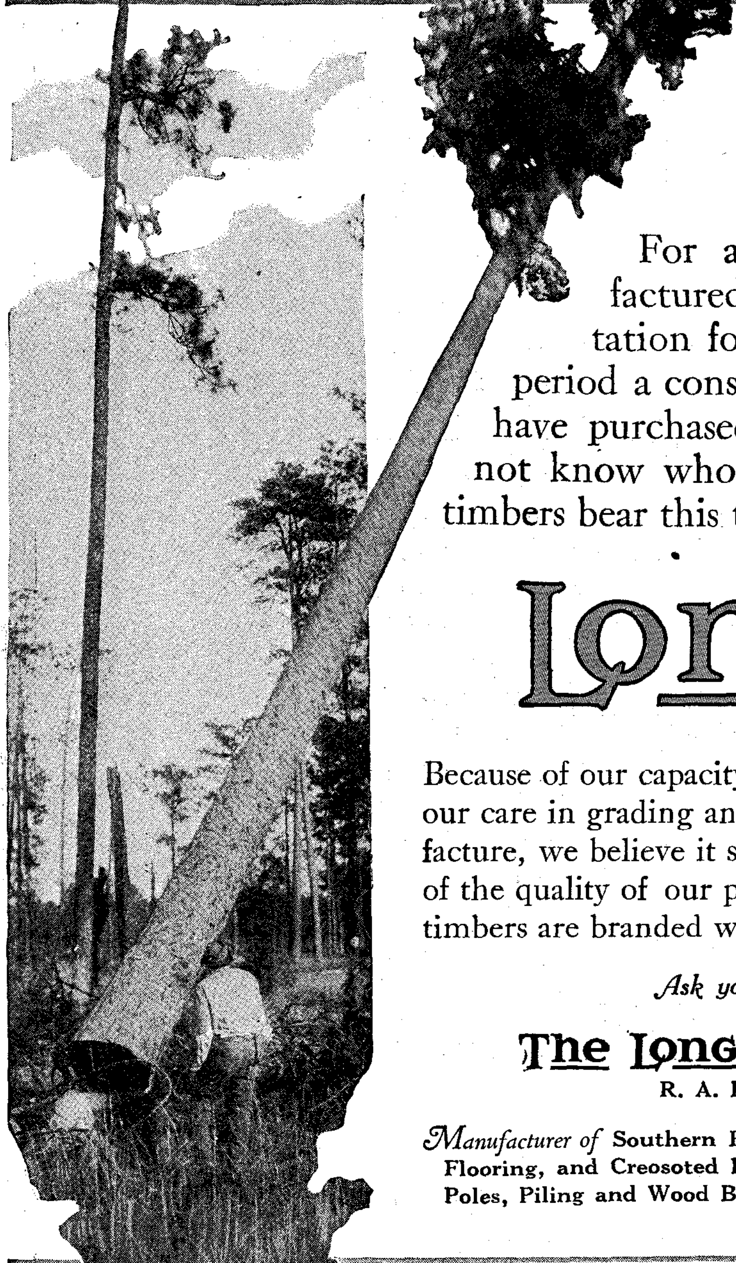
The S. S. Alloway—one of the many transports equipped with Heine Boilers







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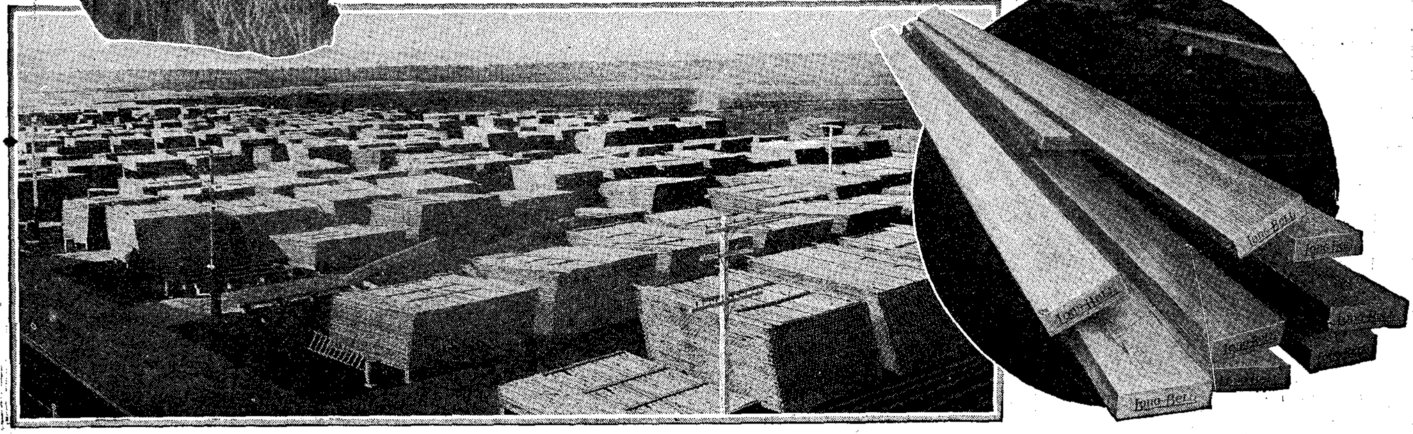

the choir at home. At college I was in the glee club, and whenever we had any singing at the fraternity house they always expected me to lead it. Since I came into the Army the boys in my outfit have depended upon me for all the music. In camp back home I led the singing. Even the Y. M. C. A. always counted on me to lead the singing in the religious meetings. Many's the time I have cheered the boys comin' over on the transport and in camp by singin' when they were blue. But I can't sing any more. Sometimes I get pretty blue over that. But I'll be at your meeting this evening, anyway, and I'll be right down on the front seat as near the piano as I can get. Watch for me."

And sure enough that night, when the vesper service started, he was right there. I smiled at him and he smiled back.

I announced the first hymn. The crowd started to sing. Suddenly I looked toward him. We were singing "Softly Now the Light of Day Fades Upon My Sight Away." His book was up, his lips were moving, but no sound was coming. That sight nearly broke my heart. To see that boy, whose whole passion in the past had been to sing, whose voice the cruel gas had burned out, started emotions throbbing in me that blurred my eyes. I couldn't sing another note myself. My voice was choked at the sight. A lump came every time I looked at him there with that book up in front of him, a lump that I could not get out of my throat. I dared not look in his direction.

After the service was over I went up to him. I knew that he needed a bit of laughter now. I knew that I did, too. So I said to him: "Lad, I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't helped us out on the singing this evening."

He looked at me with infinite pathos and sorrow in his eyes. Then a look of triumph came into them, and he looked up and whispered through his rasped voice: "I may not be able to make much noise any more, and I may never be able to lead the choir again, but I'll always have singing in my soul, sir! I'll always have singing in my soul!"

And so it is with the whole American Army in France—it always has singing in its soul, and courage, and manliness, and daring, and hope. That kind of an army can never be defeated. And no army in the world, and no power, can stand long before that kind of an army.

That kind of an army doesn't have to be sent into battle with a barrage of shells in front of it and a barrage of shells back of it to force it in, as the Germans have been doing during the last big offensive, according to stories that boys at Château-Thierry have been telling me. The kind of an army that, in spite of wounds and gas, "still has singing in its soul" will conquer all hell on earth before it gets through.

Then there is the memory of the boys in the shell-shock ward at this same hospital. I had a long visit with them. They were not permitted to come to the vesper service for fear something would happen to upset their nerves. But they made a special request that I come to visit them in their ward. After the service I went. I reached their ward about nine, and they arose to greet me. The nurse told me that they were more at ease on their feet than lying down, and so for two hours we stood and talked on our feet.

"How did you get yours?" I asked a little black-eyed New Yorker.

"I was in a front-line trench with my 'outfit,' down near Amiens," he said. "We were having a pretty warm scrap. I was firing a machine gun so fast that it was red-hot. I was afraid it would melt down and I would be up against it. They were coming over in droves, and we were mowing them down so fast that out in front of our company they looked like stacks of hay, the dead Germans piled up everywhere. I was so busy firing my gun, and watching it so carefully because it was so hot, that I didn't hear the shell that suddenly burst behind me. If I had heard it coming it would never have shocked me."

"If you hear them coming you're all right?" I asked.

"Yes. It's the ones that surprize you that give you shell-shock. If you hear the whine you're ready for them; but if your mind is on something else, as mine was that day, and the thing burst close, it either kills you or gives you shell-shock, so it gets you both coming and going." He laughed at this.

"I was all right for a while after the thing fell, for I was unconscious for a half-hour. When I came to I began to shake, and I've been shaking ever since."

"How did you get yours?" I asked another lad, from Kansas, for I saw at once that it eased them to talk about it.

"I was in a trench when a big Jack Johnson burst right behind me. It killed six of the boys, all my friends, and buried me under the dirt that fell from the parapet back of me. I had sense and strength enough to dig myself out. When I got out I was kind of dazed. The captain told me to go back to the rear. I started back through the communication trench and got lost. The next thing I knew I was wandering around in the darkness shakin' like a leaf."

Then there was the California boy. I had known him before. It was he who almost gave me a case of shell-shock. The last time I saw him he was standing on a platform addressing a crowd of young church people in California. And there he was, his six-foot-three shaking from head to foot like an old man with palsy and stuttering every word he spoke. He had been sent to the hospital at Amiens with a case of acute appendicitis. The first night he was in the hospital the Germans bombed it, and destroyed it. They took him out and put him on a train for Paris. This train had only got a few miles out of Amiens when the Germans shelled it and destroyed two cars.

"After that I began to shake," he said, simply.

"No wonder, man; who wouldn't shake after that?" I said. Then I asked him if he had had his operation yet.

"It can't be done until I quit shaking."

"When will you quit?" I asked with a smile.

"Oh, we're getting all better, much better; we'll be out of here in a few months; they all get better; ninety per cent. of us get back in the trenches."

And that is the silver lining to this Silhouette Spiritual. The doctors say that a very large percentage of them get back.

"We call outselves the 'First American Shock Troops,'" said my friend from the West with a grin.

"I guess you are 'shock troops' all right. I know one thing, and that is that you would give your folk back home a good shock if they saw you."

Then we all laughed. Laughter was in the air. I have never met anywhere in France such a happy, hopeful, cheerful crowd as that bunch of shell-shocked boys. It was contagious. I went there to cheer them up, and I got cheered up. I went there to give them strength and came away stronger than when I went in. It would cheer the hearts of all Americans to take a peep into that room; if they could see the souls back of the trembling bodies; if they could get beyond the first shock of those trembling bodies and stuttering tongues. And, after all, that is what America must learn to do, to get beyond, and to see beyond, the wounds, into the soul of the boy; to see beyond the blinded eyes, the scarred faces, the legless and armless lads, into the glory of their new-born souls, for no boy goes through the hell of fire and suffering and wounds that he does not come out new-born. The old man is gone from him, and a new man is born in him. That is the great eternal compensation of war and suffering.

I have seen boys come out of battles made new men. I have seen them go into the line sixteen-year-old lads and come out of the trenches men. I saw a lad who had gone through the fighting in Belleau Wood. I talked with him in the hospital at Paris. His face was terribly wounded. He was ugly to look at, but when I talked with him I found a soul as white as a lily and as courageous as granite.

"I may look awful," he said, "but I'm a new man inside. What I saw out there in the woods made me different, somehow. I saw a friend stand by his machine gun, with a whole platoon of Germans sweeping down on him and he never flinched. He fired that old gun until every bullet was gone and his gun was red-hot. I was lying in the grass where I could see it all. I saw them bayonet him. He fought to the last against fifty men, but, thank God, he died a man; he died an American. I lay there and cried to see them kill him, but every time I think of that fellow it makes me want to be more of a man. When I get back home I'm going to give up my life to some kind of Christian service. I'm going to do it because I saw that man die so bravely. If he can die like that, in spite of my face I can live like a man."

The boys in the tenches live a year in a month, a month in a week, a week in a day, a day in an hour, and sometimes an eternity in a second. No wonder it makes men of them overnight. No wonder they come out of it all with that "high look" that John Oxenham writes about. They have been reborn.

Another wounded boy who had gone through the fighting back of Montdidier said to me in the hospital: "I never thought of anybody else at home but myself. I was selfish. Sis and mother did everything for me. Everything at home centered in me, and everything was arranged for my comfort. With this leg gone I might have some attention right now, but I don't want it any longer. I can't bear the thoughts of having people do for me. I want to spend the rest of my life doing things for other folks.

"Back of Noyon I saw a friend sail into a crowd of six Germans with nothing but his bayonet and rifle. They had surrounded his captain and were rushing him back as a prisoner. They evidently had orders to take the officers alive as prisoners. That big top-sergeant sailed into them, and after killing two of them, knocking two more down, and giving his captain a chance to escape, the last German shot him through the head. He gave his life for the captain. That has changed me. I shall never be the same again after seeing that happen. There's something come into my heart. I'm going back home a Christian man."

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GERMAN WAYS PUZZLE YANKS WHO OCCUPY COBLENZ SECTOR

"HALF kid and half wild Indian, that's what they are!" In some such way many an American soldier who has been "trying to dope out" German nature would express his opinion, says a correspondent of the New York *Evening Sun*, writing from the headquarters of "the American Third Army on the Rhine." The frontier villages, the two cities of Treves, or Trier, as the Germans call it, and Coblenz, the beautiful Rhine and the Moselle valleys are filled with such contradictions that the average Yank doesn't quite know what to make of it all. The correspondent lists some of the matters that meet the daily gaze of several thousand young Americans, now sojourning in the famous Rhine country:

One who walks about the streets of Coblenz or Treves or rides along the country roads hereabout sees queer and interesting sights. He sees, for instance, the shop-windows filled with dolls and toys of all kinds and everywhere innumerable children. He remembers that Germany is the land of happy child life, of fairies and sprites and games.

Then down the street, walking in the middle of the street usually, come husband and wife. The husband, with the waxed mustache, broad shoulders, and straight back that stamp him a soldier just discharged, strides along smoking his cherry-wood pipe, his hands in his overcoat pockets. Beside him his wife is laboring to keep up, and stooping, for she is dragging a little cart laden with what seems to be a heavy load of clothing. She is dragging the cart, not he. They stop at a house. The man opens the door and walks in; the woman follows.

Look in at the window of any house along almost any street just after dinner in the evening—tho here they call it supper. Coal and oil are scarce in Coblenz, so there may be only candles, but around their yellow light will be gathered the family, father, mother, and several children, reading, knitting, sewing—the picture of a happy home. In a book-store in the same block will be paper-covered books for boys depicting in lurid colors burning French villages with red flames darting from the windows of every home.

The streets of these cities are indeed fascinating now. They are filled with a throng of shoppers, mostly women and children, but the men are very numerous. When first our men came to Germany they jumped to the conclusion that most of them represented reserve man-power, and were astounded because in no French city had they seen so many men in civilian clothes. The truth is, of course, that not only has the German Army been largely demobilized, but as it passed through the Rhineland on its last march most of the Rhinelanders quietly demobilized themselves. A month ago these men were soldiers.

They themselves are interesting. Those who were officers or under-officers—*unteroffizieren*—almost invariably are drest completely in civilian's clothes, tho of the style of 1914, when most of them stept into *feldgrau*. They all carry canes; in fact, how many men in Germany carry canes is apt to be one of the first things the visitor notices. It seems that they must always carry some kind of weapon. They stalk along with backs stiff as boards, seldom glancing either to the right or the left.

The common soldiers, for they call them just that in Germany, are often quite different. Many of them are drest in a queer half uniform, because they have nothing else. Among the lower class in Coblenz and Treves perhaps half the overcoats worn are the gray-green army overcoats. More than half the boots, especially in the country districts, are the strong, knee-length black boots of fine leather that our men used to envy on German prisoners. Many a man goes about his business in the Rhineland clad entirely in his army uniform save for the little, round, soft cap. That he discards immediately and dons a derby or soft hat or cap. That change of headgear seems to be to his mind the outward and visible sign that he is now a peaceful citizen, just as not long ago he used to change his steel helmet for the round cap immediately he was taken prisoner in token that for him the war was *gegendet*.

So many dirty gray-green uniforms or bits of uniforms in a city are apt to give it a somber air, but the contrast is not hard to find. The lilies of the field are everywhere—the petty officials of Germany. Arrayed mostly in bright blue, with a multitude of red facings and shining brass or copper buttons, and all with the flat-topped round cap with a shiny peak that is the peculiar property of German officialdom, they are ubiquitous. Postmen, railroad employees, street-car employees, foresters, clerks, every known form of official life is drest up to look as militarily as possible. They even wear silver epaulets.

There are German women drest mostly in black, with small bonnets perched upon the tops of their heads and carrying great baskets or bags of complicated design. There are German girls, looking very nice, but, as the Americans agree, "not half the class of the French dames." The prevailing mode for "misses" in Coblenz seems to be sideburns cut off square. The effect is odd, but at least preferable to the crescent shape one used to see at Brooklyn Bridge at six o'clock eighteen months ago. Also hats are worn over one eye and gray is more popular than black—another difference from France.

Children are everywhere, says the correspondent. A few years for them to grow up, and the country will hardly realize how its man-power was depleted in the Great War. Some such thought was in the mind of a certain French officer who, on his first visit to Treves, stood and stared about him open-mouthed at the children. As the correspondent tells the story:

"Isn't it awful?" he burst forth to a group of Americans.

"What?" they asked.

"All the children," replied the Frenchman. "Why, we shall have to fight them again in twenty years."

One thing of which there is no shortage in Germany is undoubtedly children. They are everywhere, and every family seems to boast three at least. Photographers' windows are full of pictures of family groups that look like the annual outing of the Teutonia Liederkranz. Most of the children seem to be boys, too. Scarcely one of them but wears one of those round, gray caps with the red band—already soldiers in the making. It is no exaggeration to say that most of them do not look as children should. They are not starving, but they most certainly are not plump and rosy-cheeked. Only children under four years old have had milk for two years.

The first thing that struck the Americans when they got to Treves, and that was strengthened when they reached Coblenz, was how those cities contrasted with most of the French cities they had seen. There was a good deal of talk about bombing of the German Rhine cities. So far as one can tell, Treves and Coblenz got off almost scot-free. One bomb did hit the museum at Treves and disturb a few of the relics, and another nicked the sidewalk in front of the building where the American Department of Civil Affairs has its office. A hand-grenade would have done almost as much harm. A brick wall near one of the Coblenz railroad-stations was rather badly scratched up by another bomb. That is all.

To one who has lived in Nancy, city of the dead, with its main square faced by scarcely a whole building and its main business street propt up here and there to keep it from falling apart, with the siren blowing and the guns firing not once but several times every moonlit night, or in Bar le Duc, with a whole block in ruins and new concrete *abris* being opened at regular intervals, this hardly seems a fair exchange. That leaves out entirely such cities as Reims, Lens, Arras, Soissons, Château-Thierry, in utter ruin through shell-fire.

All these cities are brighter, cleaner, newer than the French cities saving perhaps Paris, tho with sandbags on the Place de la Concorde and a general absence of fresh paint Paris looked rather war-worn, especially in the days of last June just before the Second Division stopt the Germans on the Marne, when hundreds of thousands of people fled from the city. In Treves and Coblenz there has been apparently no shortage of paint and varnish, nor of elbow grease, for houses and stores glisten and shine and every window is a mirror. In the hotels the maids live a life of incessant scrubbing, varied with intervals of sweeping and dusting.

In fact, the whole thing looks like a toy-shop. It comes, of course, not only from the German love of cleanliness—one actually sees them washing down the streets with hose as they do in New York—but from their love of bright colors. Some say that is a characteristic common to children and savages.

Walk a block down any of Coblenz's business streets and you will see it. In the windows glare red, blue, yellow, green, purple, each in its frankest, most unblushing tint, each probably cheek by jowl with whatever other color it harmonizes with least. You see myriads of brooches displaying the most marvelously pink roses upon backgrounds of purest sapphire blue or chrome yellow. A favorite brooch is a bouquet of blue and red flowers tied with purple ribbon upon a black background. There are gorgeous beadwork and all manner of bric-à-brac, made mostly by the Imperial potteries, whose designers must have descended from the gentlemen's outfitters who clothed Jacob. That worthy old phrase, "a riot of color," comes very pat.

The toylike atmosphere shows also in the pipes. Marvelous, indeed, are they, especially the porcelain ones. You may see great, long-stemmed affairs, long enough almost to rest on the ground while smoking, decorated with tassels, and the bowls painted with all manner of devices. A stag is the favorite, and costs

The Cough that Queered the Show

The big scene. Lights low. Soft music. The heroine dozing by the fire. Enter the hero, noiselessly. He crosses the stage, drops on his knee beside her. She stirs, as if awakening from a dream of sadness. The audience waits breathless for those perfect lines that for 100 nights have sent the curtain down in a hush of rapt admiration. Then, out of the darkness of the house—a burst of coughing, drowning the voice of the great actress as if in mockery—harsh, ugly coughing.

The spell is broken.

The great scene is ruined—the pleasure of 1000 people marred.

It isn't fair to yourself or anybody else to go round coughing. The worst of it is, it's so unnecessary.

Smith Brothers S-B Cough Drops relieve coughing. And they often keep a cough from developing into a sore throat or cold. Keep a box in your pocket, another in your desk, another at home.

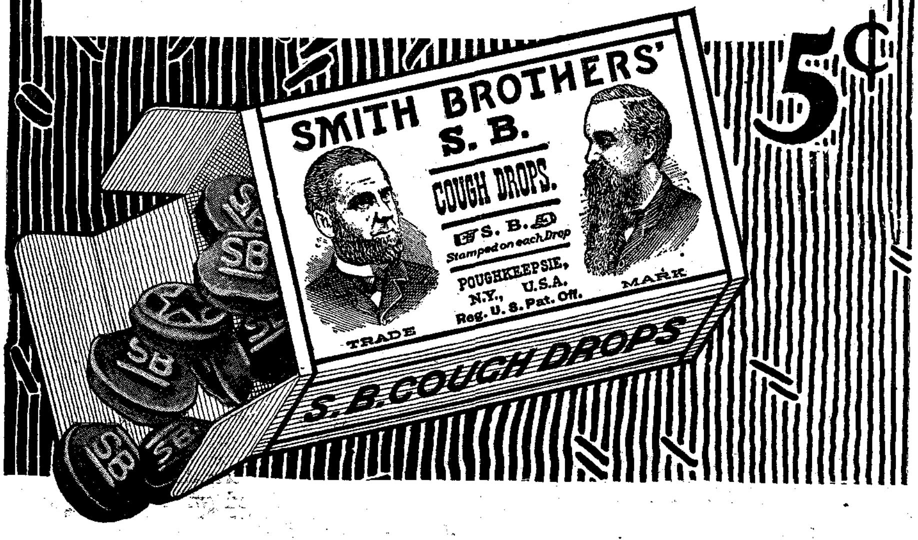
Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

One placed in the mouth at bedtime keeps the breathing passages open.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

FAMOUS SINCE 1847



more than Hindenburg, who in turn is dearer than the Kaiser. The favorite pipe, however, seems to be one of red cherry, of the shape that we call Dutch—drop stem, big bowl with metal lid, and protuberance below that affords a good grip.

With pipes are associated in the mind steins, but steins are rare now in Germany, or at least in the Rhineland. Steins with pewter tops are especially rare, for all the tops had gone to make ammunition some time before the *Boche* cried, "Hold, enough!" It is a strange thought that the whistle of many of those incoming shells that we heard and ducked was a new stein song. Such steins as one may see now are mainly in the shop-windows, and are decorated with pictures of forty-two centimeter shells, iron crosses, and other favorite talismans. An especially interesting one shows a German soldier clasping fervently the hand of an Austrian and is inscribed with the two first lines of a famous old German poem, "I had a comrade; a better you couldn't find."

But if steins are common, the stuff formerly used to fill them is very rare. Beer is nowadays chiefly "camouflage" in Germany. It looks real enough, especially the dark variety, and wears "a collar worthy of a German officer," but its taste is that of salty boiled water, and that is all.

However, we are told, there is one extenuating circumstance even about the present sad state of German beer:

> In most of the places where one goes to drink it—and plenty of Germans still drink it as if in memory of other days or to keep up appearances before the Americans—there is music. It is good music, too; a piano, at least two violins, and a flute, a favorite German instrument, and occasionally a cornet. Of course, the Germans we had at home always had music while they drank beer, but it seems odd that these Germans who made this war should do the same pleasant, happy sort of thing.
>
> How the war has changed the ordinary man's Sunday is shown by this, from a discharged *unteroffizier* of a good German division, four years in the war, never wounded:
>
> "Before the war when I went to take a walk on Sunday I would go into a good place here where my friends went and get myself a big piece of *butterbrot*, that was maybe five pfennigs (a little over a cent). Then I would have a good glass of Moselle wine for twenty pfennigs, and then I would smoke a cigar—for twenty pfennigs I could get a good cigar. Then I would go home. I had had something to eat, a good drink, and a good smoke, and it had cost me forty-five pfennigs (about eleven cents). Now I pay for the *butterbrot* fifty pfennigs if I can get it at all, and probably I can't find butter anywhere. If I do, it is only a little and the bread is black and a thin slice. The Moselle wine costs me one mark fifty or two marks and the cigar costs me anyway a mark, so if I get the *butterbrot* the day costs me three marks or maybe four (75 cents or $1)."
>
> Those are the things that get under the skin of the city man, especially the man who has come back from the army and craves normal life again. Even a born and trained soldier like the German tires of it after a time.
>
> In the country and among the villages one finds rather more evidence of the war. Roads are rather run down, village streets not so neat, one may believe, as they were before the war. Cows and oxen draw the plows, but

The ELECTRICAL SERVANT *in the* HOME

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Not only must every Victrola Record receive the approval of the Victor Recording Laboratory before it is listed in the Victor Record catalog, but *the artist who makes the record* must also be satisfied that it portrays his or her art with absolute fidelity.

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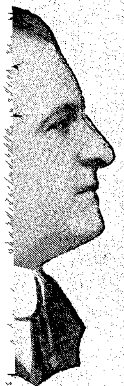

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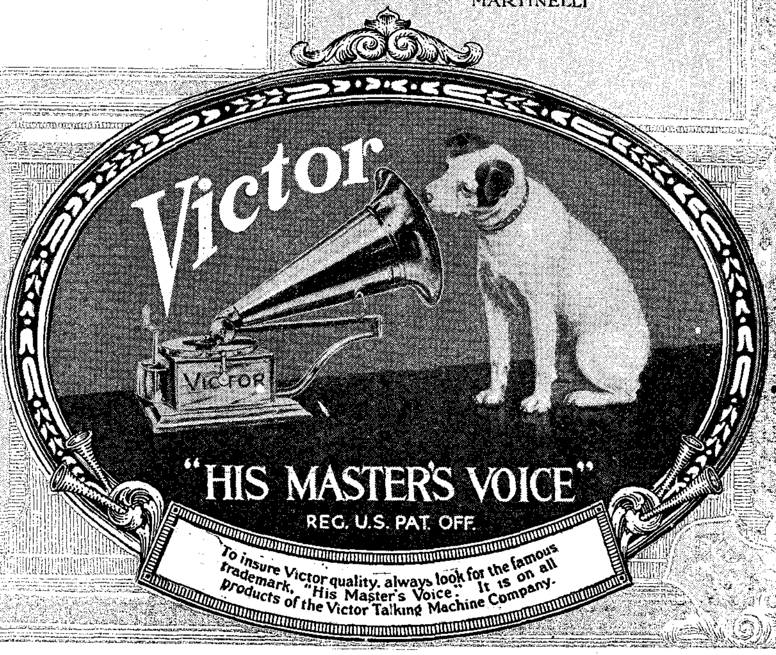
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that is not unusual in rural Germany. As a matter of fact, horses are scarce. Pigs are noticeably scarce in a land where pork was and is now a favorite dish.

The houses, with their Elizabethan style of architecture, give the villages an air of greater variety than have the French villages, and are painted often in bright colors. Their dooryards, cobblestoned, are kept quite clean. A race of singularly unattractive children people these villages and line the streets wherever the Americans pass.

Along the roads one comes upon the father of the family. With some sort of Alpine hat upon his head, a drooping pipe in his mouth, he follows the plow, jogging over the furrows in his high black leather boots as if he had never stopt doing it at all when the call came, "*Deutschland über Alles!*" But those greenish-gray coats come from but one place. A while ago the father of the family was an artilleryman, perhaps, shooting up towns full of civilians.

WHY POSTMASTER RIGGS, OF LA FOLLETTE, TENN., TENDERED HIS RESIGNATION

DR. A. M. RIGGS, described as "a prominent business man and postmaster here" in a special dispatch from La Follette, Tenn., to the New York *Herald*, has followed the example recently set by Mr. McAdoo and continued by several other governmental officials. In brief, Dr. Riggs has given up his government work because there isn't money enough in it. Goaded into action by a letter from the Post-office Department asking that he resign unless he could devote all of his time to the business of the office, ex-Postmaster Riggs wrote and forwarded the following firm epistle to John C. Koons, First Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington:

"SIR:—

"Your kind favor of the 4th inst. received, informing me that now the war is over and consequently less demanded of its loyal citizens, the Government can now manage to wag along without my services as postmaster at La Follette, Tenn., unless I devote my entire time to the office. Therefore,

"I resign.

"It pains me to do this, and I shall ever look back with regret to this rude separation from this ideal position requiring twelve hours a day service with the munificent compensation (after paying all expenses) of two dollars a day. I have neglected my personal affairs to serve the Government; doing any and everything required; selling Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps galore, carrying water and sweeping the floor, as Uncle Sam has studiously avoided making any allowance for incidental expenses.

"Selling War Stamps and immediately cashing the same has been one of my pet diversions. When I realize I am no longer compelled to do all these things, and a host of others equally edifying, such as explaining why the mail-carrier took the flu, and the postmaster on a certain occasion (as reported by an inspector) sent an employee to the office for his mail instead of going for it himself; and why Rockepelter & Co. were not deprived of a mail-box the moment they failed to pay when due; why the flies were allowed to speck certain lobby notices required to be kept posted there—when, I say, I contemplate all these things,

"I again resign.

"I am made to cogitate on the futility of so conducting the office that the patrons do not complain, of properly keeping the records and punctiliously accounting for every dollar of Uncle Sam's money, made to understand that 'I, in the midst of the fighting,' must be on the spot eight hours a day and every day, regardless, nothing else sufficing.

"I would gently inform you, my dear General Koons, that what you need is a man as postmaster here who can support a family of eight on two dollars a day. I frankly confess that I do not know how to do it. Do you? Realizing this, it is with a comforting sense of resignation that

"I resign some more.

"And, now, in my grand *finale* of resignation, I avail myself of the opportunity of congratulating the United States of America on having so efficient an Assistant Postmaster-General as your honored self. I am convinced that nothing escapes your vigilant eyes. I am made to shudder when I contemplate what may happen to his great country of ours when the fateful day comes when you, even you, will be summarily and unceremoniously kicked from office (the public welfare requiring it), as you now, without feeling or justice, deprive me of mine.

"Crape is on the post-office door, and the town is in mourning. God save the Republic!

"Respectfully and dejectedly yours,
"A. M. RIGGS."

FORMER GOTHAM TAXI-DRIVER TELLS OF "NUTTY THINGS" IN ITALY

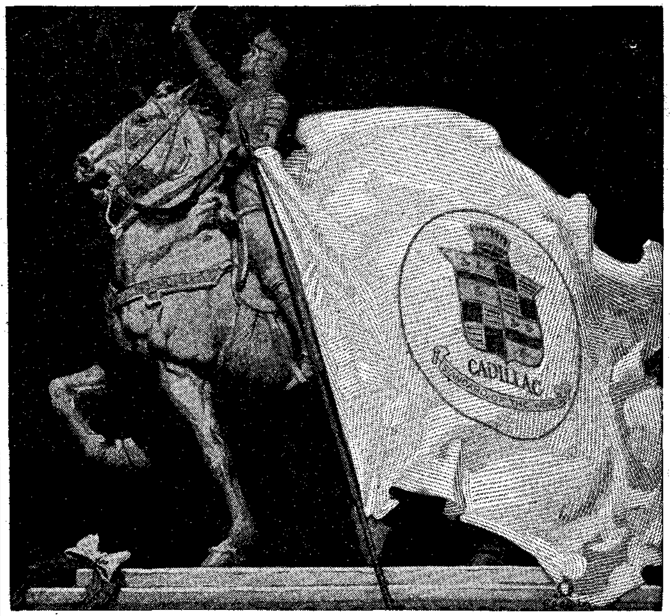
ANY doubts about the educational value of European experience will be dissipated by a contribution of "Usaac Ulysses" to *The Ambulance Service News*, which is printed in Italy and is the "Newspaper of the United States Army Ambulance Service with the Italian Army." We learn at the outset that "Ulysses" was formerly the pride of the "Black and White Taxi force in little old Gotham," but has lately been driving an ambulance on the Italian front with the Usaacs. Since the contents of *The News* are "properly censored by American and Italian authorities," we must regard his description of the many "nutty things" he has seen as more or less authentic. *Adopting* Ring Lardner's style, he tells an imaginary "Al":

There are a lot more Italians here than what lives in New York even, and many of them talk American from having lived over there before the war. They got some kind of a funny draft here what gets those guys back from Hackensack, and Camden, even if they were born there—just so there father was from here. Other birds here have been in England and the language is similar, only they kind of sing it—the Tommies here all sing that same way when they talk but I have been around a lot and I can savvy most of what they say. I use to drive the old cab with English guys from the Vanderbilt to the Plaza back home. Well what I wanted to tell you was that these Italians call us Americans foreigners—can you imagine being called a foreigner by an Italian. But I never hit them or nothing because our Lieutenant says we are to be polite to them because they are our brave alleys. They sure got funny ideas in this country, all their cities have big walls around them, and gates like as if they charged to get in before the war—but I wouldn't give two bits to see any of them, if they were not free now. Nothing but old houses or ruins—some of them built before Columbus was a corporal. A guy showed me a joint built in the time of Cesare, but he was trying to string me I think for I remember from school that he lived before Christ, and they lived in caves them days. But this place was some old, it would be condemned long ago in New York and torn down. Well, Al, they have one nutty idea here about women, they think their heads were made to carry things on, saw a pretty good-looking fem carrying a wagon-load of wood on her dome to-day. They have poles with two buckets hanging on to carry water. They take the family wash down to the creek, and have a board to kneel on at the edge, and then they beat the dirt out of the clothes—believe me, they beat those clothes on that board. About all the women in the town line up in company front, along the creek, and start beating about reveille and beat along till mess-time at noon—only every one here eats at eleven o'clock.

They talk the same lingo as the Ave. A Italians, and what do you think, Al, I am learning it, can you imagine me palavering Italian when we go to one of those red-ink tabledotes on Ninth Avenue. The lieut makes me go to classes where we learn the words, I know what *bella seniorina* means and *vino* and *bierra*, only near the front they don't have any *bierra* because it takes up too much room in the trucks. Everything is brought up here in trucks, they call them *camions*, the British say lorries, but truck is the best word, and they have thousands of them. Forgot to tell you we can have booze here in the Army, only it is not regular booze like we get at Umpsy Cunningham's because it has no kick in it—they call it *vino;* it is a kind of a wine more like grape-juice tho, and you can drink a bottle of it and not know you had a drink even.

And say I wish you could see the trains here—cars about as big as the horse-cars that run to De Brossas Street ferry and partitioned off into little rooms that hold eight. Two to a family is the idea I guess, because there seem to be even more kids in a family here than we see in Italian families in the States. Well a guy drest like the cab door opener at the Biltmore, comes out of the station and asks "*Pronti*" a lot of birds close all the doors into these rooms into the cars, then this gink what is drest up, toots a little carnival horn, like we have new years eve, in NY, and that starts the train.

From eleven to two they close all the stores, and every one sleeps after lunch. It looks like three o'clock in the A.M. in Newark, and no one can savvy why we do not want to go to sleep, too. The reason is that we have to leave something to do at night, as there are only a few movies, with the words all in Latin or somthin, and they are in small little stores. Well I was telling about the stores—if you want cigarets (the best one tastes like an Old Mill) you go to a place where they sell salt, and chocolate they sell in the saloons. Everywere they have girls tending bar, guess that is so no one will start any scraps when they get a few too many, that only would be if he stayed there a couple of weeks and guzzled wine all the



THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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The Government had value in mind when the Cadillac was designated the standard seven-passenger car for the United States Army.

Army officers admire a superlatively smooth and silent piece of motive power as much as any civilian can.

But mere luxury of performance, bought at a prohibitive cost in maintenance, had no chance of acceptance by the War Department.

The Department demanded, also, that sound and rugged construction which alone spells economy in the long run.

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The average Cadillac owner enthuses especially over the beautiful ease, and the soft steadiness, he constantly enjoys in his car.

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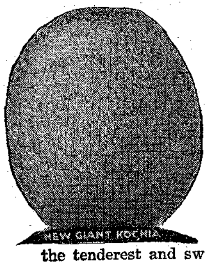

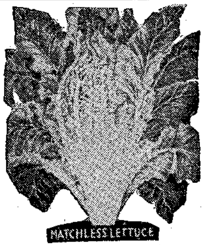

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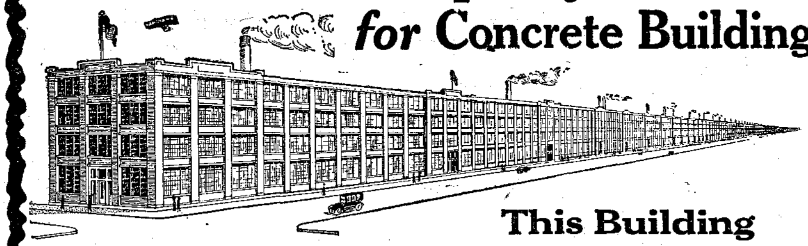

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time—it could not be done in less time, as this *vino* stuff has practically no authority.

After explaining the "dippy money system" in Italy, where "a piece of paper that looks like a ten-cent cigar store coupon is a lire," and varies monthly in value, Ulysses winds up with "something about the war":

We left the base—kinda like the main garage in the taxi business—quite a while ago, and drove our ambulances up to the front, one after another like cars on Broadway, above the Circle—that is called a *column, only you can not cut* around the guy in front of you, but must keep your places or the officers will give you the devil, and we camped along the road at night, like we use to do at Camp Crane when in hikes. After we had ridden many kilometers (that is an Italian mile, Al, only it is five-eighths of a mile I know because I have to figure it on my reports on milage, the army chekking up on every mile or kilometer rather, and how much gasoline and oil, and wheter you had patients or not—worse than any taxi co. I ever worked for, and if they had only made it a half instead of five-eighths I could figure it easy, but that five-eighths thing gets you into fractions and I never was much on them, so the sergeant alwaus checks over my report). Well after we had gone so far that I was afraid that the officers were going to drive right over the german trenches, being young officers and never having gone over the road themselves before, we stopt in a town that was all blawn to pieces, like a picture in the Sunday *Times* pictures of the war. I thought they faked those pictures, Al, but *take it from me thos towns look worse than* the pictures. Well a general came back with the lieut, and inspected us. We used to have inspection in camp in the States, and this Italian general went through inspection just like he knew how it was done in the American Army. When he came to me, he stopt and I was sure some darned button was unbottened, or my hat cord was not sewed on, and I expected the lieut would send me back to the States for punishment for disgracing him, when this Italian general (he was a Major General, Al) says to me in American, the same as you and me talk, only better "how do you like Italy." I felt like the night I drove Rockefeller up from the Waldorf and he give me five bones (and every one at the stand use to say he was a tight wad). Then the general says "what kind of ignition does your ambulance have" and I told him Eismann, and he said that was a good magneto, and he was glad it wasn't a Bosch. I saw the joke but didn't know whether to laugh or not until our lieut grinned, then I did, and they walked down to the next car. Can you imagine that, Al. A general savvying our language, our cars, and talking to me, a private first class, the fellows call me an acting private first class, that means I may be reduced to a buck private again soon.

Well my stand is at a dressing-station, where if I climb a little hill I can see the german trenches, only I dont climb it because my ambulance is running most of the night, and I sleep in the daytime. I have carried hundreds of wounded, but I will have to write about that in another letter. Write us when you can as we rather get mail than eat. Only letter I got in a week was a invite to a free lecture on Patriotism in the Allentown High School June 30th.

Arrivederci means so long, Al.

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TO tear down is the business of war; to build up is the business of peace. Razed and ravaged Europe must be restored, and great and busy America must continue to grow and expand. It is absurd to think that the next decade will see otherwise than a colossal building boom in every part of the world.

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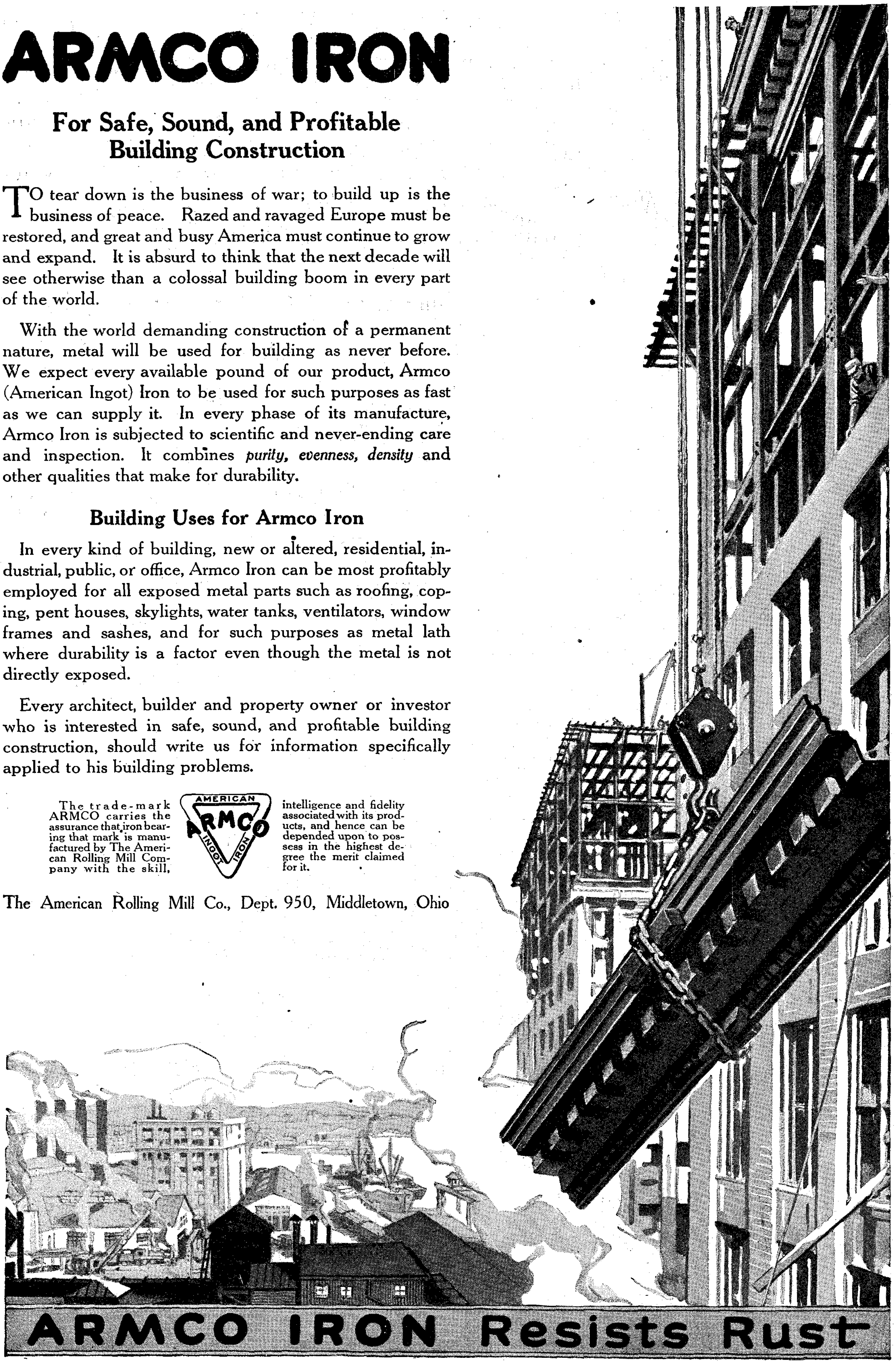

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POWER

This is What Novo Power Means

The water mains shown in the accompanying photograph were laid in low, sandy ground, in East Chicago. Surface water accumulated in large quantities, and had to be pumped off.

Five Novo Triplex Pumping Outfits, of 6 H. P. each, were put on the job. At the time the photograph was taken, these five Novo Pumps had been running continuously for two months—24 hours every day, and seven days a week.

That is the kind of service these five Novo Pumps delivered to the Leonard Construction Co. That is the kind of service you get every time you put Novo Power on the job.

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A CANADIAN OFFICER'S COLLECTION OF NEWSBOYS

SOME people collect china or postage-stamps or mummies. One Canadian officer in the British Expeditionary Force prefers to collect newsboys, and even managed to add an interesting one to his collection when on the firing-line, in the shape of Jean, a *Gavroche* of the trenches who sold newspapers along the British front. The officer, a Mr. W. G. Peterson, who does not disclose his rank, in a letter to an English friend surnamed George, marvels at "the infinite diversity of species that exists within the genus" newspaper boy. To begin with, as we quote the letter from the pages of *The University Magazine* (Montreal):

> Number one in my collection is a wee Highland laddie with a kilt and bare legs. He sold me my first newspaper. It was a halfpenny one and I gave him a penny. Needless to say, this was before the war. He, of course, said he had no change, but being a Scotch newspaper boy he was comparatively honest, and tho he would not surrender my halfpenny he gave me two papers. One of these, on my way home, I gave to a workingman.

Then there are the Canadian boys, "so delightfully free and easy and independent and democratic." They "don't sell you a newspaper; you have to run across the car-tracks from one sidewalk to the other and tear it away from them." Then, we are told, "they get quite annoyed with you for interrupting their private reading." The Canadian officer continues:

> When I am at home, in Montreal, I usually go out on Sunday morning to buy a newspaper in order to find out which side won the hockey match that I witnessed the night before at the Arena, and whether the police did really rescue the referee who gave that off-side decision against the home team, and, if so, how much. On these occasions it is a match between me and the newspaper boy. Of course, true to the traditions of his profession, he has no change. Neither have I, as it is Sunday. So I give a quarter for a five-cent paper. The next move is now up to the boy who starts to give me my change. In this my opponent is obviously playing for time. First he unbuttons his overcoat, then he unbuttons his jacket, then he unbuttons his breeches pocket. All this takes time, and if the thermometer is anywhere in the vicinity of zero you kind of get tired waiting. By now he is shoveling out the change, one copper cent at a time, into my expectant palm. There are, I know, twenty of these coming to me, if I wait long enough, in as many separate instalments. I usually fail to last. The odds are all in favor of my opponent who probably wins by eight up and twelve to come, or thereabouts. Once, however, I had my fur cap and overcoat on, and I froze him out.

In London, it seems, the newsvenders are quite different. There they "hunt in packs and charge the pedestrians in extended order, like so many bombers rushing a machine gun, so that if one does not get him another does." Among the more exotic growths in this Canadian's collection are the "black and wonderful" boys of Bermuda who "make so much of nothing." We read:

> In Hamilton they publish two newspapers, one green, the other white. One appears in the morning, the other at any old time. The purpose of the latter is apparently to tone down, rarely to substantiate, the highly improbable statements of its matutinal predecessor. In other words, it contains the same items of news, with sometimes the addition of a question-mark. Both papers are highly condensed. Epoch-making events to which *The Times* would devote columns and an editorial are given in a few lines, without any comment, in the very words of the cable. These are the wares which the boys hawk in the streets and the other places with remarkable success. One wakes up in the morning to the prospect of one's quarters full of sunshine, oleander leaves, black beetles, and black newspaper boys. Before one is half awake one has accepted a paper, the vender receiving in exchange a watch or a pair of gold sleeve-links, or some little trifle of that sort. Strange to say, he rarely comes again.

France was a disappointing field at first to the collector of newsboys. Rumors of a fair newsgirl haunting the streets and trenches of Arras proved quite mythical. At the Doullens hospital, Mr. Peterson did hear the boys running through the streets with shouts of "*Dee-ly Mail,*" "*Dee-ly Mail.*" But when "up the line" once more he found that France was to furnish him "the prince of newsboys." This was Jean, in whom "the spirit of the Paris gamin in Victor Hugo's *Gavroche* seemed to live again, in a smaller edition." And we read of Jean:

> With no fixt abode, and apparently no parents, he earned all the living he cared about selling newspapers up and down the line. His habits were nomadic, and one was quite likely to meet him one day at Aubigny and the next at Béthune, supposing oneself so lucky as to get a day off at the latter place. It was at neither of these places that I first saw him!
>
> My eyes were first attracted to him by the singularity of his dress. It was a bitterly cold day, yet he wore no coat. He had velvet corduroy breeches fastened round his waist with a red cotton handkerchief. The rest of his costume testified to his belief in the indissolubility of the Franco-British *Entente*. He wore puttees of a peculiarly offensive yellow shade of khaki, while on his head there was perched, jauntily, a sky-blue French forage-cap. This bore the cap badge of the Royal Canadian Regiment which, as you know, George, was my regiment. Probably it still is, but I have been so bandied about recently that I am not quite sure. Ask him not where he got it, George, as a free, tho forbidden gift in answer to his appealing cry for "souvenir," or whether it was sequestrated during its owner's temporary absence in an *estaminet* cementing the *Entente*.
>
> Ostensibly, and as an excuse for his comings and goings, Jean sold English newspapers at an altogether exorbitant profit. I buy one when I meet him, or I used to. On these occasions I usually speak French of a quality altogether superior to the ordinary B. E. F. brand of that long-suffering language. Jean, poor boy, uses as

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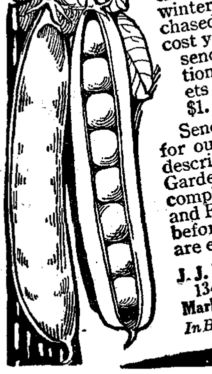

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We are poorer in pocketbook because we took the government contracts.

We would have made more by meeting the regular commercial demands for Acco products.

But we are richer in honor.

Every member of the Acco family was glad to give his or her best to win the war.

We forged thousands of tons of anchor chains, chains for the steering gear, for the hoists, needed for the fighting ships and the emergency fleet.

We made chains in quantities never heard of for logging camps, for shipyards, for steel mills.

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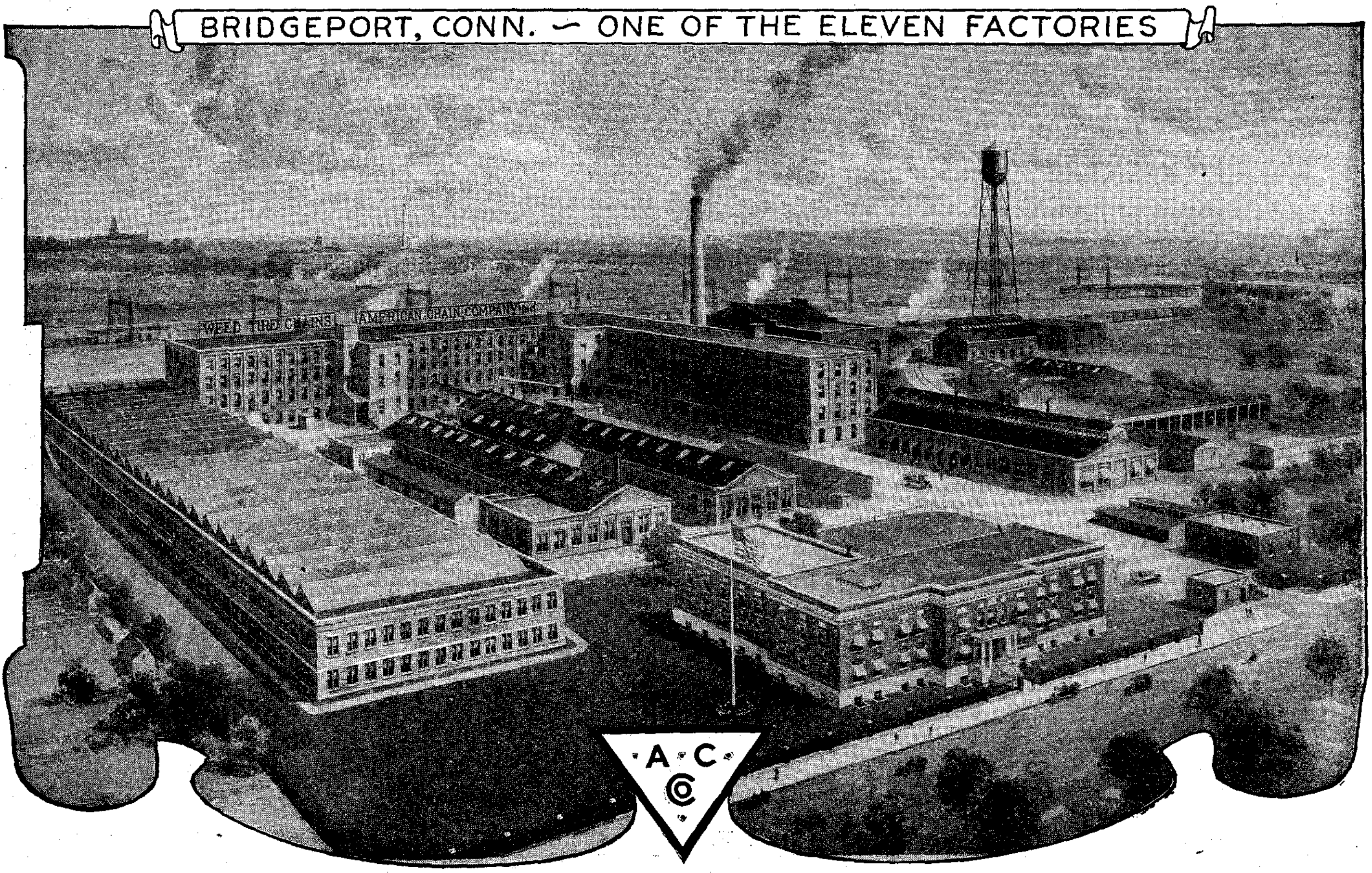
Seven million pounds of towing chains were needed for our motor trucks abroad, to say nothing of the chains for the artillery, for transport wagons, for the repair plants.

In addition we had to meet the demands of the railroads at home, of chains needed to harvest and move crops.


BRIDGEPORT, CONN. — ONE OF THE ELEVEN FACTORIES

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Therefore it was impossible to meet the regular trade demands for Acco products.

For Weed Tire Chains alone among our products were we able to meet the needs of both the government and the public.

Foresight in providing a reserve supply, cooperation on the part of the public in conserving Weed Chains, and recognition on the part of the government that they are an essential in times of war, made it possible to avoid the calamity of a shortage.

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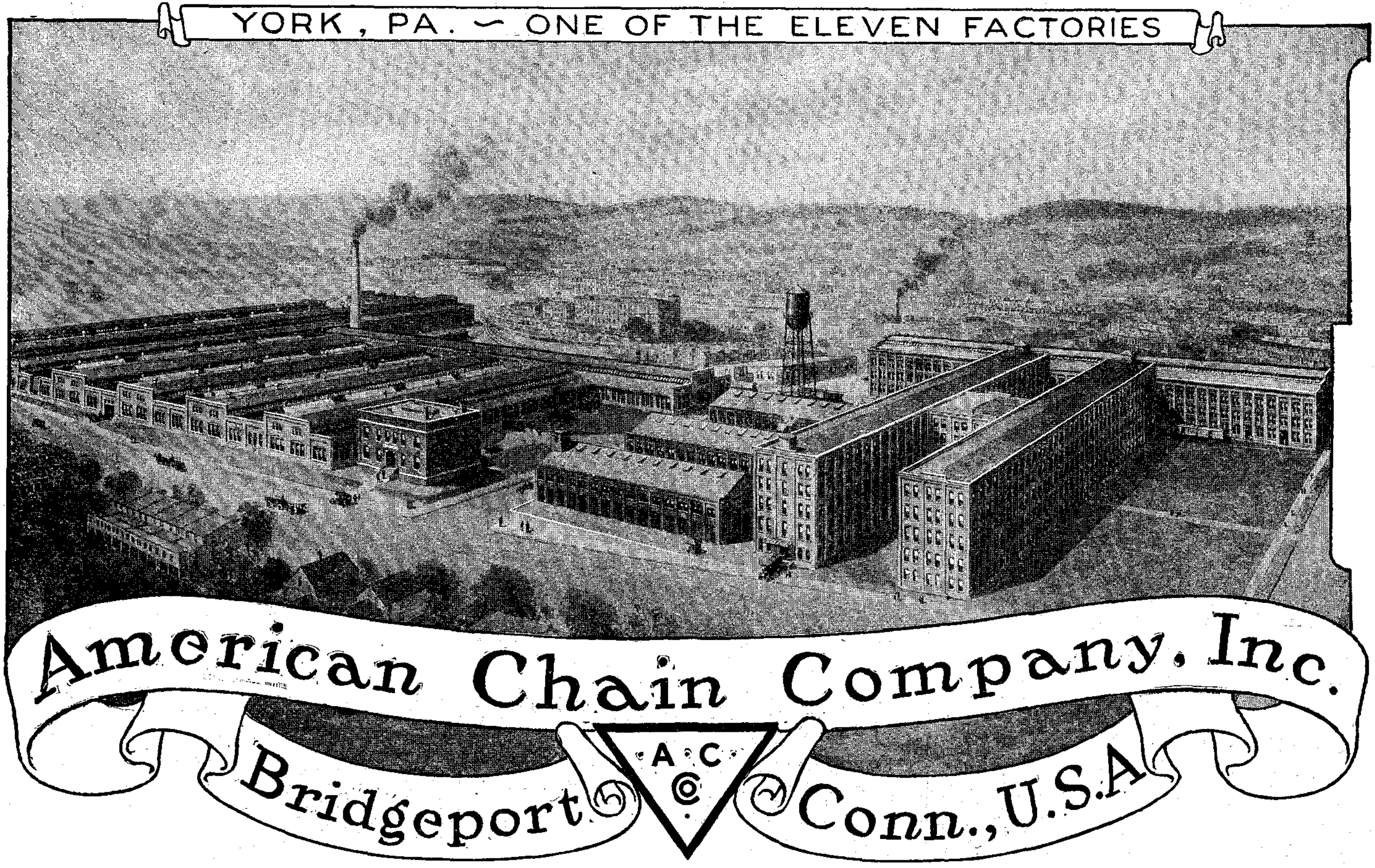
But Weed Chains, vital as they are to motor cars and motor trucks, represent only a small part of the activities of the Acco family, measured by tonnage or money value.

Now that we are honorably discharged from war work, we are directing the increased output of the Acco family to meet the public's demand for the Acco products, which it was impossible to supply during the war.

These Acco products are made and sold according to the same code of honor that marked our dealings with the government.


YORK, PA. — ONE OF THE ELEVEN FACTORIES
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an intermediary the few words that he does not know of what he probably takes to be English. I had always understood that Jean's respect for my linguistic attainments could be taken for granted. Imagine then one day the shock that I experienced when on asking for my usual *Times* I received this reply, delivered in a most casual manner, "Onlee zee *Matin* and *P'tit Parisien* thees morning zare, no bong' fir you zare at all." Horrid little boy, I feel sure that the cap-badge was stolen!

I have not seen Jean since, but to-day, in spite of his impertinence, I can say with true Christian charity—mark that, George, in capitals—that I forgive him and hope he is still alive. This, I am sure, he is not unless he managed to cure his propensity for being wherever the next shell might be expected, in the hunt for souvenirs.

BOLD BALTIC BARON PLANS PRIVATE WAR AGAINST THE BOLSHEVIKI

A GERMAN baron from the Baltic Provinces, who owns some 50,000 ancestral acres in Courland and Livonia, and has "a historic name," lately arrived in Stockholm with lively new ideas on the subject of self-determination. The baron's self-determination, along with property, is threatened by an invasion of Bolsheviki from Russia, and it is his idea that a little private war, conducted on his side by soldiers to whom he offers high wages and the best of living conditions, would help. His business in Stockholm is to hire Swedes experienced in machine-gun work as a nucleus for his army. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* describes him and his ideas:

> He is a typical hard-faced, feudal Baltic noble, wholly German in speech, nine-tenths German in blood, and ultra-Prussian in his attitude toward life. He wants, he confides to acquaintances, to save the Baltic Provinces from Bolshevik anarchy. But he does not believe in German support, or in Allied support, or in "self-determination," or in the numerous "People's Governments" and "Regency Councils" set up in these provinces—much less in the numberless proclamations these bodies issue.
>
> He believes in Swedes experienced with machine guns. Already round his biggest château, which is in central Livonia, is a moat; and at well-designed loopholes are seven machine guns. He has 200,000 cartridges, bribed out of fleeing Russians in 1917. When this Baltic Province baron is asked who will fire off the machine guns against Bolsheviki, he repeats that he seeks experienced Swedes; but if he can not find them, "I and my servants will fire." "My servants" are Letts, a people who notoriously detest their masters, the descendants of the Knights of the Sword; but the Letts, he says, will have to shoot—otherwise he will shoot them. When invited to support the Livonian marshal of the nobility, von Strick, who is at present in Stockholm seeking Allied support against Bolshevism, the baron laughs and says he does not believe in petitions, but "in machine guns—let the scum come on!"

The baron's general attitude is important, comments the writer, because it is "typical of thousands of persons who will some day have to be pacified, not only in the Baltic Provinces, but in most parts of Russia, in what was once Austria, in the Balkans, and in Asiatic Turkey." In the Baltic regions their attitude is more interesting than elsewhere, because there the old feudal notions survive. If Germany was "feudal" in some respects, the Baltic Provinces are a hundred times more so:

> In the mixture of nationalities—Esthonians, Letts, Lithuanians, Russians, Jews, and German-Balts—who inhabit the provinces, feudalism has always flourished. Socially, Russians are usually considered more backward than Germans; yet in Czarist Russia the relations of the land-owning *pomiestchik* to the *muzhik* were always far more democratic than the relations of a Baltic German baron to an Esthonian or Lettish peasant or laborer. In the greater part of the provinces, that is, everywhere east of the Dvina where the German line stayed from 1915 to 1917, feudalism was dealt a temporary blow by the Russian revolution. But Hindenburg had seized all territory west of the Dvina shortly after his dramatic march on Warsaw; and this territory the Russian revolution passed by. Before the revolution took place, the local Letts had exchanged the feudalism which the Czars upheld for the benefit of their faithful German barons (who supplied Russia with her best generals and bureaucrats) for a German military occupation system which in its own interests maintained and intensified feudalism. Hence, west of the Dvina the Baltic country has had no glimpse of liberty even up to to-day.
>
> Now that the Germans are clearing out of the three Baltic governments, and that such German soldiers as remain are supporting the Esthonian and Lettish nationalist states called "Estija" and "Latwija," the Baltic nobility, together with the German burghers of Riga and other towns, and to some extent with the more conservative Esthonians and Letts, are faced by a crisis. They believe there is no alternative to conservative rule except Bolshevism; and they proclaim that if the nationalist Democrats of "Estija" and "Latwija" have their way, the new states will be so weak that the Bolsheviki will easily overthrow them.
>
> The barons and burghers have their own solution, which is the lately formed and German-supported Regency Council, which aims at uniting all three Baltic Provinces into one state. Such a state, it is proclaimed, would be strong enough both to resist Bolshevism and to flourish economically; and, incidentally, the Germanic element in it would more easily survive if scattered between two or three states. England has recognized both the Esthonian and Lettish national states; and the barons and burghers fear that their Regency Council and their plan for a united Baltic state of German coloring will come to naught. The more timid among them, especially in Esthonia, are already fleeing through Reval into Finland; the tougher are forming anti-Bolshevik "burgher guards"; while the toughest of all declare they will remain in their castles and see what can be done with machine guns and experienced Swedes.

And for these preparations, the correspondent opines, there is good cause. The Moscow Bolsheviki are true to the red flag, and will push Bolshevism ruthlessly as long as their own power holds. Their extreme radicalism balances the out-of-date feudalism of the forces which they oppose. The director of Bolshevik propaganda in Livonia openly calls for the extermination of all non-Bolsheviki, "however democratic they may be," and when the Germans lately evacuated the White Russian Province of Vitebsk, the raiding Bolsheviki murdered, plundered, and even crucified and burned people to death. But, in spite of these atrocities, writes the correspondent, "fairness compels one to give the other side":

> German methods may have meant "order" as long as they were applied; but when they were relaxed they inevitably meant Bolshevism. The Esthonians and Letts have debts to pay off against both the invading Germans and the local Germanic barons. When the Germans, during the Kerensky régime, crossed the Dvina, and when, during the Brest-Litovsk suspense, they occupied Esthonia up to the frontier of St. Petersburg Government, they crusht the revolutionary liberties which both Livonia and Esthonia enjoyed. Of their political measures—their suppression of the Esthonian national government and their falsified Landtag, which Esthonian delegates were forced to attend against their will—I say nothing. The Germans went much further when they restored Baltic feudalism. They declared, indeed, that they were not against popular liberties; but in Germany's interest, they added, the Baltic Provinces must "prosper," *i.e.*, produce foodstuffs; people must therefore work; and in war-time only military or federal compulsion could make people work. When certain Livonian Letts, and, in the northern parts of the same province also Esthonians, refused to work, the German commander even restored to the baron the feudal right of trying and imprisoning the offenders in his own castle—a medieval noble privilege which could not exist even under the Czars. As the barons had no dungeons, they imprisoned idlers in their stables, from which the retreating Russians had requisitioned all horses. The story is even told of a peasant flogged to death on a *Rittergut* near Wenden, in Livonia. But, of course, the Germans kept admirable "order"—as did slave-owning Southerners before the Civil War; and likewise there was a prosperity never known before.

The Baltic baron now in Stockholm to hire machine-gunners, writes the correspondent, gave him a "rapturous account" of this forced prosperity. In all hungry, tattered Europe, the Provinces, or at least the baron's part of them, are the one spot without food-restrictions or privations:

> There are abundant flour, meat, butter, eggs, milk—things which even in unravaged neutral countries can be had only in modest quantities. This prosperity is not confined to the country. Riga and Dorpat, tho they have a German card system, are better fed to-day than was Berlin after the first year of war. "Prosperity" on a service basis is reported to obtain also in Courland, west of the Dvina, where the Germans have been since 1915, but of this one can get no details. The baron whom I have referred to, however, has an estate there also; and he declared that under a diligent German steward it yields thrice as much as in peace times.
>
> Every one, he vows, shares the pros-

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When each of fifty tire makers clamors that his tire is the best on earth, we decline to join the chorus and will only aver that STERLING Tires are built by men who know how, from materials which eleven years' experience have taught us to be the most dependable—that they are built to meet conditions which we have had exceptional opportunities to study and that they are giving complete satisfaction to hundreds of commercial houses which keep accurate cost records and which tell us that STERLINGS give *them* lower cost-per-mile than any other previously used car.

If an owner of a fleet of cars will put on one full set of STERLING Tires and watch it, he will, in the language of those who advertise for lost heirs, "learn something to his advantage."

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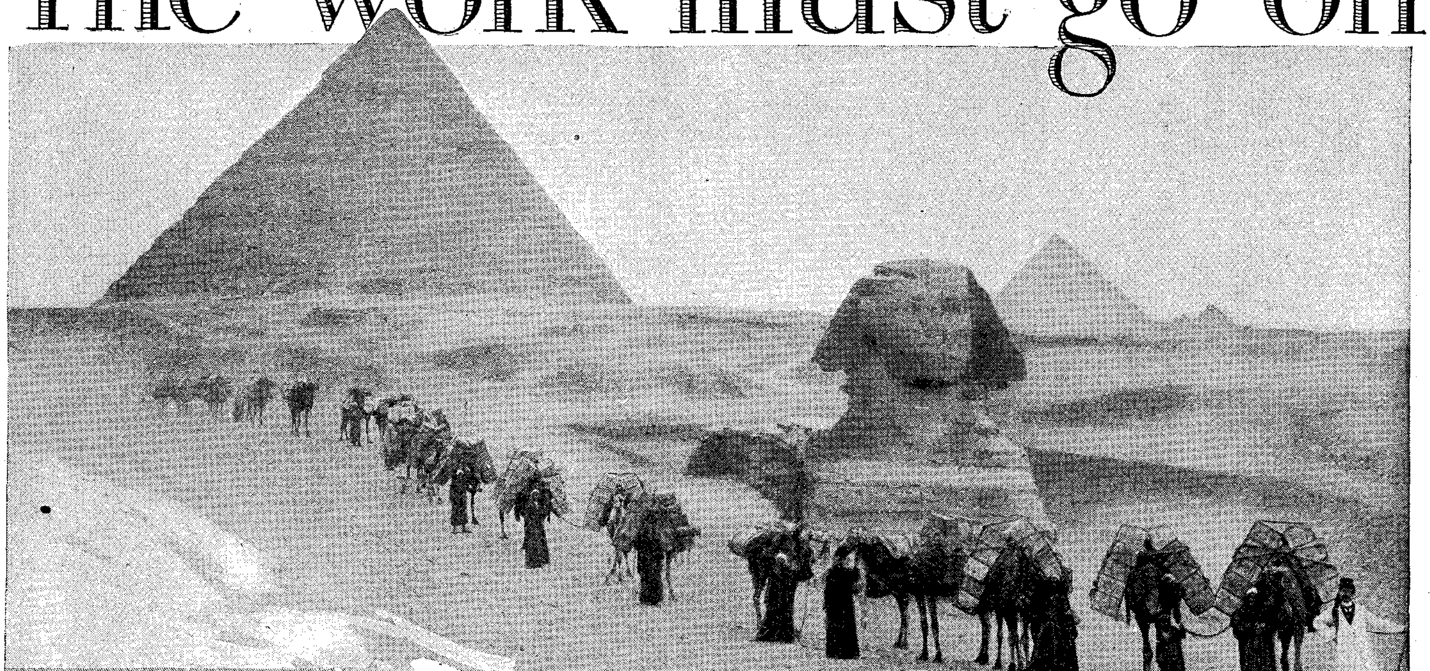

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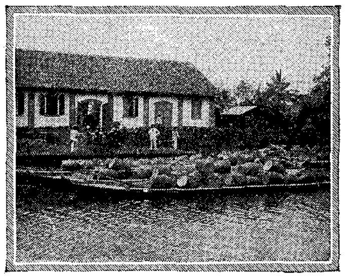


JAVA

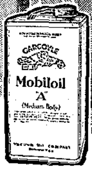
THE plows of Egypt are still being pulled by oxen. Able-bodied Hindus are carrying building materials on their backs. Progressive Japan still has jinrickshaws.

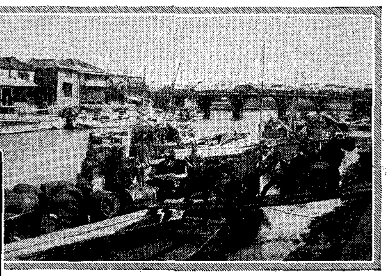
But labor grows scarce. Man-work must be diverted to fields where it can best serve. Muscle is fast losing the right to compete blindly with mechanical power.

Egypt is already taking up farm tractors. Motor-trucks must go to India. Japan will replace jinrickshaws with taxicabs.

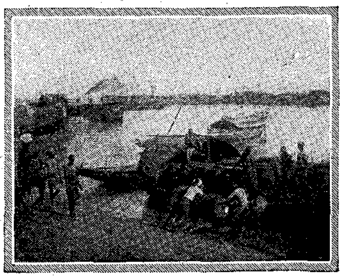
Wasteful methods are falling by the wayside. The age of machinery will not be denied. The work must go on.

SEOUL



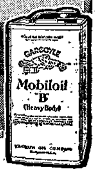


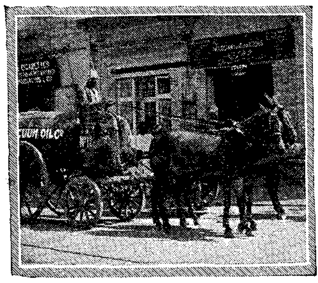
KOBE - JAPAN



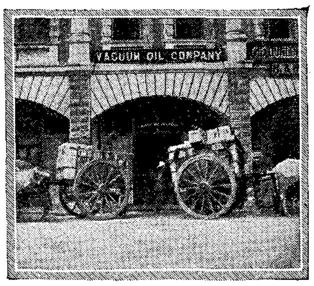
CALCUTTA

SOERABAIA





HELIOPOLIS



SINGAPORE

THE age of machinery spreads outward from America. During the ten years ending 1916, nearly $1,150,000,000 worth of American machinery was shipped to all parts of the world.

In America alone, 125 leading manufacturers of power machinery specifically recommend or endorse the use of the Vacuum Oil Company's Gargoyle Lubricants to the purchasers of their equipment.

Vacuum Oil Company Branches and representatives dot the earth. Men serving under the red Gargoyle have taught unskilled Malays how to operate their American engines. Oriental and African misuse of lubricants has been corrected. The more intelligent peoples who lacked mechanical carefulness have become informed.

New inventions often bring new lubricating needs. As these needs arise they will be met by new Gargoyle Lubricants. To safeguard the correct operation of machinery going to all parts of the globe, the Vacuum Oil Company maintains an ever-expanding world organization.

The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, New York, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:

New York	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Boston	Detroit	Indianapolis	Des Moines
Philadelphia	Chicago		

Correct AUTOMOBILE Lubrication

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

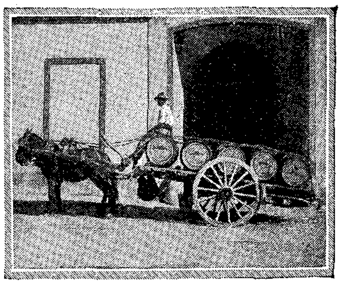
Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

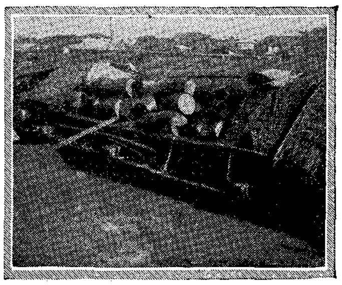
The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for *all* cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Abbott-Detroit	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Auburn (4 cyl)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-38 & 6-39)	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (6-39B)(Teetor H)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (6-39B)(Cont'l)	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Case	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	A	A	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (6-40)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (6-30)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (F A)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Cole	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Cunningham	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (Mod. C)	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (2 & 3½ ton)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E	....	....
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Federal	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. S-X)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Special)	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hal-Twelve	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Hudson	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Super Six)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....	....	....
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
" (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Mod. 48)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Lippard Stewart	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. M)	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" " (Mod. MW)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Locomobile	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
McFarlan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A
Madison	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (8 cyl)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70)	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Oakland	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
Oldsmobile	A	A	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Paige (4 cyl)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
" (6-36)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (6-38-39)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (6-40)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Pathfinder	....	....	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	....	....	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Renault (French)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Riker	A	E	E	E	....	....	....	....	....	....
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (¾ ton)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Simplex	....	....	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" " (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A	....	....	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc	Arc	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (¾ ton)	A	Arc	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Westcott	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
" (16 valve)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.

CAIRO



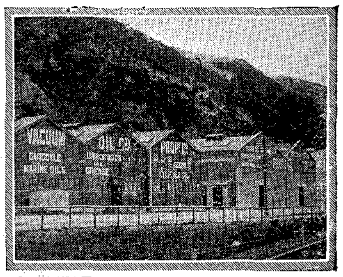
PORTUGAL



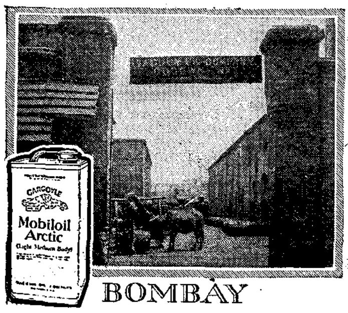
MANILA

VACUUM
Mobiloils

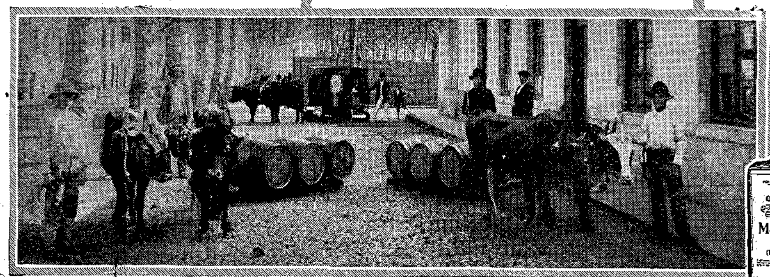
BANGKOK



WELLINGTON *New Zealand*



BOMBAY



FUNCHAL — MADEIRA

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
"E"

BOMBAY

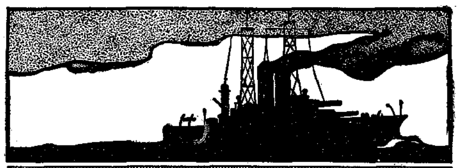
Make Your Plant
A Better Place
to Work in

When the men come back who have served in the Army, Navy, and Marines, they will be bigger, better and healthier men in every way than they were before.

They will have acquired habits of discipline and orderliness and will inspire others with the same spirit.

Durand Steel Lockers in the plant will help to conserve this spirit and make the men proud of the firm they work for.

DURAND
STEEL LOCKER CO.
1505 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. Chicago
905 Vanderbilt Bldg. New York



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CARS, AUTOMOBILES, CARRIAGES
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perity. The landowner, of course, has to pay his hired men six "East-rubles" (nominally twelve German marks) a day, instead of one Russian ruble, as before the war. But the baron can afford it. He can sell milk locally at one ruble a quart; cheese to Petrograd at sixty rubles a pound; rye to the Petrograd Food Commission at 400 rubles for forty Russian pounds, which is sold in Petrograd in turn at 750 rubles for forty pounds. The baron has his expenses; he has occasionally to buy a barrel of kerosene at 350 rubles; otherwise he would sit in darkness and could not play bridge. Also the Germans requisitioned heavily; but they had to pay heavily; if they did not the baron sold secretly to Petrograd or to the Russian White Army, which is now assembled at Pskoff.

Throughout the Provinces are observed the social results, far from admirable, which always follow when sudden wealth is acquired by a large class:

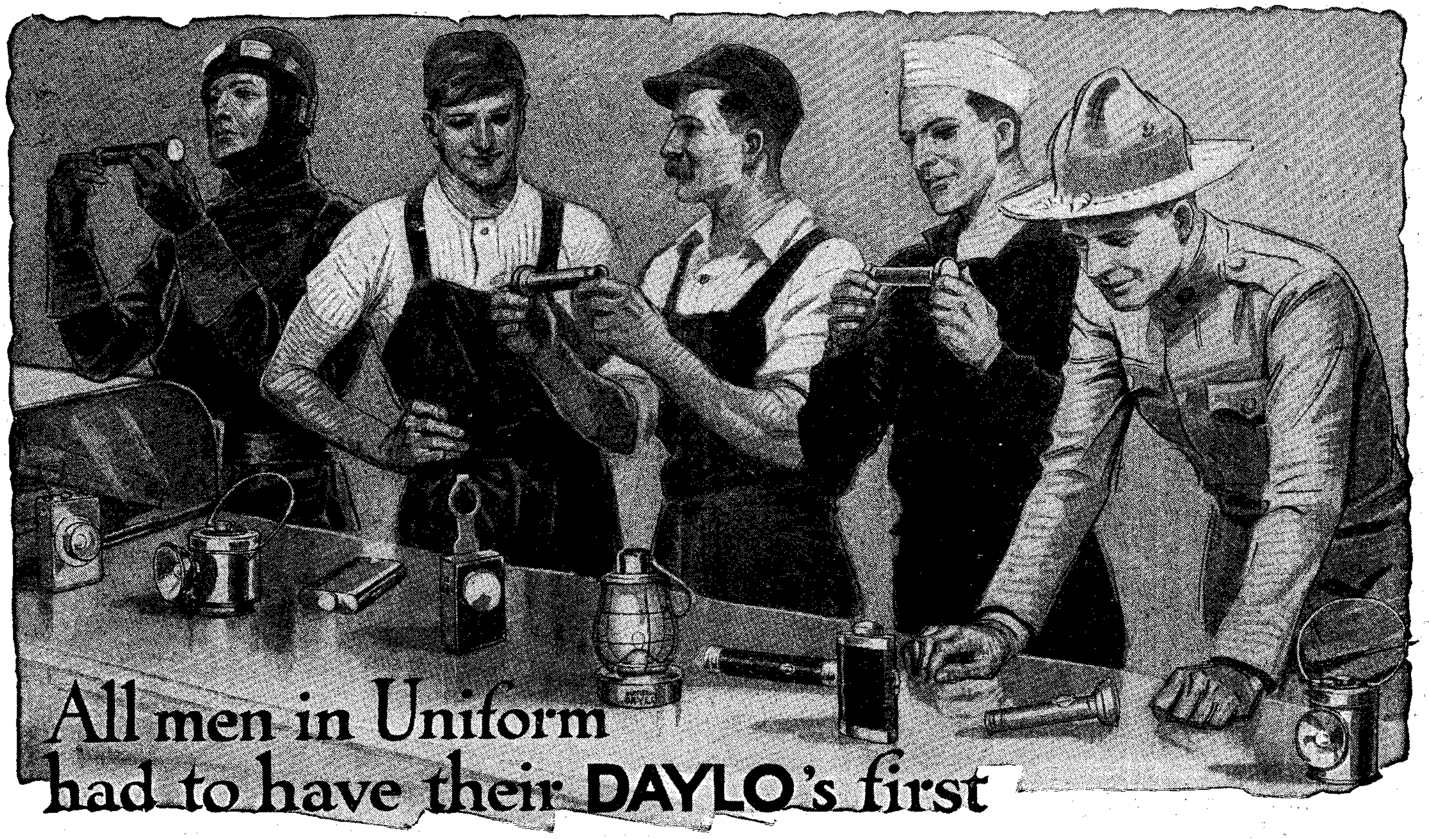
> During the past year the "bloody debatable borderland" of the Baltic was about the gayest part of Europe. The barons entertained, gambled, and drank. Riga newspapers tell of an Esthonian baron whose ball was interrupted by the news that Bolsheviki had come to burn his house. He sent a *Parlementaire* begging them to postpone burning until dawn, when the ball would be over, and meantime had a motor-launch loaded with gasoline and champagne so that he might take his family and guests to Narva. There is more temperament in these events than one would expect from German nobles, but the descendants of the Knights of the Sword, tho they speak only German and boast of their German origin, have a certain Slav streak—something of the famous "wide nature" which makes the Russian and Pole in the midst of their extravagances always picturesque.
>
> The barons—perhaps the wish is father to the thought—are proclaiming now that the Ests and even the restless Letts pant to be left in peace by Bolshevik agitators. These peasants enjoy a system under which they earn six rubles a day, while their master sells forty pounds of rye for 400 rubles. But the Letts are notoriously inflammable. A single passing agitator is enough to set them alight. One baron, who had reaped much wealth out of the hunger of Berlin and the much worse hunger of Petrograd, found that out. He had gratefully presented his servile Letts with new log houses; and, after a truly medieval scene of largesse and adulation, went to Copenhagen. During his absence a Bolshevik agitator got through the German-soldier net, and the baron returned to find his château in flames. The local nobles formed "a voluntary corps" and the next agitator to arrive was hanged on a tree.
>
> A few of the barons have now Russian bodyguards. Tho, as the Bolshevik revolution proved, the feeble Russian *Intelligentsia* will not defend itself; it can be drilled and used by the efficient German barons. In the three provinces are still many Russians. The German Government kept in office all Russian railroad officials, tho they put Germans on top; many Russian officials in Livonia and Esthonia, seeing the anarchy in Russia proper, preferred to stay; and there are some thousands of Russian refugees, mostly penniless—indeed princes and counts work as clerks and assistant stewards on the big baronial estates. Being all anti-Bolshevik, they are factors in the machine-gun system. In spite of these measures, the zeal of the barons to have English, French, or American soldiers among them indicates that the majority have not much confidence in self-defense. Against numbers, and against the 15,000 well-drilled Letts at Moscow, whom Trotzky vows he will send to Livonia, the German feudal and burgher element is too weak. And, as it is doubtful whether the Allies will care to play the rôle which Germany played last winter in Finland, one may expect lively events in the three provinces in the coming year.

"SLUMGULLION STEW," A MYSTERY OF THE FIGHTING-LINE

THE mysterious word which decorates our head-line is not half as mysterious as the thing it represents. To the soldier, however, it has a very definite meaning wherever or whatever its nativity. "What we get at the front," said a soldier, "we call slum. Slum? That's everything that's left over—potatoes, tomatoes, monkey meat—slumgullion stew." There you are—it's something a soldier gets to eat, viewed and described from his own standpoint. Clearly "chow" looks very different to the quartermaster, sweating blood to get supplies up to the fighters, to the medical department toiling to figure out how much, or little, is needed to keep things going, and the fighter's firm conviction as to what he ought to have.

This all-important chow-slumgullion proposition is cheerfully, withal seriously, discust in *The Red Cross Magazine* (Garden City, N. Y.):

> When you hear the soldier's side of the story, his mess in camp and on the line consists of "canned willy" (canned corned-beef or "bully-beef") and "monkey meat" (canned beef-and-potato hash); of "bread-pudding with whiskers," which, he explains, may be shreds from the gunny sack; of two kinds of butter—"salve and axle grease"; and of prunes— "*beaucoup prunes*"! While all the time, in spite of the fantastic accounts he is giving, the very good humor which he displays conveys its own eloquent story of his long good feeling.
>
> He admits that occasionally he has had something appetizing. Usually it is a star experience that stands out in his food-consciousness, as, for instance, that time they "hopped over" at seven-thirty, and when they got back at night, after a whole day in No Man's Land, the sergeant greeted them with a special effort, extra-fine. There was macaroni (he lingers over it appreciatively) and peas — "gee, that was some supper!"
>
> But mostly his accounts are of some such incident as the time when, instead of the usual "corned willy" or "monkey meat," he was promised a nice hash of "fresh" beef. He tells you of how, alas, as they formed in mess line, they smelled it from afar, and when their portions were handed to them in their kits, they put them on the ground, attached pieces of wire, and dragged them to the refuse-pile; of how the sergeant became infuriated and got back at them by serving the same thing again for supper; but they, "getting wind" of his intention, organized a defensive, and, when the hash was served,


All men in Uniform
had to have their DAYLO's first

THE enormous demands of Uncle Sam's Soldiers and Sailors, Ambulance Drivers and Red Cross Aides—and of the "fighting men in industry" making war essentials, *had* to take precedence of all others.

Millions of them now have the Daylo habit

WAR experiences have taught them—those who did not know it before—that the Daylo is indispensable—an absolute necessity. Wherever and whenever light was needed, their Daylo responded instantly. Its use has become with them a fixed habit, while at work, in their homes, for every common use—everywhere.

The lesson all have learned will not soon be forgotten. Their "friend in need" has become "a friend indeed," and the peace-time demand for Daylos, far greater than the war-time demand, is being met by increased production.

——They never will forget it!

SO now you may get "the same old Daylo," with the long-lived Tungsten battery, at Hardware, Drug, Electrical, Sporting Goods and Stationery Stores, everywhere! Accept no substitute. Look for the name Eveready plainly stamped on each case, and printed on each battery. 77 styles from which to select.

Be ever ready with your Daylo

EVEREADY DAYLO

The Light that says: —"There it is!"

American Ever Ready Works
of National Carbon Co., Inc.
Long Island City, New York Atlanta Chicago San Francisco
In Canada: Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto

603

> quickly donned their masks and spread the cry of "Gas, gas!" For weeks after that, the account runs, the actual alarms for gas were announced as "Hash, hash!"
>
> When you get the story of chow from the quartermaster and medical departments, however, you hardly recognize it. Here is involved the stupendous feat of transporting 5,000 items of supply to more than 2,000,000 soldiers 4,000 miles from their base!
>
> The distribution of food after it arrives at a port in France, the problem of getting to a specific group of soldiers what they want when they want it, is a story of almost unimaginable proportions. In the quartermaster's office, a statistical branch acts as a scientific eye that penetrates into the holds of ships, on to far-away docks, into supply depots, seeing what is where, and how it can be quickly transported from one place to another and meet the requirements of rapid movements and concentrations of troops.
>
> American gardens in France furnish another big chapter in the chow story of the quartermaster. The tale of bread alone is a vast romance. Some of the American bakeries in France, among the largest in the world, are capable, with a force of only 300 men, of turning out over 1,000,000 pounds of bread a day. The meat story, too, has its magnificent aspects—all isolated and individual, hash experiences to the contrary! Sufficient shiploads of refrigerated fresh meat and sufficient tonnage in canned beef are got across a submarine-infested ocean to meet the full protein and muscle-building requirements in the whole army ration—a task that represents one of the most brilliant feats in the history of transportation and organization. The weary soldier does not recognize it in its guise of a great scientific attainment, however, but beholds it as his time-old friend, all too familiar, his "canned willy" and his "monkey meat"!
>
> The medical department has still another chapter to add to the story of chow. The standard ration which is given the soldier does not represent the casual conglomeration of meat, wheat, and vegetables that it may appear to. On the contrary, the day's ration is a carefully worked-out food-complex of about 4,100 calories, or food-units—for safety some couple of hundred more than he actually needs or can probably get away with. . . . Thus the most supreme effort is made to meet, to the best of human intelligence, the full needs of the soldier's best health and physical vigor.

The writer then proceeds to point out that stimulants are afforded by extra coffee and candy; it may not be realized to the full how important a place candy plays in the fighting life. Not only is candy-eating a universal American habit, not lightly to be broken, but sugar is a valuable food. There are heroes, too, among the boys who carried, by night, the "chow" which had to be made into stew when too near the front for the kitchens to advance with their smoking stoves; that was "slumgullion stew." The writer continues:

> There are times when the soldier gets beyond the reach even of slum. Then special reserve rations are prepared, tinned for protection against spoilage and gas. These rations were placed at measured distances in the trenches with orders not to touch them until all other supply was cut off. This wholesale precaution against hunger was a peculiarly American institution. In addition, every soldier carried a concentrated two days' ration. In spite of all, there are harrowing tales of boys going without food for three and even five days, in advanced posts, the experience with the emergency ration being that when it was needed, it had either been eaten or thrown away under some vital necessity. Another philosophical explanation of why they did not more carefully conserve it for that to-morrow when their supply of food would probably be cut off was, "And how do we ever know that there is going to be a to-morrow?"
>
> "With all your chow troubles, you sinners look astonishingly well nourished," I said to them, when our circle was breaking up because the Red-Cross wagon had come with ice-cream for some of the sicker patients. "Evidently 'monkey meat' agrees with you!"
>
> "I've gained ten pounds since I came over," one of them admitted.
>
> "He grows fat swearing at the mess sergeant," was a quick explanation.
>
> "It might be worse," another one of them agreed. The other day one of the fellows was sent out with a working party of German prisoners, and when he checked in at night he found he had five more men than he went out with. They traced them finally as having come from the prison-camp of another army. A compliment to the American chow.
>
> "What are you going to tell the folks at home?" one of them asked.
>
> "What do you want me to tell them?" I asked, suspecting that I was now about to get their first real confession as to how they had prospered.
>
> He was tough and brown and merry-eyed as he called after me, "Tell 'em we're R'arin' the buck."

The writer points out that there is another phase of the question likely to be overlooked: the canteens at lonely, mayhap shattered railway-stations where tired, hungry, chilled men find good solid food for the body and warmth and comfort for the soul:

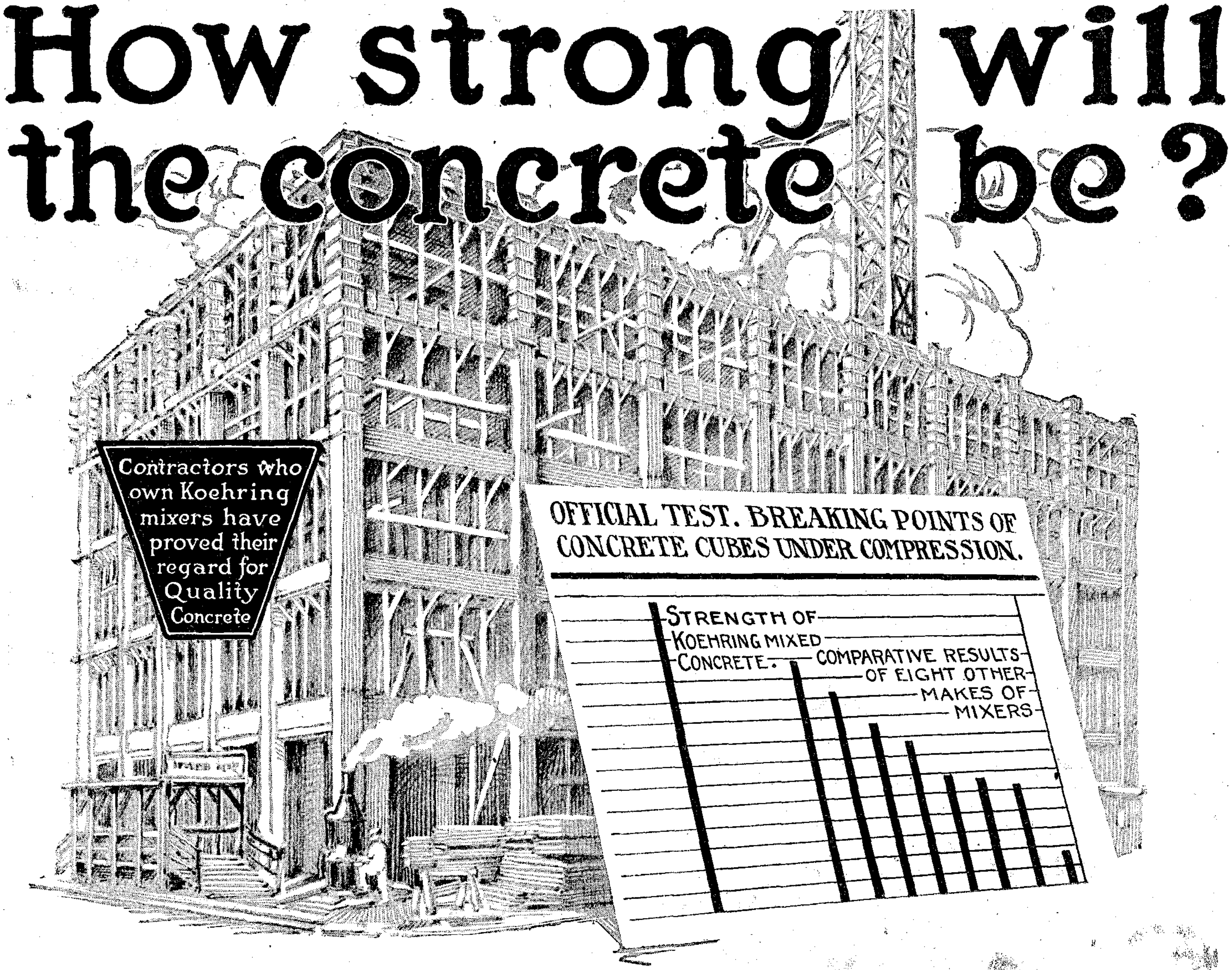
> Our boys are going hither and thither, stragglers and groups, to camp, to the line, on leave, on details, getting lost (a regular occurrence in foreign France), going to hospitals, being evacuated, being reclassified—all the million and one errands of military life of which the layman can not conceive. While the war was on whole days had to be spent in interminable waits for trains. One-half of every day was night. Thousands of our boys slept outdoors night after night, in cold and in rain, on the bare ground. A great American epic might be written on "The Nights of France." After one of these eons of blackness and misery, who can measure the magnitude of the morning sensation of hot oatmeal with milk and sugar, with hot coffee and white bread, served by an American-speaking woman? Who can describe what it meant, here in France, to be served with a huge fresh American doughnut?
>
> Yet, above these sensations of sweetness, one still stands supreme, one, alas, to be experienced only by the soldier in the hospital. There, from the people of America, through the American Red Cross, if he was very ill, he might receive his first portion of that great American dish—ice-cream. In sweetless France, with the added bitternesses of war, ice-cream symbolized to the soldier all the luxury and happiness that he had left at home.
>
> For every American person who has done his or her bit in the conservation of sugar, and to every giver to the Red Cross, I wish I could describe the gratification which this cold food gave to one of the pneumonia patients whom I saw the nurse feeding. His cheeks were scarlet with fever, and from his weakness there had crept into his face an expression of innocence that made one remember that once he was not the fierce, fighting superman of a soldier, but somebody's baby. I wish I could describe to all those generous Americans how much the sweet concoction meant to the gassed patient with his burned throat, his violently deranged stomach, and his racked and tortured body. If I could, I would transmit to every American heart the gratitude of the soldier with eyes half closed in his last mortal fatigue, who brightened when he heard, as if it came from somewhere far away, the whisper of ice-cream; and when the spoonfuls of delicious liquid were put into his mouth, he roused a little to say weakly, "Why—it's real ice-cream!"
>
> And then he slowly murmured brokenly to the Red-Cross worker as he tried to sip the nourishment, "You were an angel to bring it—makes me think of home—when I get better—I am going to write—and tell my mother——"
>
> Would that I could convey the message that he would have sent.

HORACE FLETCHER TAUGHT THE WORLD TO CHEW

HORACE FLETCHER, who died in Copenhagen recently at the age of sixty-nine years, was not only "one of the most picturesque figures of his time," says the New York *Evening Post*, but a really great dietetic discoverer. In fact, it may be said on high authority that "he almost revolutionized the science of dietetics." He was laughed at, but he was followed, and those who have learned from him something of the difficult art of eating may still be numbered by "the hundreds of thousands." His own story, which he used to illustrate his theories, helped to win his first converts:

> At the age of forty he was an old man, on the way to a rapid decline. His hair was white, he weighed 217 pounds, he was harrowed by dyspepsia, and always had "that tired feeling." It was at that time that a friend in Louisiana who happened to be an epicure—he also had a truffle farm in France—invited him to be his guest. From this friend he heard of Gladstone's rules for chewing and promptly took up the problem as his own. Twenty years later, after eleven years of experiment, he had reduced his weight to 170 pounds, felt well and strong as an ox, and had forgotten what it was to have that tired feeling.
>
> He prospered not only hygienically, but otherwise, being reputed a millionaire. In Venice he owned a villa, and he spent much time traveling about the world. I know that on one occasion, at a banquet, he accepted a second helping of turkey—on the principle of the Scotchman who, on being discovered disposing of a bottle of wine, declared to a friend who exprest his surprize, saying, "I thought you were a teetotaler," "So I am, but not a bigoted one."
>
> Quite a few years ago the newspapers

How strong will the concrete be?



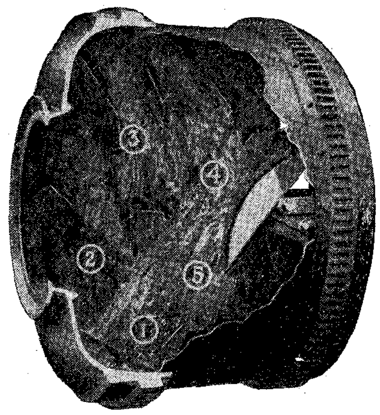
LOOK at the graphic chart above—the figures represent pounds per square inch necessary to crush small cubes of concrete—an official test of concrete as mixed by different makes of mixers, from the same materials, under the same conditions.

Concrete 31% stronger, or 31% weaker—that's the possible variation if you are indifferent as to what concrete mixer does your work.

Doesn't 31% stronger concrete justify you in departing from the strictly low bid basis of awarding your contract—in favoring the contractor whose concrete mixer has been selected, not on low price but on its ability to produce concrete of the dominant standard of strength?

It is the extra mixing action—the *re-mixing* action of Koehring concrete mixers—exclusive to the Koehring—which prevents segregation of aggregate according to size—which coats every grain of sand, every stone thoroughly with cement, and delivers concrete of the dominant standard of strength. Koehring mixed concrete is the strongest concrete.

If you want your concrete mixed according to highest engineering standards, favor the contractor who owns the Koehring Concrete Mixer. *Write us for Van Vleck's Book*—an exposition of standards and tests in concrete construction as approved by official engineering societies.



(1) Diagonal blades cut through the materials with churning action. (2) Blades carry material up with the motion of the drum, spilling part of material down against motion of the drum. (3) Material carried up by blades is hurled across diameter of the drum. (4) Materials now brought to discharge side of the drum are elevated to drum top and projected down on reversed discharge chute in a scattering, spraying action. (5) A spraying shower from the reversed discharge chute returns materials back again to the charging side of the drum for a repeated trip through mixing actions—the Koehring *re-mixing action.*

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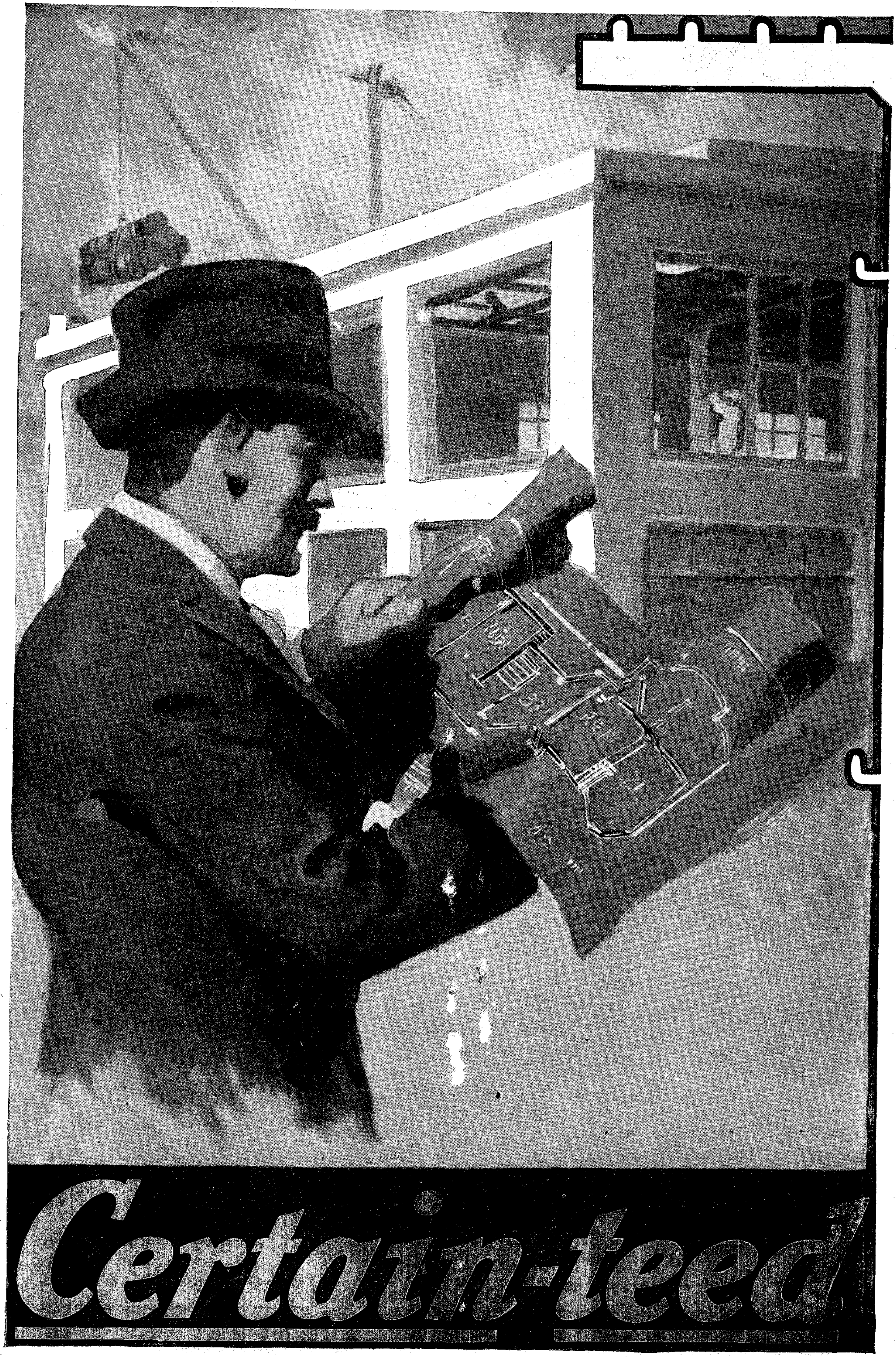
KOEHRING
Concrete Mixers
standardize concrete



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announced that Horace Fletcher was making experiments on himself and others to prove that one could live on potatoes alone and be healthy. He was always experimenting on himself and others. Early in his career as a dietetic reformer he told the world that he had lived for months on griddle-cakes and a few other things at a cost of eleven cents a day. That, to be sure, was long before the day of war-prices. But he made food economy a principle of action long before Hooverism was declared a necessity, and it was therefore an instance of historic justice that he should have been utilized these last few years to demonstrate to the poor Belgians how to make the most of their scant rations.

The most important aspect of Fletcherism is one which has received little attention. It is the doctrine that food economy gives us new pleasures instead of being a restraint or a deprivation. Prolonged chewing and ensalivation of starchy food change it to sugar. What you put in your mouth may at first seem dry and tasteless, but "as the juices of the mouth get possession of it, warm it up, solve its life-giving qualities out of it, and coax it into usefulness, the delight of a new-found delicacy will greet the discoverer . . . a final delicacy which sauces can not equal." He emphasizes the "last indescribably sweet flash of taste" and throughout the most readable of his books, entitled "The New Glutton or Epicure," tries to persuade the world that by eating less and more leisurely we not only save money, but add greatly to the pleasures of the table, while routing dyspepsia.

Even coffee and wines and *liqueurs* can, he believed, be made harmless by keeping them in the mouth a long time—a process which also makes us drink less of them, as the appetite becomes cloyed.

While Fletcher was by no means the discoverer of the epicurean delights and hygienic benefits resulting from slow and rational eating, he did more to call the public's attention to them than any one else had done. To those who are unhappy because they can not eat their favorite dishes he brings the consoling message that they can eat anything they please provided they give it sufficient mouth treatment.

While, as a whole, Fletcherism has proved a blessing to the human race, in one of its most prominent details it has done his followers much harm. His directions, on which he insisted with special emphasis, were that we should never swallow anything which can not be reduced to a liquid in the mouth. In this he is decidedly wrong, as the best dietetic authorities of our day, headed by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanatorium, are agreed. While declaring (in 1903) that Fletcher, in inaugurating the chewing reform, has "done more to help suffering humanity than any other man of the present generation," he insists on the need of "roughage" in the digestive tract, and tells how Fletcher came to him for relief from the evil consequences of rejecting all the cellulose or indigestible matter in food. If Fletcher inaugurated a new era in dietetics with the book referred to and his "The A.B.-Z. of Nutrition," Dr. Kellogg completes the edifice with his wonderfully illuminating books on "Colon Hygiene," "The Itinerary of a Breakfast," and "Autointoxication," in which may be found the true elixir of youth and the true secret of health and longevity.

HOW SOME AMERICAN AMBULANCE-DRIVERS AMUSED THEMSELVES

BASEBALL and bat? Of course they had them. What if they were ambulance-drivers in a French town three thousand miles from the nearest home diamond? Were there ever a score of Americans in any part of the earth that the makings for the national game were not forthcoming? There was an audience, too, of *poilus*. Sometimes the gallery exceeded a thousand, including some officers, and speculation and interest ran high. Sometimes a French officer would join in the game, holding his hands wide apart, and when a hot grounder burned his palms a great shout of joy would rise from the spectators. There were twenty-one of the Americans, and they were *en repos* at Triaucourt. Their ingenious methods of amusement are recited by Robert Whitney Imbrie in "Behind the Wheel of a War-Ambulance," published by Robert M. McBride, New York, an unusually well-written account of war-time experiences. For one thing, the drivers held a dog show, and the securing of the dogs troubled them no more than finding baseball and bat. Says Mr. Imbrie:

> There seemed something in the air round about Triaucourt that was particularly salubrious to the raising of dogs; not dogs of any one kind or breed, or, in fact, of any recognized kind or breed, but, nevertheless, in the general acceptation of the term, dogs. This condition prevailing, it occurred to some inspired soul to take advantage of the material thus provided by the gods, and hold a bench show, each *ambulancier* being entitled to one entry. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and therafter in the byways of Triaucourt might be seen khaki-clad figures holding forth a morsel of meat in one hand, the other concealing behind their backs a piece of rope, the while cajoling the prospective canine victims with supposedly soothing terms of mixed French and English. The result was as astonishing a collection of animals as was ever gathered outside the precincts of a museum. And when they all got to howling and yowling and yapping, the ensemble was truly magnificent. The prize was eventually awarded to a weird-looking animal with quaint legs, an abortive tail, and of an indescribable greenish hue. The decision of the judges was contested by the disappointed proprietor of another entry on the ground that the animal awarded the prize was not a dog at all, a protest, however, which was disallowed.

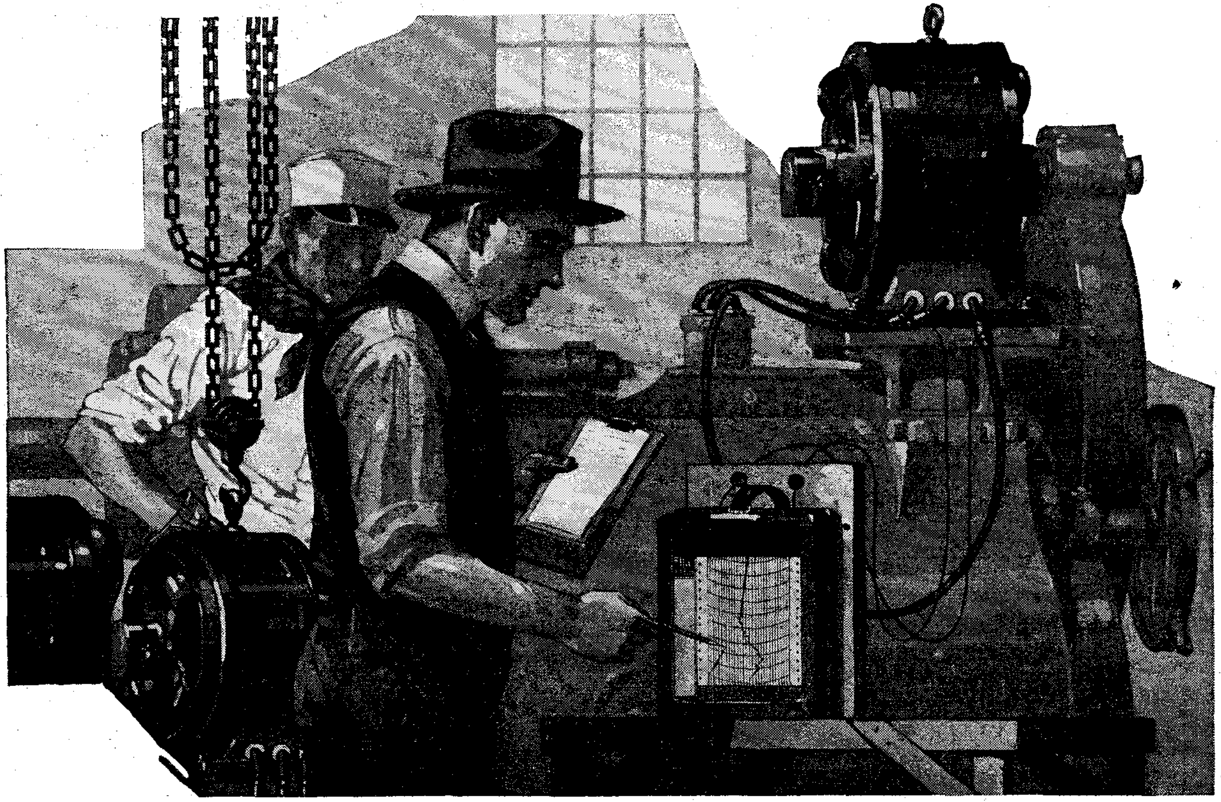
In the reaction from the strain of front-line work, the writer tells us, there was an effervescence of spirits which found expression in pranks as well as sports. One favorite diversion, the morning "Evacuation," he describes thus:

> The squad was supposed to turn out at seven and to report for coffee at 7:30. There were usually several recalcitrant risers, and it was the self-constituted duty, or I should say pleasure, of the early risers to "evacuate" such cases. Silently "the committee" would proceed to the car of the *évacué;* two "members" would carefully grasp the projecting handles of the stretcher upon which the unconscious victim was sleeping; then, at a given signal, the stretcher would be shot out of the car, the other end grasped by the remaining committeemen, hoisted shoulder high, and in a second the *évacué* would find himself torn from the arms of Morpheus and traveling at a high rate of speed toward the center of the town. Here he was deposited in a prominent place, preferably the middle of the square, and immediately he would become what the society people would term the "cynosure of all eyes." Ancient dames, children, dogs, wandering *poilus*, and "*la population civile*" would crowd wonderingly about. There would be many ejaculations of "*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" and "*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*" whereupon "the committee," in furtherance of its duties, would spread the rumor that the occupant of the stretcher was a *contagieux*. After a reasonable period—tho it could hardly be thus defined by the victim, he would be again hoisted aloft and borne solemnly back to camp to the whistled strains of the dirge.

Initiation always has its ordeals and mysteries, and the arrival of three new recruits to replace men whose enlistments had expired gave opportunity for further larks:

> A "new man" was always treated with distant courtesy and called formally by his last name until such time as he might be proved, which might be a matter of days or weeks, or, perhaps, never. Certain privileges, however, he always had. For one thing, he was invariably "permitted to subscribe" to the *Bulletin des Armées*, paying therefor ten francs. Inasmuch as this journal, the official army paper, was furnished free to every enlisted man, "the subscriber" could not be heard to say that he did not receive his paper. Then, too, a recruit was liable to be "sold" a gas-mask and helmet, both of which are furnished free by the Army in any desired numbers. The money obtained from these activities was devoted to the purchase of *gâteaux* for the table, which, when served, were announced as "the gift" of the new man. Whereupon he realized, perhaps for the first time, that in the words of the song, he was "in the Army now." New men were apt to be confused by the talk, for the squad possest a vocabulary and language all its own. Everything was either "good news" or "bad news," depending on how it struck the squad. Anything incredible of belief was "a lota." If a man died he "huffed" or "passed." A helmet was a "trench derby," a gas-mask "a muffler." A friend was "*mon vieux*," furlough was "perm." The mess was referred to as "chow," beans were known as "dumdums." Salt was "doosel." A car was a "buss," a "peanut-roaster" was a "Rolls-Royce." Wine was "ink" and the cook "the Zouave." A dugout was "a rathskeller," shell-fire was "heaving eggs," "be careful" was "mind your eye, Judge." Of nicknames there was no end. "Break bands," "Sparkplugs," "Wilkins," "Doc," "Sample," "Slack," "Betty," "Skinnay," "Silent," "Claxson," were all real characters. The squad, too, had its favorite songs, among which were "Ephraim Brown, the Sailor," "Here's to the Land," "Mary Ann McCarthy," "How Well I Remember the Days of '49," "There Was an Old Man Named Bill," "Here Lies the Body of a Cigaret Fiend," "When I Die," "The Kaiser Has No Hair At All," "She Wore It For a Lover Who Was Far, Far Away." Through many a weary wait and in many a queer place have these choruses rolled forth their cheer.

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



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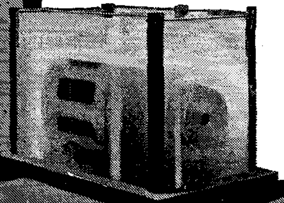

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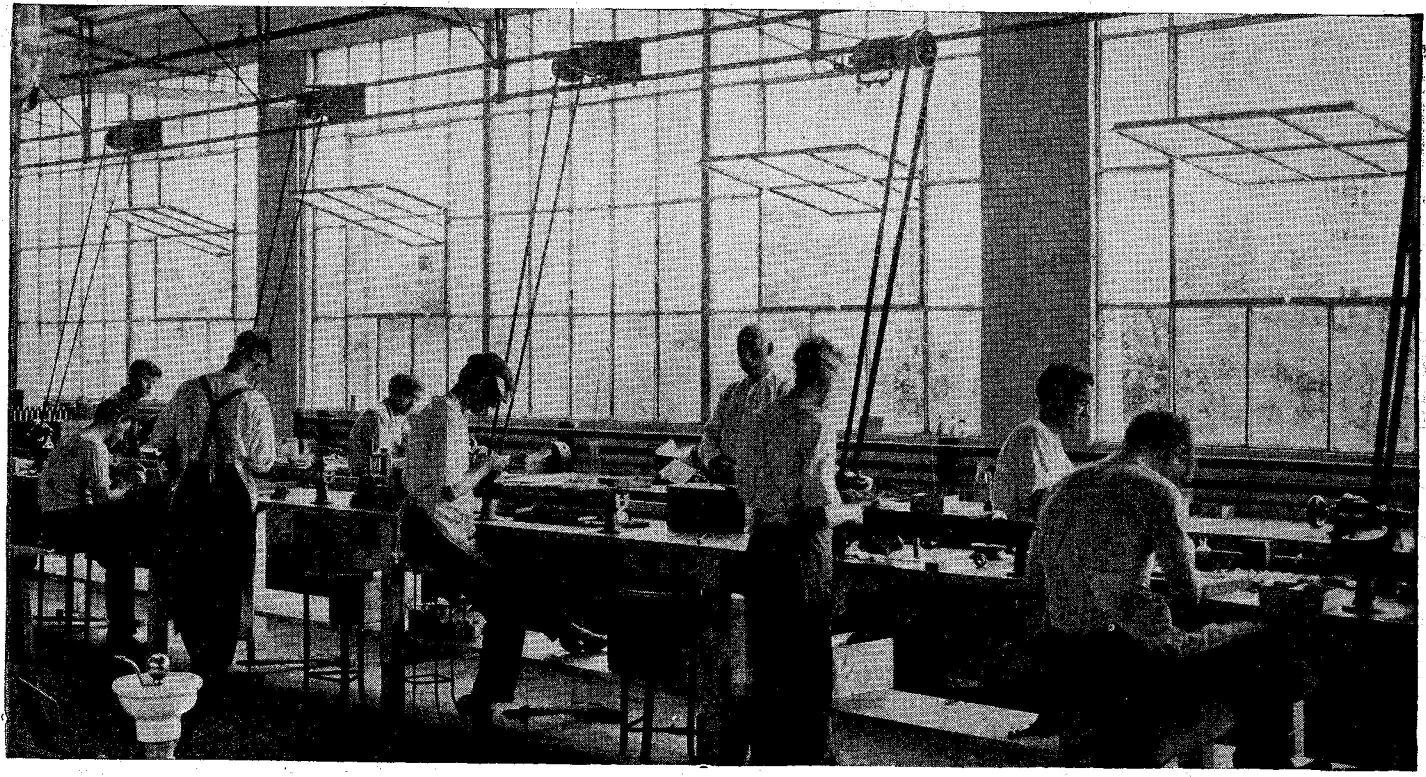

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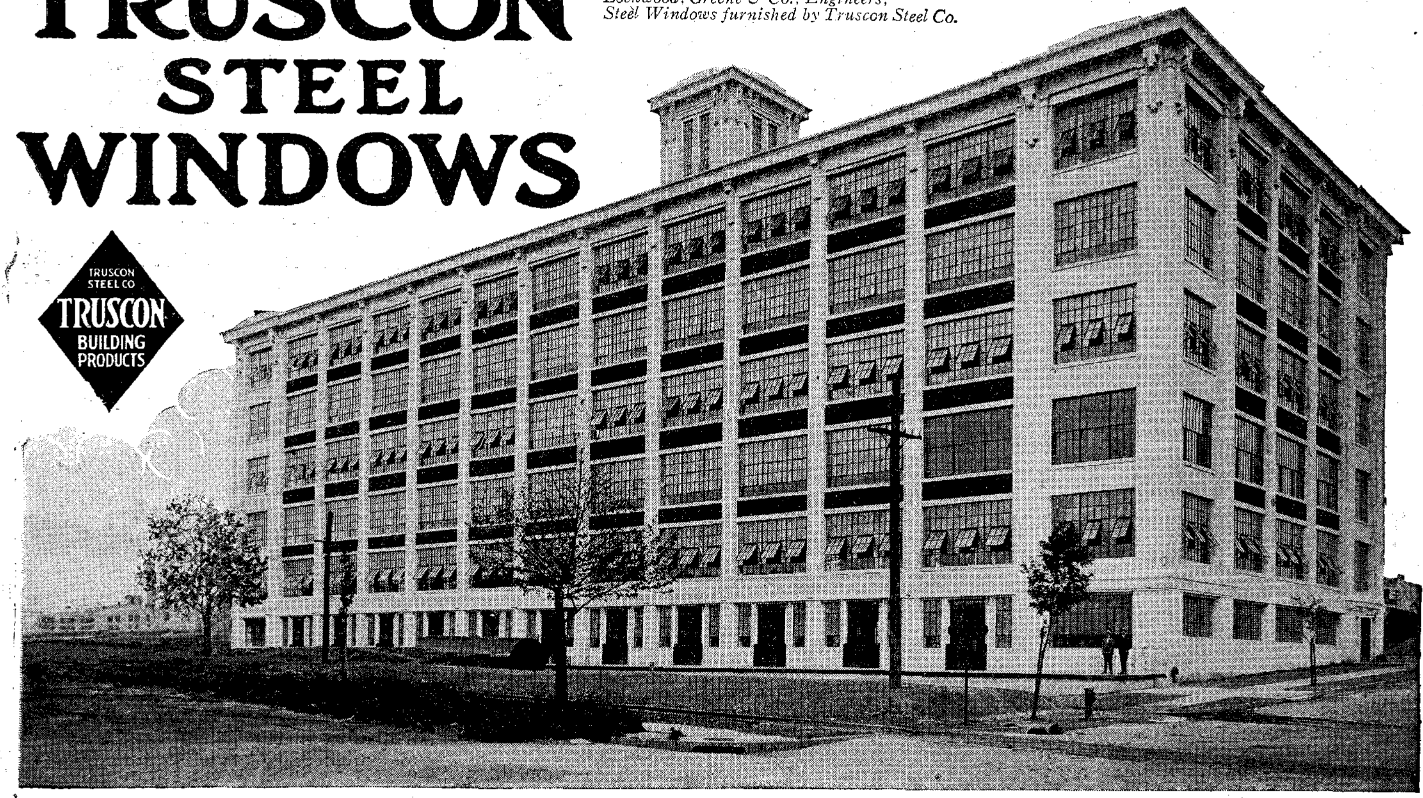

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ARCHANGEL IN WINTER MAKES NO HIT WITH MICHIGAN TROOPS

ARCHANGEL, that very frosty port in the north of Holy Russia where a Michigan regiment, barring action by the Peace Conference, seems to have been frozen in for the winter, has sent back grumblings more nearly resembling a concerted "kick" than has any other headquarters of Yankee troops overseas. The locality is not only cold, dark, smelly, and inconvenient, but it is infested by a peculiarly active variety of Bolshevik; this combination is so far from angelic, it is declared by every newspaper editor in Michigan and generally agreed on by authorities outside, as to justify ten times the volume of protest that has come across. For a while the whole State of Michigan objected, in indignation meetings and resolutions of protest, against the dangers and deprivations that were said to threaten their troops in North Russia. An official statement by General March, Chief of Staff, to the effect that American troops on that front were "well clothed and well fed" and formed "part of a force well able to take care of itself" reassured some of the parents and friends who feared an insufficiency of supplies and an oversufficiency of Bolsheviki. Later reports, chiefly contained in letters written by the soldiers, seem to indicate that, while Archangel is about the next thing to the seamy side of the hereafter, the Yanks now in that locality will manage to worry along until the powers-that-be see fit to remove them to a happier clime.

"I don't know of any worse place in the world than Archangel," writes Sergt. Theodore J. Kolbe, of Detroit, in a letter printed in the Detroit *News*, and becomes lyrical in dispraise of Archangelic charms:

"It's the land of the infernal odor,
The land of the national smell,
The average United States soldier
Would rather be quartered in L."

"Look this country up on the map," suggests Private Rudolph Traeumer, in a letter which we take from the Detroit *News*. Private Traeumer doesn't grumble about the place, nor call it bad names; he merely sets forth a few facts, so that anybody who wants to can draw conclusions, and relates an incident that shows the peasants in a more sympathetic light than they are accustomed to occupy in soldiers' letters:

It's fifty below here and winter's just setting in for eight months straight. We have three hours' daylight and pay ten rubles for a package of cigarets. I paid fifty-five rubles last night for a dinner, and took my own hardtack along at that.

I suppose you want to know whom we are fighting. Well, we're up against the Bolsheviki, and they fight from behind rocks and trees. If they capture an American it's good-by. The peasants, tho, are the best-hearted people in the world.

One afternoon Corporal Gatfield and I went on a tour through the swamps just before they froze up. It grew dark and we lost ourselves. Every step we took we went into mud and cold water up to our waists. We walked and walked and walked. Finally I climbed a tree to see if I could see a light, and sure enough there was one about a mile and a half away. We pushed toward it, falling down every few steps, as we were numb from the cold and the water we had waded through froze in our clothes. The first house in the village they wouldn't let us in—someone was dead and the woman was lying on the coffin crying. At the next house the door was locked. When we came to the third we just walked in. There were four children, the father and mother, and about twelve men, all having a smoke talk.

Of course I couldn't talk to them. I stuck my rifle in the corner, sat down on the floor, and stript my clothes off, and Ted did the same. They were so surprized at our sudden entrance that at first they didn't say a thing. Then one man took off his felt boots, another his trousers, and another his shirt, and I got into them. They did the same for Ted. I'd give a thousand rubles to have a picture of us—we looked wild.

"They gave us coffee and then big bowls of milk. We had rations of hardtack along with us, of course, for there is very little bread in this country, and they had none. We had three large bowls of milk and tack, and then they gave us fish.

We slept on the floor with the family all night and left for camp at five in the morning, after more hot milk, and with our clothes well dried out. I gave them three gold spoons that I had in my pack as payment. You see they're good-hearted people and will do anything for the Americans. That's why we're here—to make friends with them, and they make it easy to do.

Sergt. Frank H. Beauchamp, whose letter appears in the Detroit *Free Press*, isn't downhearted. In fact, he finds a good many things, including "a nice bunch of girls," worthy of admiration:

There are lots of French, English, and Russian soldiers up here. Everybody is well and happy and things are progressing just fine up here. We engineers are very busy. Lots of building here to be done. Company "C" is here in town building barracks and other quarters for winter. Wish you could see how the buildings go up. We have fine quarters. Live in shanties and the sergeants have a place by themselves, and mess by ourselves, too. We are in charge of a big sawmill here and have lots of timber to cut. The river is full of logs. You probably know that the Dvina runs through here. It is a large river, probably one-half mile wide. This country would resemble Michigan about sixty years ago.

You ought to see the walls in some of the stone barracks. I measured one and it was forty-two inches thick. They are large enough to hold six to eight thousand men.

We have the street-railway to look after, too, as to wiring and electrical work, and believe me the engineers don't dig down for that miserable nickel every time we ride. Have a special car every morning and night, besides we have some very big trucks for hauling lumber.

Now, folks, we have a nice Y. M. C. A. Was there to church Sunday.

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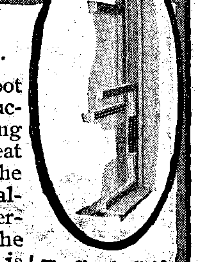

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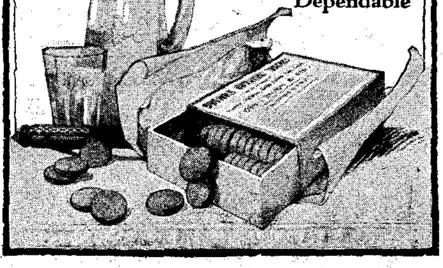

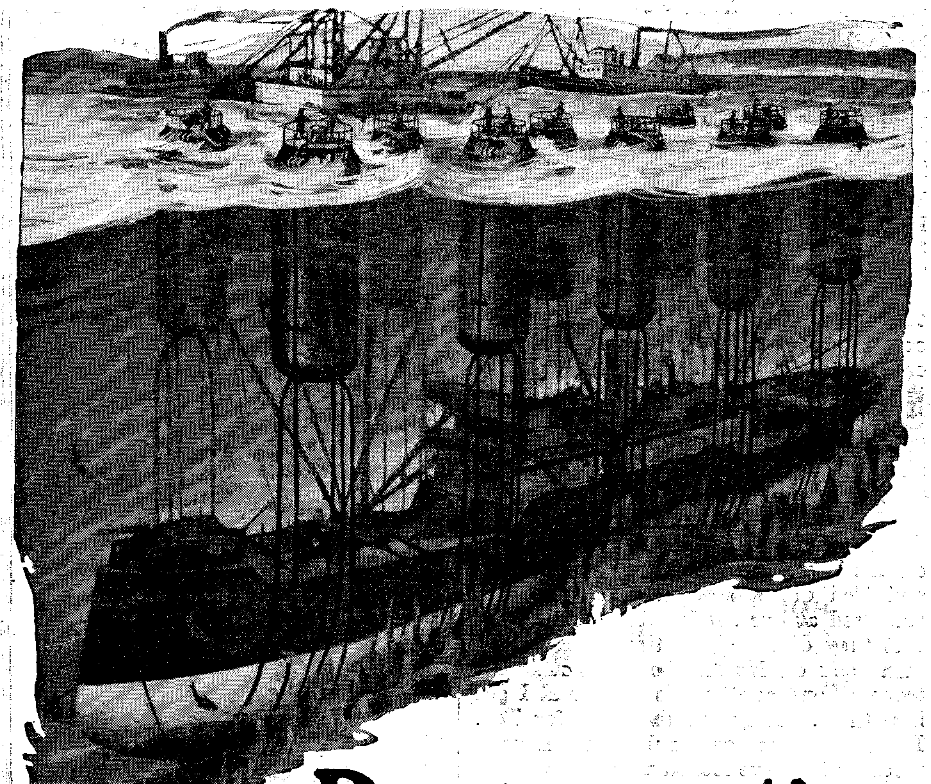

Resurrection

Not all the vessels that went to Davy Jones' locker at the hands of the ruthless raider will be lost to commerce forever. Many sank in shallow water. Others were beached, bow high on a friendly reef and stern awash. These were the lucky ones destined to come back. And wire rope will be their savior.

There are many methods of raising sunken vessels. One is illustrated here. Practically all employ wire rope slings in which the vessel to be raised is cradled.

The U. S. Submarine F-4 which was accidentally sunk in Honolulu harbor in 1915, was recovered from a depth of 300 feet with wire rope.

Before the work was completed a severe storm snapped every rope but one. This was a Yellow Strand Wire Rope of Broderick & Bascom manufacture which had already served three years at railroad bridge construction on a nearby island. This is the kind of super-service that B. & B. Wire Rope users are accustomed to.

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United States Ambassador spoke, and we had lots of good hot cocoa to drink. Did some singing like we used to at Custer.

Received your letter where you said you had lots of apples ripe, and wished I had some. That's one thing that don't grow in Russia. They have lots of little stores where they sell fish and vegetables and such things as postal cards and soft drinks. The latter costs one ruble and fifty copecks if you can understand it, which I know you will. That's nearly fifteen cents.

Mother, I wish you could see the people here. The women do most all the work, drive horses or railroad section work and all. They dress well and the young chickens look just like American girls, only they can't talk. I was to a dance last night. Did not dance, but never saw a nicer bunch of girls than was there. Some treat to see them all. "Dobre" means "good," and for hardtack they say "biske dobre" or "good biscuit."

Folks here are very fond of cigarets, and you can't imagine what they will buy. Almost anything one needs. Had my watch repaired for thirty rubles, which meant thirty cigarets. Have funny money, give forty-eight rubles for a pound or $5 United States money. Hay is worth $100 a ton, and very plentiful at that, and a horse sells for five thousand rubles. We have one.

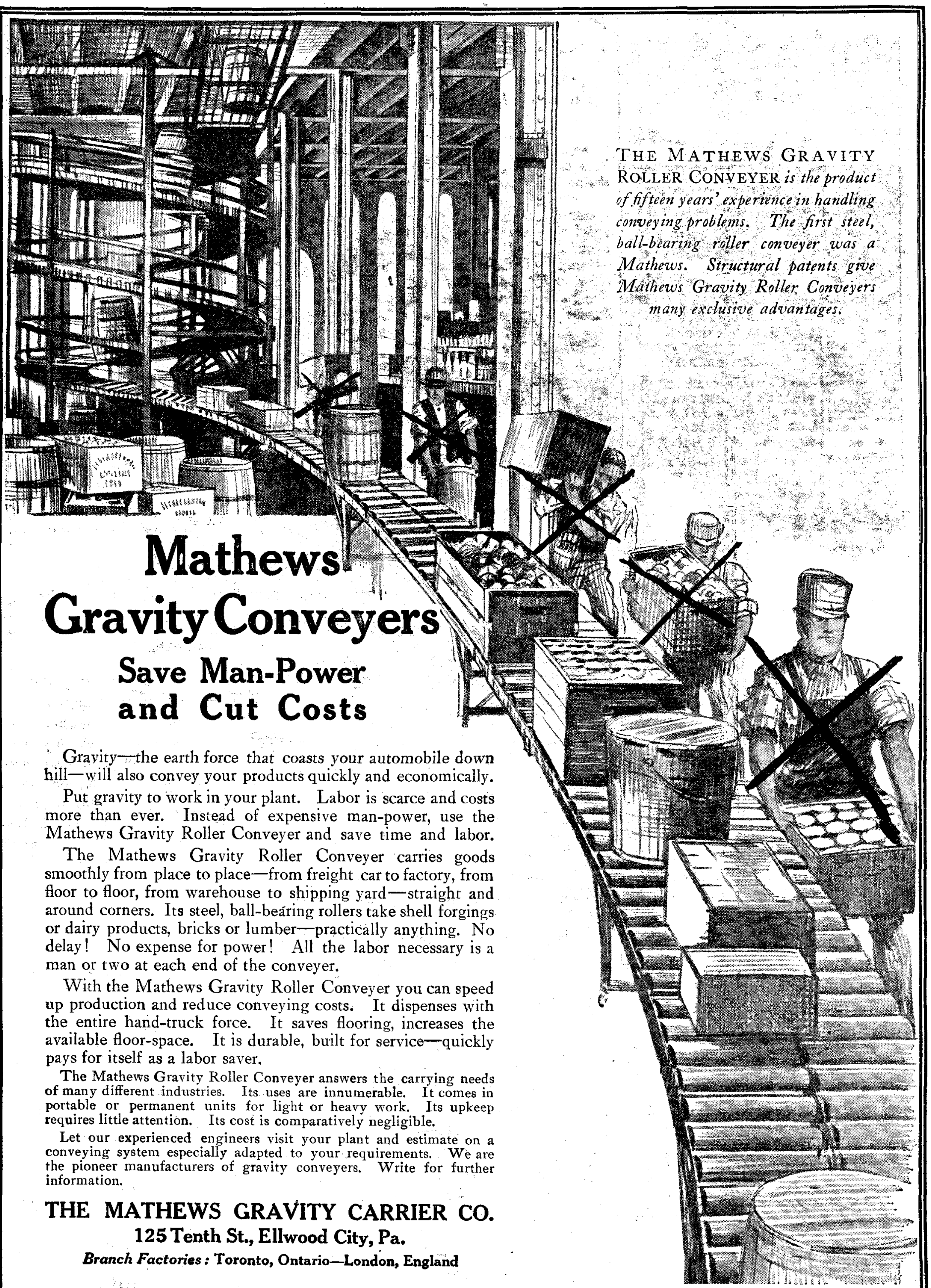
Now, father, wish you were here to see how they harness them up, will fix a wagon for you when I get home. You won't know whether you are just going to town or coming home.

Sergeant Beauchamp finishes his letter with the information, doubtless to be taken with a grain of salt, that he is thinking of homesteading, and has his eye on "about 1,000 acres of land near here." Corporal Lawrence M. Simpson, on the other hand, is so unfavorably imprest by Archangel that he wouldn't "take all Russia as a gift." He is thus quoted in *The Free Press:*

We have been chasing Bolsheviki and opening up a line of communication from a certain port to important towns inland. I have seen some action and been under fire, details of which I can not give, paper being too limited. Expect to go into winter quarters in a few days, as winter comes fast and everything freezes tight. Once it comes we will have no communication with the outside world, except probably by wireless, so if no letters get to you just be assured I am safe and all right.

Have been and am now in fine health. Have never received any mail, and only heard once or twice from the rest of the world by wireless. Don't worry—I will take care of myself and will be taken good care of. I just feel it is a special act of Providence that we were sent east instead of to the trenches in France. One can not tell, of course, but it seems lots brighter to me, unless we freeze to death, which I think is hardly possible. I hope when next spring comes and we crawl out of the snow-drifts, after a long winter's sleep, that the war will be ended and we can come home.

I wouldn't want all of Russia as a gift. The villages and towns are built along the rivers, everything is swamps and wilderness inland. Roads connect towns all along, but such roads you never saw in your life. Have been moving from place to place, an engagement with the enemy



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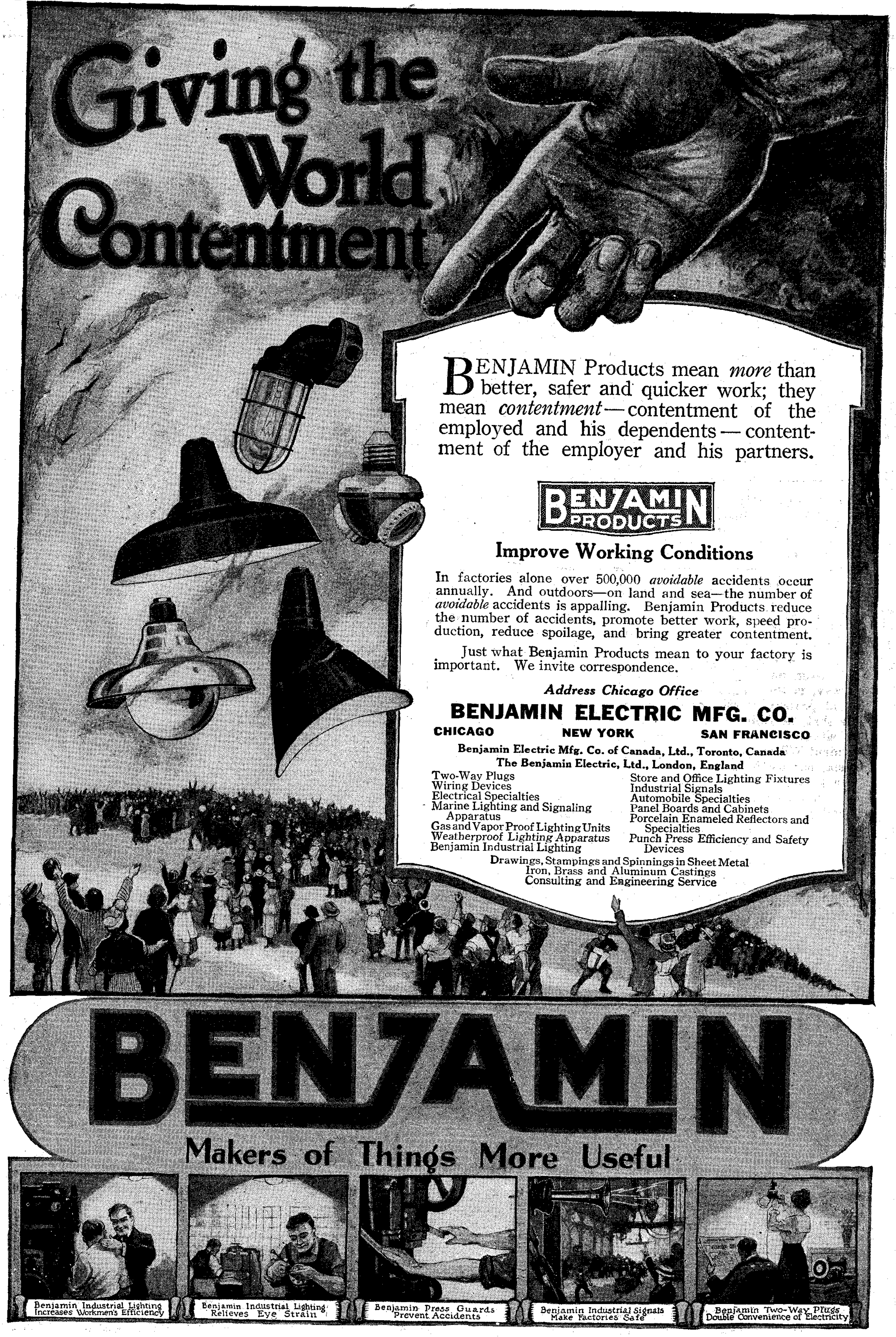
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here and there, but we've not had much fighting. Had enough to suit me last week, however. Have taken numbers of prisoners, supplies, ammunition, etc.

The people live in log houses—very warm, but odoriferous. Stables under the same roof, chickens being kept in the living-rooms in many places, as well as other live animals, the small kind that bite and make life miserable—you know what I mean. However, I have been fortunate in not having been chosen so far as a habitation by those animals, tho some of the fellows have.

People go barefoot quite a good deal, especially the women, tho now that it is getting colder they wear boots. Many have large families—twelve and fifteen children—live in two or three rooms, eating and sleeping in the same rooms. They seem to be great tea-drinkers. About all they have is bread and tea, keep very few chickens, some sheep and cows, raise rye, wheat, and potatoes. Wish I could talk to you and tell you all I've seen and been through.

Lieut. Ray Johnson, of Dearborn, Michigan, whose letter also appears in *The Free Press*, discusses the North Russian situation from an international as well as from an individual standpoint:

When Ambassador Francis left for London he said: "Whatever the Allies do, America must stand by Russia." True, Russia will need "standing by" until she recovers from her delirium tremens and may require military forces here for years before a stable government can be established.

While the war with Germany is practically over, our little war here, which, by the way, is the biggest war in the world just at present, is still going on. But I hope that the Allies will speedily clean up the situation. I do not believe that President Wilson has any idea of deserting Russia, nor has England. It would be a crime to desert her now!

Our men have been doing splendid work. Several of the officers and a number of the men have received the Military Cross of Honor from the British Government, which is very prompt in recognizing unusual bravery and devotion to service. This is perhaps the most difficult country in the world to fight in, as it is practically all forest and swamp, and the swamps are often quite impassable.

I have decided to study the Russian language; it will be of great commercial value after the war is over, and now that I am back here with my company I have a good opportunity, as our barracks are in what was formerly a girls' seminary and three of the teachers are living here with their mother. They speak French and some English, besides Russian.

The river Dvina is generally frozen up five or six weeks earlier than this, so I do not believe that it will be a bad winter. Just now the air is perfect and we all have our winter outfits.

I believe that we have the best "mess" in Russia. It is about as good as at Camp Custer, but of course in time the supply of fresh meat will give out. There is, we are told, plenty of game here, fowl and rabbits. If we can get hold of some shotguns we can have some sport, but the military rifle is not good for small game.

One Saturday morning I went down to the market. I wish you could have seen it. It is on the quay and covers about two or three city blocks. The stalls displayed cabbages, nice-looking ones, too; also turnips and tremendous piles of fish, little and big. Some were in tubs, still alive, and there were piles of them laid up like cord-wood. I never saw so many, all sizes and descriptions. There were small, red berries, too, that looked like cranberries. Then there was a leather shop, and furs and toys made of wood such as we used to play with; jewelry and sleds for sliding, providing the boys can find a hill, also sleds to be drawn by ponies and reindeer, huge fur coats such as the Eskimos wear, fur gloves and caps and felt boots. Everything could be found there except potatoes, bread, and sugar. These must be furnished by the Allies or the people would starve. I forgot the soap—there was plenty of that fish-oil soap that has an unpleasant smell, but everything in Russia is odorous!

Women were washing clothes in the river, altho the water was ice cold, but I'll say that many of these women do a mighty nice job. There was a fleet of fishing-schooners unloading near by and some small sailboats loaded with hay from up the river. It was a motley crowd, peasants wearing shawls and bright-colored dresses and bodices, and women as nicely drest as you would see on Fifth Avenue, New York. There were droshkies of the better classes with groomed ponies, bright harness, and drivers in wonderful liveries, wearing huge white flowing beards.

How Russia ever maintained an army as long as she did is more than I can understand, for the people are indolent, easy-going dreamers, utterly impractical. If things are to occur, they occur, that's all. No system, no organization, in their way of doing things.

When the new hospital for convalescents had a house-warming the talent from the companies gave a vaudeville show, and it was very clever, too. After the entertainment cookies, cocoa, and fudge were passed around, then the floor was cleared for dancing. Some of the Russian girls are very attractive and naturally graceful. They picked up the one-step and waltz very quickly. My German comes in handy here. French does too, but I haven't enough of that to hurt a mosquito.

I am quite well and am seeing lots of strange and interesting things and having an experience I would not have missed except for one other—France!

Lieut. Ray Derham, formerly a newspaper correspondent and more recently postmaster of Dewitt, Michigan, justifies his newspaper training by sending back, in the form of a letter printed by the Grand Rapids *Press*, a clean-cut general survey of the situation, both historical and geographical, together with news from the fighting front, and recommendations for the future:

When the Allied expedition arrived here early in September several battalions of the Americans immediately were dispatched to the front to drive out the Bolsheviki. They now are scattered over four fronts.

We are within the shadow of the arctic circle. Things are very primitive here. The province of Archangel is one of the four old provinces of European Russia. If formerly was inhabited solely by Eskimos, but Peter the Great forced colonists to come here and their descendants are now pondering the strange ways of the 'Ameriks.' Innumerable villages dot the shores of the Dvina River and its tributaries.

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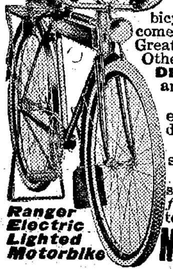

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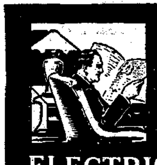

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Against Old Winter's icy blasts. Lots of warm sunlight in every room and plenty of light on cloudy days.

This design is a charming combination of an old house and modern attachments at each end, a rather interesting treatment, with pergola roofed porches at both east and west, giving a broadened and settled effect. With its dignified and graceful proportions, its horizontal lines, and charming doorway, the whole in a harmonious white and vivid green blinds tends to give a breath of repose so admired in Colonial composition.

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The Dvina is navigable several hundred miles south of Archangel. The houses are entirely of log construction. The churches frequently are plastered over on the outside, giving them the appearance of stone.

The roads have but one characteristic of roads—their width. They have cut wide strips through the forests and called it a job.

There is little farming done here. Every seven years the natives meet and draw lots for the farm land. Thus the farmers have little interest in soil conservation and other theories of educated agriculturists. Marsh grass, rye, flax, wheat, and potatoes result from the farming.

The houses usually consist of two rooms and but one floor. The barns are attached to the rear of the houses. Log ramps run alongside of the houses and lead to the floor of the barns. For some reason the barn floors are several feet above the level of the ground. Moss is stuffed between the logs in lieu of plaster in the houses. Each house has a brick and mud stove, large enough for a bakery in the States. They are about six feet high, six feet wide, and eight feet long. They serve as a cooking stove, heating stove, and bed.

Fire is built in them in the morning and is withdrawn after the bricks become hot. If it is desired to cook that day the dough is placed in the firebox and it is sealed up. The thick brick-and-cement walls retain the heat for hours, keeping a small-sized house very warm, especially the Russian homes, which are none too lavish with their ventilation. Another fire in the evening results in enough heat for the night. Bedtime sees the entire family, from grandfather down, clamber to the top of the stove.

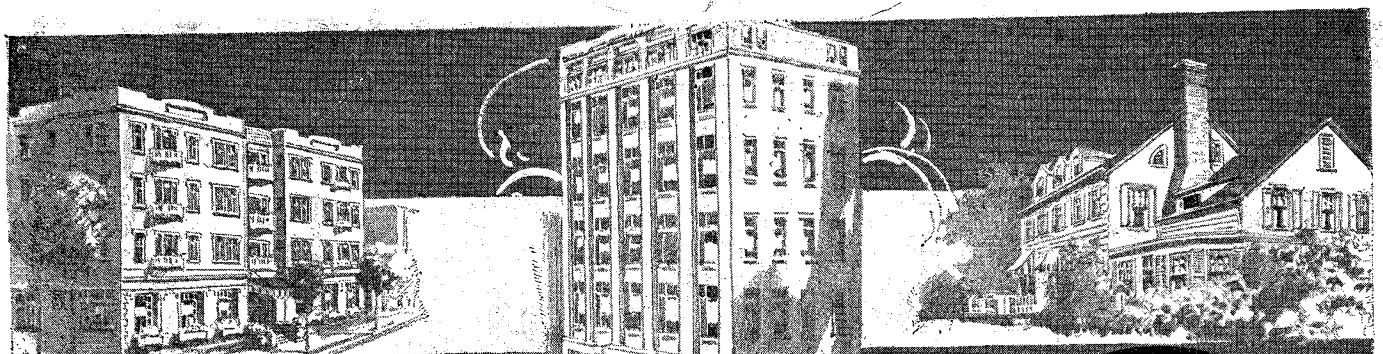
I believe the people live chiefly on fish, which they catch in the spring or early summer. Fences are built of limbs across the gullies. Doors are left in the fences and nets tied to the doors. All are of limb construction. When the river rises and falls the fish come down the gullies and are caught in the nets or baskets. They are then cured for the coming winter.

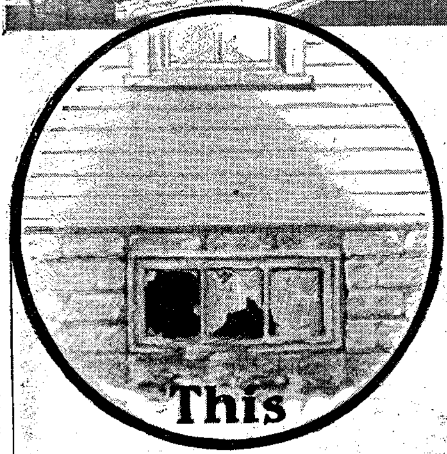
There are very few chickens. Cows and horses are also scarce. There are no other domestic animals unless the half-wolf, half-dog creatures that skulk about can be considered as such.

There is plenty of wild game here. Our men have reported deer and bear, but I have yet to see any personally. As for the latter, I hope I see him first. There is no end of wild turkey, wild duck, and partridge. A shotgun would be a very nice thing to have here. No legislators bother about the seasons, as near as I can make out, and Warden John Baird would be all out of luck here.

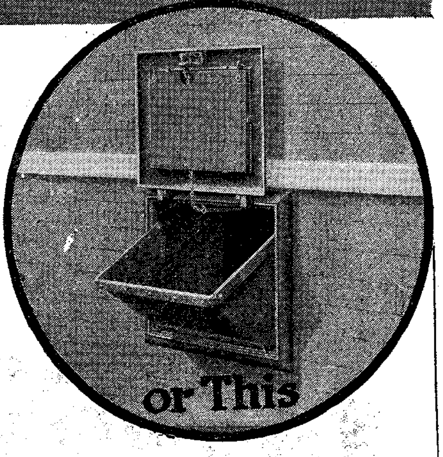
About ninety-five per cent. of this country is primeval forest. The fir-trees stand so thick in many places it would be a good thing to cut many of them down so their brothers might attain greater stature. There are a few sawmills at Archangel and millions of logs are floated down to them annually. Fuel is the cheapest thing here. You are doing the natives a favor to burn lots of wood. What do you civilized people of Michigan, with your coal strikes, car shortages, and coal rationings, think of that?

It seems our company has hiked over most of North Russia since it left Archangel. It hiked for days along these trails in knee-deep mud. They expected to be absent about two days, and for six weeks our men have been without a change of socks and have had but one blanket each.





Which Will It Be In Two Years—



Will the basement window-casing be defaced at side and top by coal marks, nicks and scars?

Or—will you enhance the value of your property with this modern day convenience—the MAJESTIC COAL CHUTE.

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Prevents Damage to Your Property

The MAJESTIC COAL CHUTE protects your building and premises. There is no waste—no litter of stray lumps and coal dust—no marring or defacing of foundation and casings.

As illustrated, the hopper comes out when in use. Not in use it sets flush with the foundation. A glass door, protected during coal delivery, serves as a window, admitting splendid light to the basement.

Neat in appearance, the body is of heavy steel construction with cast semi-steel door frame and boiler-plate hopper. Automatically locked from the inside, it is guaranteed burglar proof.

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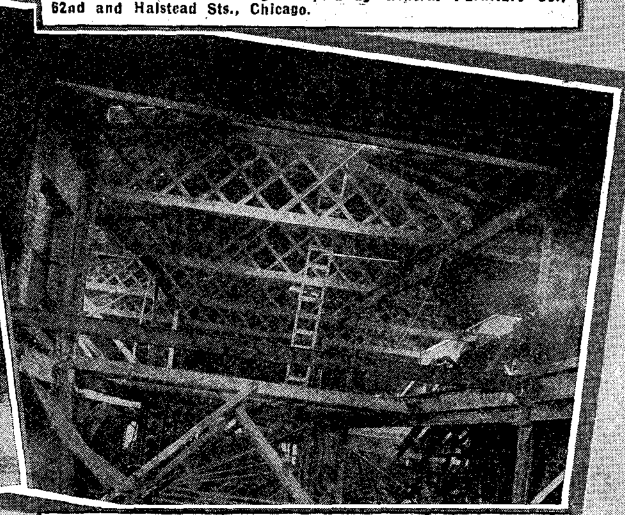
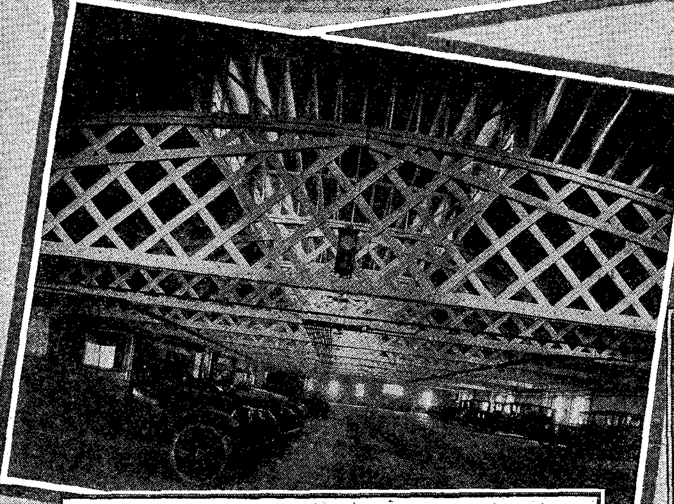
The MAJESTIC COMPANY

Exterior view of garage at E. 47th St. and Ingleside Ave., Chicago. Interior consists of lattice truss construction of SOUTHERN PINE for supporting roof. No posts were used in this building.

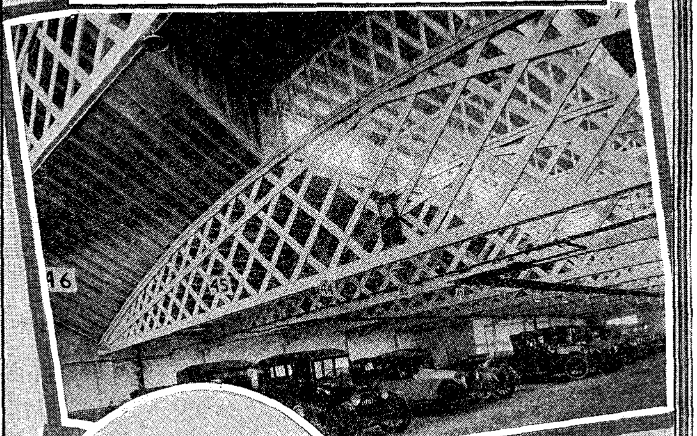
Interior of burned building occupied by General Furniture Co., 62nd and Halstead Sts., Chicago.



The lattice trusses shown are of SOUTHERN PINE built by the Double Strength Truss Co. of Chicago. These trusses were put in place and the roof covered within one week from the time of the fire and allowed the clearing out of the entire interior of the building during extreme winter weather. The trusses not only provided a shelter for the workmen in the interior of the building, but also acted as braces on the brick walls after the fire in this three-story building. The trusses will remain in place permanently although the entire interior will be torn out and renewed. These trusses were 60 feet in span between supports.



Interior view of garage at E. 47th St. and Ingleside Ave., Chicago, showing SOUTHERN PINE lattice trusses 100 feet in span which were used to support roof. These trusses were built up of ordinary small size material, bolted and spiked together.



Lattice truss made of SOUTHERN PINE lumber. Members built up of ordinary small size material, bolted and spiked together. Span of truss in clear between supports 85 feet. Building for American Tag Co., 62nd and State Sts., Chicago.

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Ask your architect or engineer, or send to us for special literature and suggestions concerning Southern Pine Lattice Truss framing.

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> The company was in two small "shows," and did well each time, altho it was the first time under fire for a great majority of the men. Our casualties were very few.
>
> The other day another lieutenant and myself were scouting around. Our company now is resting in reserve. An airplane came along which we thought was an Allied machine. Whether it was an Allied plane that thought our party was a Russian patrol or whether it was a Russian plane I can not say. At any rate, it flew low enough to knock off our caps with its propeller.
>
> About two hundred yards off it opened with its machine-gun. Altho miles back of the front, the way I hit that dirt is nobody's business, altho it would have been just as well or better to have stood up. One burst just missed our interpreter. Two Russian youngsters who were out hunting haven't recovered their 1820 fowling pieces yet.
>
> We get very little news here, a single telephone line being our only avenue of information. It connects up with a small wireless station.
>
> This country should have been snow-bound weeks ago, according to the "oldest inhabitant," but the weather is quite mild and trails are muddy and there is no ice in the river. It is much warmer than one week ago. The days are quite short.
>
> Our men are billeted in the log huts of the villagers. We are busy drilling each day and erecting blockhouses and wire entanglements.
>
> It is questionable what effect peace will have on the situation. We are in hopes it will result in the sending of enough troops to thoroughly police the country and set up some sort of stable government, otherwise there will be another Mexico on civilization's hands. It is easy to see Germany could have overrun the world had she been allowed to work her will with this human putty and great natural resources.

Present, or at least recent, conditions among the troops quartered in Archangel and further south are described in some detail by a Detroit business man, lately returned from a six-weeks' stay in the vicinity, on business for the United States Shipping Board. His report is reassuring, even tho he deals with conditions in the back areas rather than at the fighting front. Almost half of the Allied Expeditionary Force at Archangel comes from Detroit, he says in an interview printed in the Detroit *News*, "and no real Detroiter could walk down the Troitsky Prospect, Archangel's main street, without meeting some acquaintance." He tells of the living arrangements:

> The 339th is quartered in the old Russian barracks, just across from the Smolny pier, where we were tied up. The barracks are wooden ones, comfortable and well heated, with tiers of bunks, three- or four-deckers for the men to sleep in. They are just about like the ones at Camp Custer except for the heating arrangements.
>
> Each squad room has a big brick stove, a huge chimney. Wood is fed into the affair and it heats the barracks very well. It really isn't as cold at Archangel as people make out. Up to November 15 it never was below ten above zero, and usually above thirty-two, not cold enough to freeze the mud and make the streets decent. The officers told me that it rarely gets as cold as thirty-six below; but even if it does the men ought to be comfortable, for they have plenty of blankets and fine winter clothes. When I left, they rarely wore their winter caps in town, preferring the overseas cap.
>
> You would hardly recognize the 339th in its winter equipment as an American regiment. The men have been issued long, leather, fur-lined coats which come to the ankles. The coats have big rolling collars of white fur. White flannel caps with enormous black fur ear-laps, and leather vests reaching nearly to their knees, help keep them warm, while whitish rubber boots guard them against the Russian mud. You would think them Russians if they grew beards.
>
> The officers of the 339th are quartered at the old Engineering school. They have good rooms and a recreation-room with a piano given by the Y. M. C. A. The heating system there is queer. Built into the partition between the corridor and the rooms is a big iron stove, much like a water-tank. The doors are in the corridor and wood is put in from that side, but it heats both the rooms and the corridor. The engineers are quartered at Salombula, three miles up the river.
>
> The kitchen stoves, both in the barracks and the officers' quarters, are of brick, like big brick tables, with lids and holes on top. The baking is done in brick ovens.
>
> All the American troops are well fed now, two supply-ships arriving before we left. At first they had British rations, which were not sufficient and led to a clash between the American and British authorities.

This matter of the slight misunderstanding between the British and American authorities arose because the British had large storehouses at Backaritza, across the Dvina River from Archangel, full of food and "thousands of bottles of whisky." There were persistent thefts, and one night a "big party broke into the storehouses and took grub and twenty-one cases of whisky." The narrator proceeds:

> Whether the American soldiers took it or not I can't be sure, but the soldiers said they did. The British were sure of it and sent an officer to see Lieut.-Col. J. Brooks Nichols, of Detroit, who was just then senior American officer in Archangel.
>
> Colonel Nichols, they told me, practically chased the British officer out of his office. He asked him how he knew the men were Americans and not British, and of course the officer wasn't sure, tho he had a pretty good idea. Then Colonel Nichols said that he would watch in hiding with any British officer to see what troops were robbing the storehouses, but I think the British weren't quite sure enough, as the offer never was accepted.
>
> Now the men get American rations, which are good and plentiful, tho they aren't fond of the hardtack, as a poem that one of the men shows. I got two poems written by men of the 339th from officers, but we never could find out who the authors were. One is about Russia, and pretty well shows how the men like the country.
>
> Archangel is hardly a pretty town, tho you would call it picturesque because of the old Russian buildings and the mosquelike churches with their gilt

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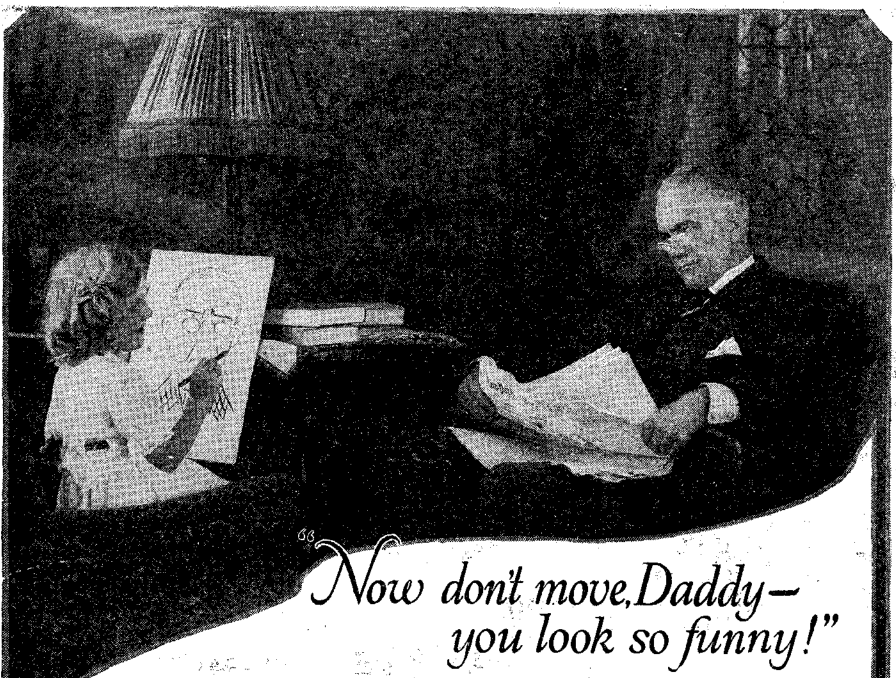
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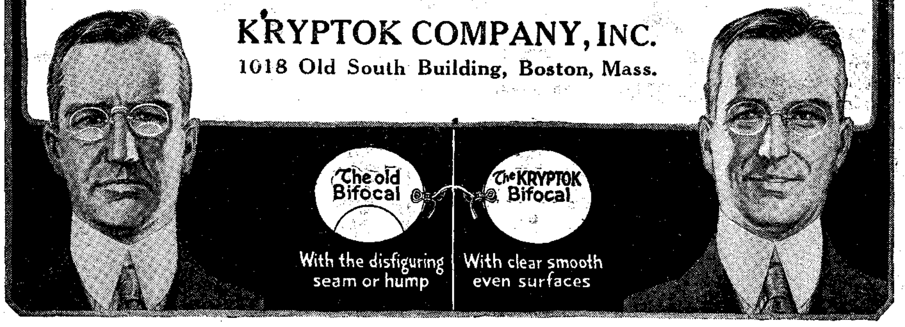

The old Bifocal
The KRYPTOK Bifocal
With the disfiguring seam or hump
With clear smooth even surfaces

domes. Everywhere you turn you see them, one built by Peter the Great when he founded the town.

There are old markets, queer places where the soldiers and sailors crowd to buy souvenirs. The shops—they are booths, really—look like piano-boxes with lids turned out for shelves, and are tiny and packed full of goods. The crowds are interesting, big Cossacks who are aiding the Allies, American, French, and British soldiers, sailors, and marines, and all the odd races of the world who have been gathered into the Allied Legion by the British, Japs, Koreans, Russians, Poles, any one who can be induced to fight.

The streets are wide but just dirt, and are muddy most of the summer. Only the Troitsky Prospect, the main street, is paved, and that is cobbled and so rough that it would cripple you to walk on it long. It has a wooden walk down the center, and under this is an open sewer which must have been built by Peter the Great.

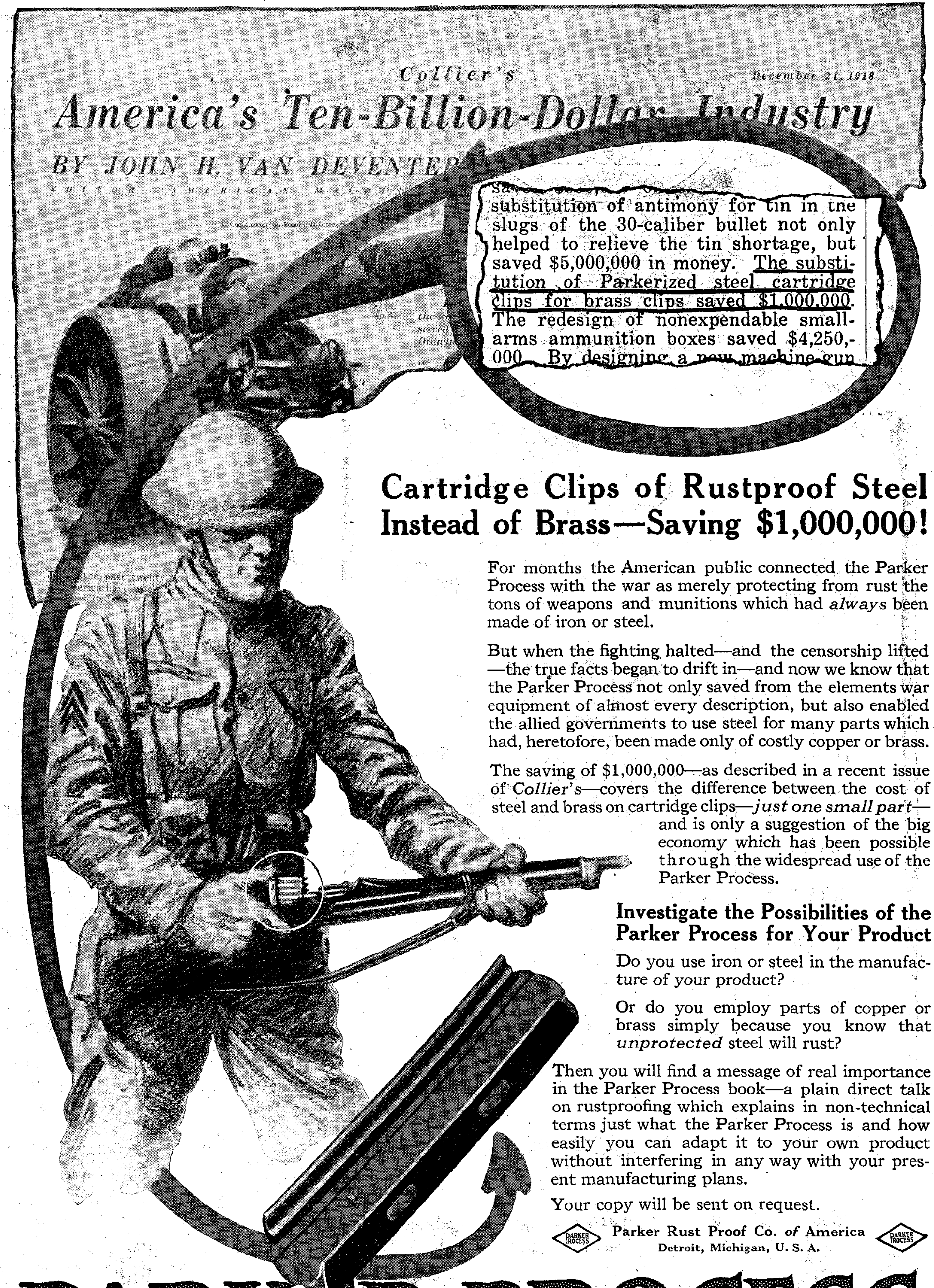
The town itself is very unhealthy; but in spite of this the health of the men has been good. They had the "Flu" there, of course, but the men suffered less than did many units in the United States. There were only fifty-seven deaths, and when I left it was practically stamped out.

FIGHTING THE BOLSHEVIKI SOUTH OF ARCHANGEL

A BLUNDER was made, it now seems clear, by several of our "authorities on Russia" who assured us that cold and deep snow would prevent any active winter campaigning by the Bolsheviki south of Archangel. They reckoned without their Bolsheviki. The Waga River, according to recent cables, has been the scene of fairly active fighting throughout January, with the Bolshevik forces on the offensive and outnumbering the American defenders. A Detroit boy, Sergt. Waldo E. Pease, of "Detroit's Own," recently arrived in New York suffering from a bullet wound received on the Waga; and a representative of the Detroit *News* found him in a hospital and interviewed him. His story of what American troops are "up against" in that vicinity completes the picture of Russia as described in the preceding article, and shows that there are plenty of Bolsheviki with plenty of machine guns and no lack of ammunition.

It was near a small town called Eceletzkia, on the Waga River not far from its juncture with the Dvina, says Sergeant Pease, that his unit first got into touch with the Bolsheviki and began digging trenches under fire:

> We dug three trenches. One of them I held, with seven men. The other two were commanded by Sergt. Charles Walling, of Detroit, and Lieutenant Gardner.
>
> There was continual firing, rifle and machine gun, and every now and then one of the Bolsheviki would sneak up close enough to throw a grenade. One man was wounded by a fragment of grenade, Private Olechowski, of Detroit. He said he saw it coming, but didn't realize what it was till it was too late.
>
> The firing was very much at random. We had one man killed, Private Staley; and a corporal who was with him when he was



Collier's December 21, 1918

America's Ten-Billion-Dollar Industry

BY JOHN H. VAN DEVENTER

EDITOR AMERICAN

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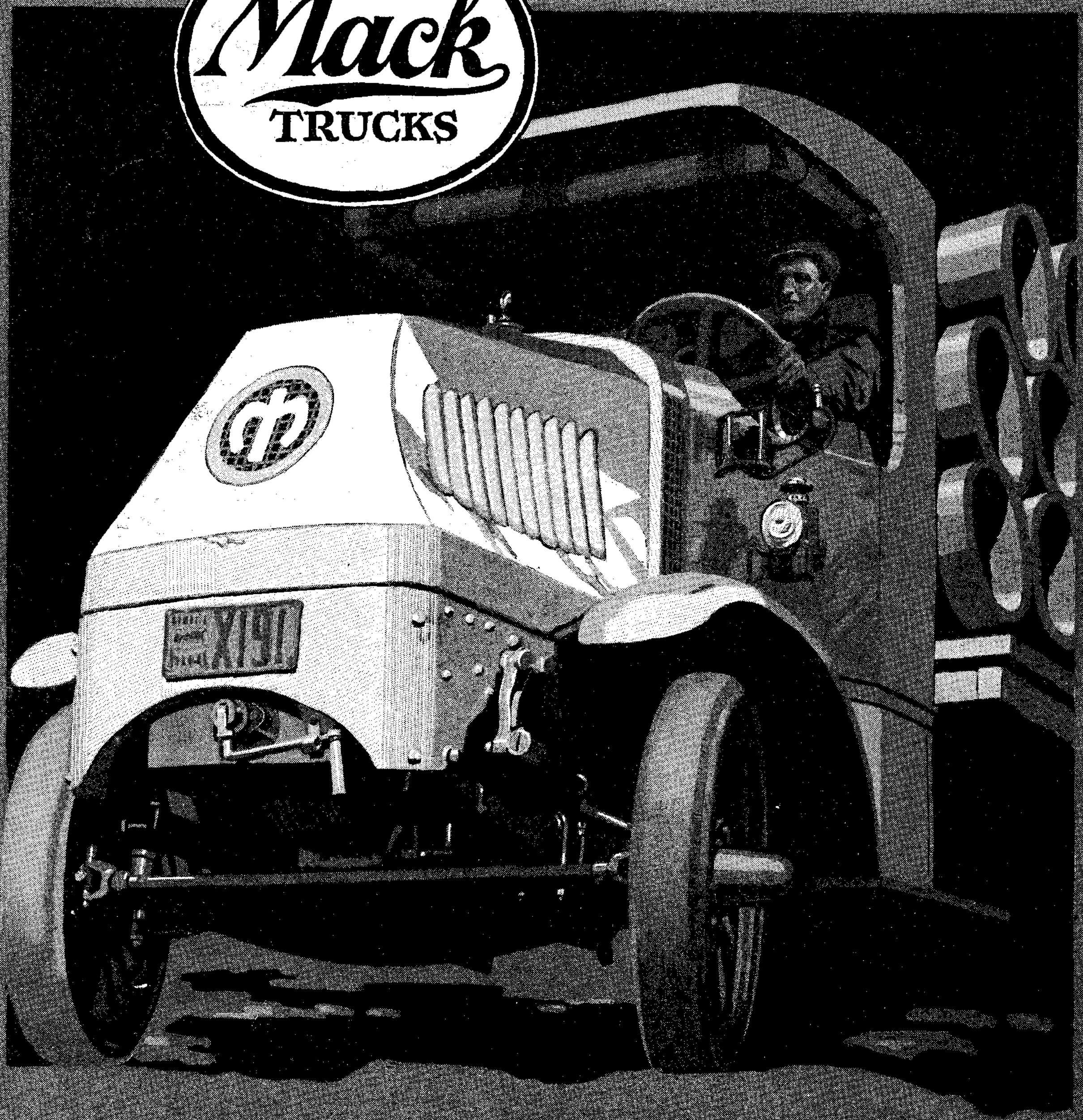

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hit said that the shot that killed him came through a haystack before it got him.

Tho it was our first time under fire, the worst thing about it was the wet and mud in the trenches. If we had cigarets we smoked them. The Bolsheviki were a long way off, tho we could make them out and with glasses even see their officers, who were Germans, standing behind them with pistols in their hands to keep the men in line.

I held that trench till 4 P.M. September 16, when twelve British with two machine guns came to relieve me. We went back into billets in the town, but at one in the morning the British colonel in command ordered a retreat. We marched back to Tiogra by 4 A.M., wet and muddy, without knowing why we retreated.

Next afternoon in marched the British corporal and twelve men who had relieved me, and we found out about what had happened. The British had some Cossack scouts and they had reported that the Bolsheviki were moving on our flank. The colonel then ordered a retreat, but forgot to send orders to the corporal in the trench.

He stayed there until noon the next day and then got hungry and wondered why he wasn't relieved. So he went back into Scletzkia and found the town empty, inhabitants and all. He figured that we had gone back to Tiogra and followed us up.

When the colonel found there were no Bolsheviki in Scletzkia, he sent men up to reoccupy the town. We had an inspection that day, and found that sixteen men had lost their packs in the fighting and the retreat.

In all, there were half a company of Americans and a platoon of French in the battle. There was a company of British in reserve. We also had four three-inch guns, manned by Russians. They could shoot, but they couldn't hit anything, and they had only fifty rounds of ammunition when the battle started.

I think we won the battle. We retreated six miles and came back, but we found out later that when the Cossacks saw the Bolsheviki moving and said they were going to flank us, the Bolsheviki were retreating. They retreated eighteen miles.

We were in billets and at the front till September 26. I had had a bath and changed my underwear for the first time since leaving England when we got to Tiogra after the battle of the 16th, and I was luckier than most of the men. I always carried a change of underwear and socks in my light pack, but most of the men carried nothing. Also, September 22 was a big day. That day Howard Nyhus and I found a Russian feather bed and had a soft sleep.

Nyhus and I had been pals since we left Detroit. We were drafted the same day, were assigned to the same company, made sergeants the same day, wounded the same day, left Archangel together, were in the same hospital at London, both left on the *Saxonia*, and the first time we were separated was when we were sent to different hospitals in New York.

Until September 26 there was continual fighting, our forces sometimes making small advances, sometimes retreating. In one of these little retreats my company commander, Capt. M. J. Donoghue—"Leather-lunged Donoghue," they called him—won the D. S. O. He had gone out to inspect the front-line position, which had been withdrawn without his knowing it, and the first he knew of it was when four Bolsheviki machine guns opened up on him.

He could have jumped off the road into the mud and been safe, but machine guns were nothing in his life. He came tearing down the road with bullets spattering all around him till he got to headquarters where it was dry. When he got there he jumped off the road, laughing like the devil. Machine guns didn't have any effect on him!

On September 25, a patrol of four Cossacks went out and ran into the Bolsheviki. Two of them came tearing back to report, and late in the day another came in without his horse and with nothing on but his shirt. He was nearly crazy. The Bolsheviki had taken his clothes. What happened to the other I don't know. We couldn't talk to them, of course. It showed that the Bolsheviki were near, in force, as they would never stand up and fight unless there were a lot of them.

Early the next morning Americans and Bolsheviki met and engaged in an action the outcome of which, as related by Sergeant Pease, was a wound for himself, ninety hours on the firing-line for an American unit, and a slight disagreement between Yankee and British commanders. The Bolsheviki had plenty of machine guns, says the narrator:

They kept the road under fire. It was so dangerous to cross it that Captain Donoghue said he would shoot the first man who tried, but he was over it all the time.

I was in command of the troops to the left, and the first time he was hit he came over to me and showed me where a machine-gun bullet had unbuttoned the upper button of his overcoat—just unbuttoned it without tearing the buttonhole or even badly smashing the button.

"Pretty close call," he said.

The second time he was hit the bullet passed under his right arm, through his slicker, ripped his O. D. shirt clear across the back, and came out through the slicker. He came down into the mud in a big burst of machine-gun bullets, laughing, and showed me the damage. That man didn't know the word fear.

"That was a real close call!" he said, and warned me again about crossing the road. Then he sent me down to the left flank to see how things were going there.

I crawled down and found that everything was all right and started back to my position through the mud. The Bolsheviki must have heard me in the bushes when I got back because all their machine guns opened up on the left of the road.

I thought there must be some casualties and looked down the line. To the left I could see without moving. I was lying on my left arm, and lifted on my left elbow to see to the right. Just as I raised up a bullet passed through my left elbow. If I had not lifted my body away from my arm it would have passed directly through my body before it hit my elbow and unquestionably killed me.

At the hospital I found out how lucky I had been. I was in the fight only a few hours, but the rest of the men were in ninety hours without relief—that's just six hours short of four days and nights. There were some British in reserve, and Captain Donoghue sent word asking to be relieved.

The British captain, the colonel's adjutant, told Captain Donoghue that the colonel's orders were to stay, as the British were going somewhere else. The captain sent back word that his men had been in ninety hours and he was going to with-

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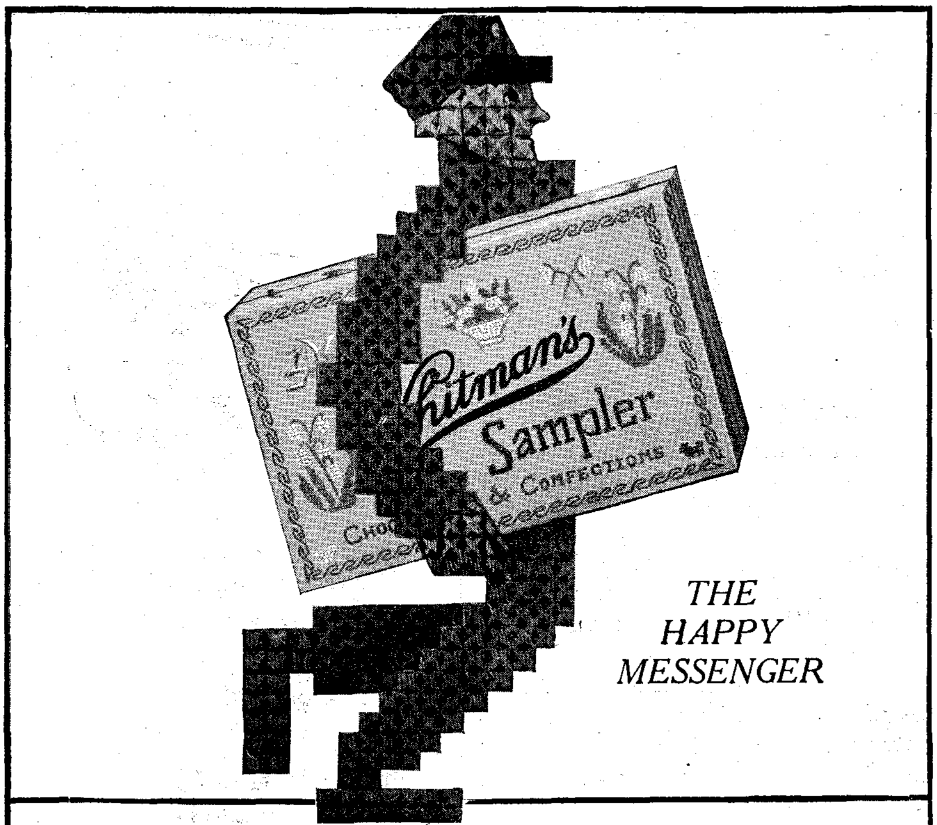

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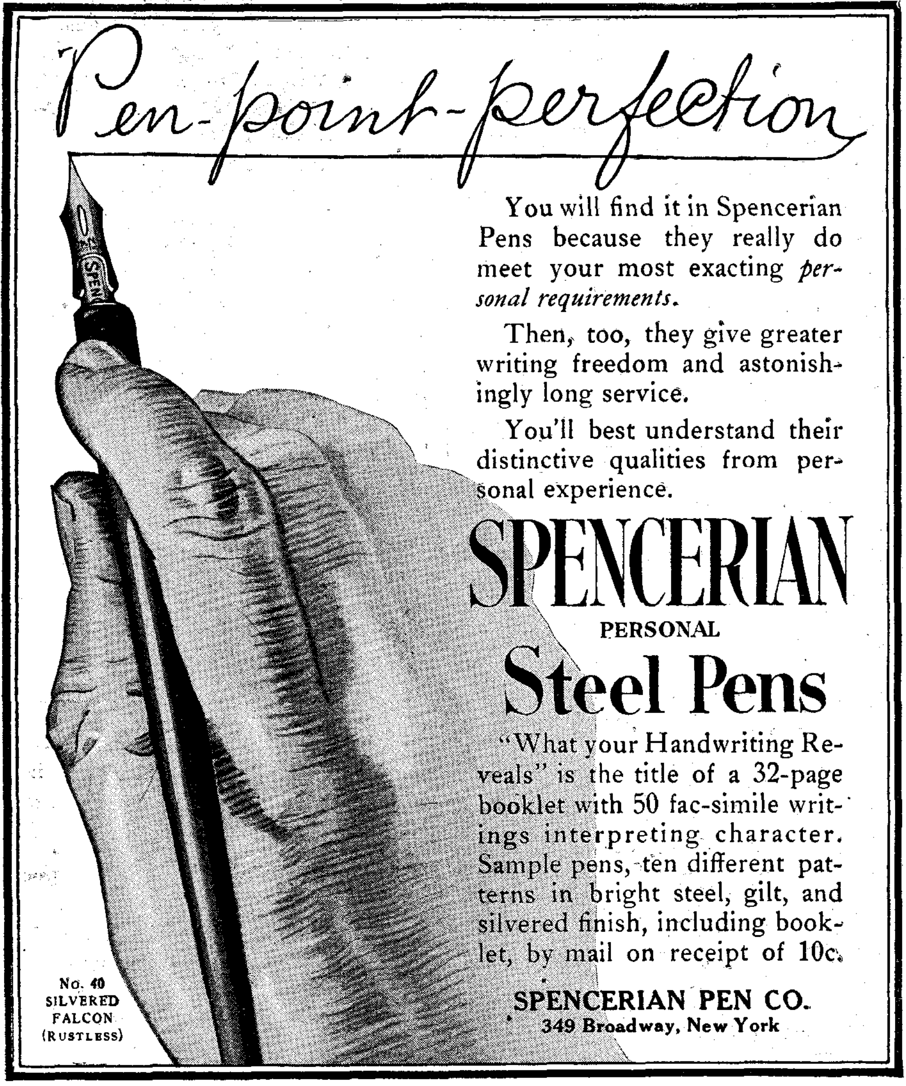

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draw them, and if the British wanted the front occupied they could occupy it themselves. So he withdrew them, and I suppose the British came up.

BREAKS OFF PIECE OF THE FAMOUS BLARNEY STONE

PERFORMANCE of seemingly impossible or ultra-daring feats comes easy to the American newspaper man. Every now and then he electrifies the world with accounts of startling adventures, which are "scrapped" by delighted readers for the entertainment and edification of future generations. One of the latest and certainly strangest achievements is now credited to Fred Lockley, who is writing about his experiences abroad as staff correspondent of the Portland (Ore.) *Journal.* Mr. Lockley did something that was never accomplished before by newspaper man, native or foreign—he kissed the famous Blarney stone and got away with a piece of it, which he is now exhibiting to hosts of envious friends. This is the story in *The Journal:*

One of the most picturesque, and interesting trips I made in Great Britain was the trip by the Cork, Muskerry & Donoughmore Railway to Blarney. The train follows the winding, grass-grown, tree-shaded banks of the River Lee for some miles. The lowlands along the river are emerald green and are divided into small fields by hawthorn hedges or by moss-grown, lichen-covered walls of country rock.

The stream is amber-colored, and when the sunlight is reflected through the overarching trees on its ripples it is a sight worth coming a long way to see. Near Carrigrohane steep bluffs fall abruptly to the side of the river and high up on the bluffs an old castle can be seen. Passing through Leemount, Healy's Bridge, and St. Annis, one reaches the little village of Blarney.

Leaving Blarney village I followed a woodland path, crossed a rustic bridge, and came in sight of Blarney Castle. Aside from its historic and sentimental interest it is most charming. Its massive ivy-covered towers rise 120 feet. It crowns a hill and is surrounded by yew-trees which were full of their sweetish, indented red berries. Beside the castle is a ruined round tower. Caves beneath the castle and a natural moat formed by the Coomaun River made this fortress on its limestone rock a place hard to capture. It has seen strenuous times and its battered walls bear witness to the fact that in spite of the strength of its walls—nine feet in thickness at its base—and in spite of the valor of soldiers of King Charles, who formed its garrison, Cromwell's officer, Ireton, was able, with his ordnance, to batter its walls down about the heads of its defenders and capture it. Even in its ruin it gives one the impression of tremendous strength and durability.

No one happened to be there when I visited the castle. I climbed the winding stone staircase to within one story of the top. A twelve-inch ledge railed off by stout iron bars attracted my attention. Seeing a blackberry vine at the opposite end of the wall on which were some ripe blackberries ready to be eaten, I climbed over the iron bars, got on the narrow ledge,

WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH

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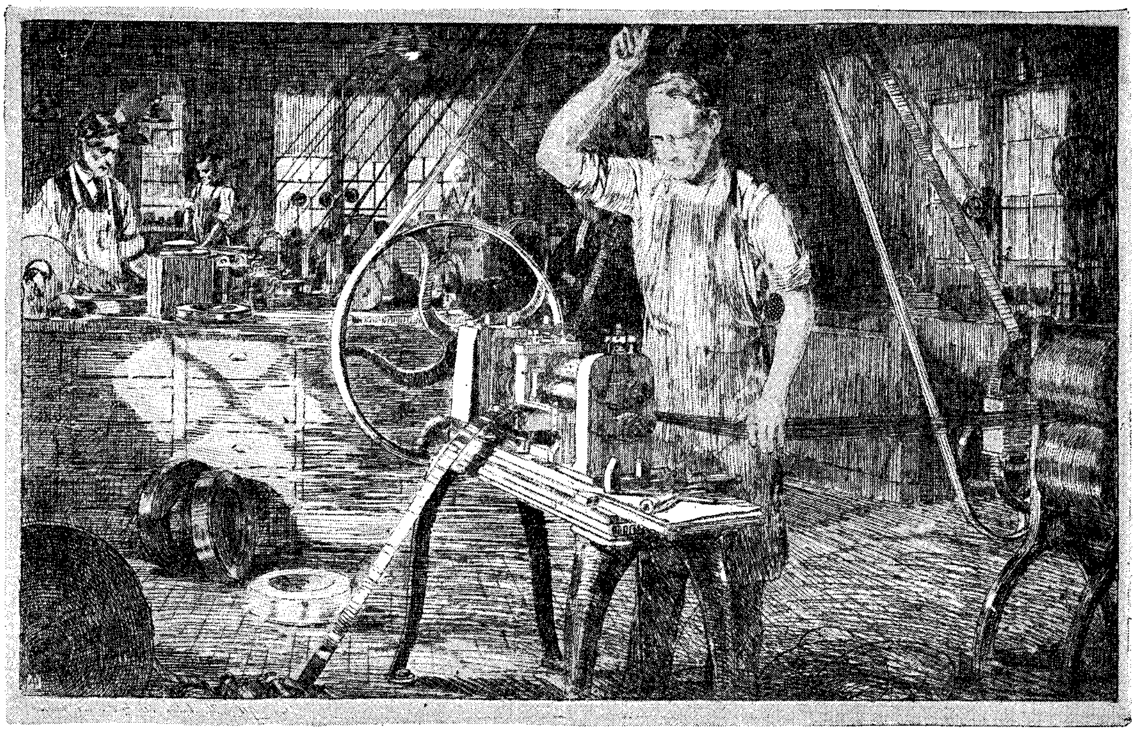

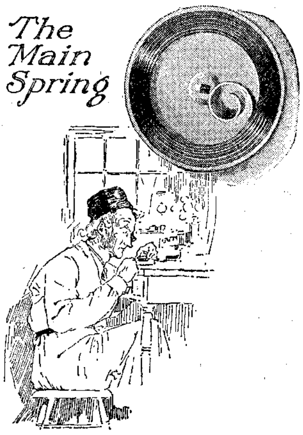

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It is subjected to varying conditions of service in temperature and tension. The variation in thickness of two one-thousandths of an inch, or lack of uniformity in hardening and tempering, will decide the time-keeping quality of your watch.

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The *foreign* mainspring is not only cut *in short lengths,* but hardened and tempered *in short lengths*—therefore every foreign mainspring is an individual spring of uncertain temper, making the watch a liability.

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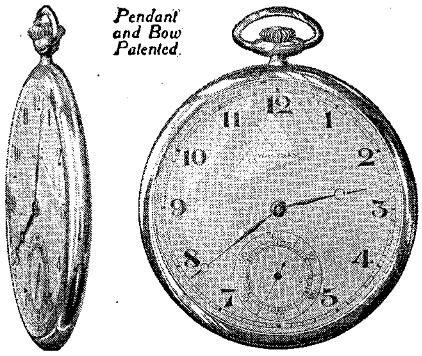
The uniform superiority of the Waltham mainspring is one of the reasons why the horological experts of the leading nations of five continents chose Waltham in preference to watches of any other make.



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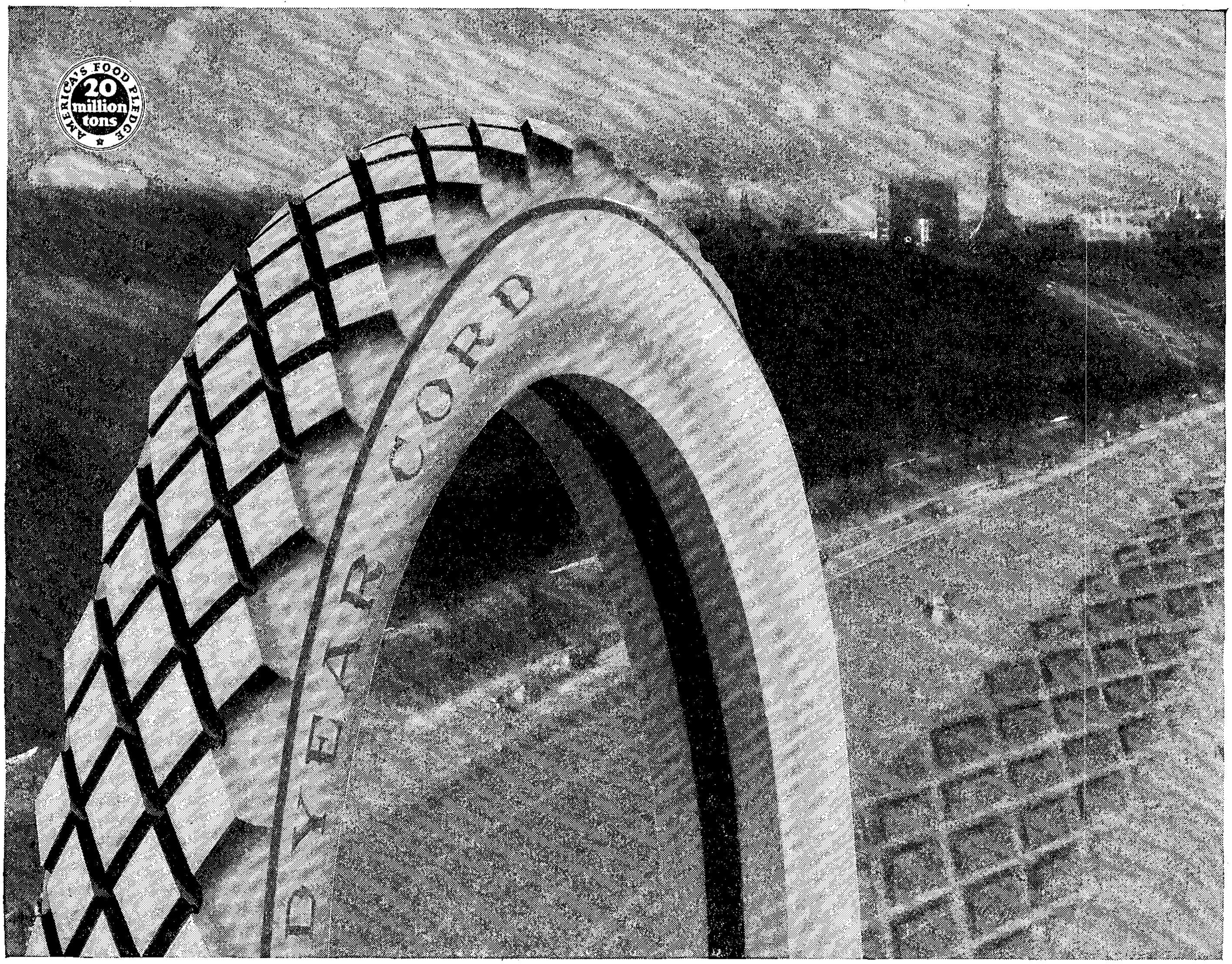

Decoration by Ballentyne

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BACK ON THE MARKET

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We desire at this time to express our appreciation for the patience and understanding with which our customers waited for Goodyear Tires when they were scarce.

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Those of you who were inconvenienced in your efforts to secure these tires during the period of war will consider your sacrifice well made, knowing that it made possible the release of men and materials for vital war work.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

and made my way to the opposite wall of the castle. On one side rose the rough stone wall; on the other, for nearly a hundred feet, was vacancy. I reached the blackberries, ate them, and made my way cautiously back to safety. I had not realized till I started for the blackberries that a recent shower had rendered the narrow ledge uncertain footing. The blackberries tasted like home. Many a time, in Spring Valley, Polk County, I have picked just such sweet, ripe, wild blackberries growing over rail fences by the side of the road.

I climbed to the top of the castle and located the world-famous Blarney stone. It forms the upper stone, or capstone, of an opening in the wall. Two iron rods support it. It is about six feet from the top of the wall. In the old days the manner of kissing it was to have two trusted friends hold you by either ankle and let you down, head first, your full length, over the wall, so you could kiss the stone. Sharp iron spikes along the wall prevent this procedure nowadays. The way the stone is kissed now is to lie on your back and have two friends hold your arms and your ankles and push you downward and outward through the opening, so you can raise your head and kiss the stone. Many a person, I am told, decides not to kiss the Blarney stone when he looks down 120 feet to the ground. I had no trusted friend to hold my ankles, but I wasn't going to come clear from Portland to Castle Blarney to kiss the Blarney stone and fail in my quest. I found that by lying down, reaching up, and supporting my weight from both arms by holding to the iron rods I could swing out and kiss the stone. I succeeded in swinging myself into position and I gave the Blarney stone a number of kisses, so I could generously pass them on to my Portland friends who are not able to kiss the stone itself.

When I had wriggled back, somewhat mussed up and disheveled, I examined the stone critically and at one side I discovered a slight projection. The stone is about four or five feet across, fairly wide, and is fifteen or eighteen inches thick. I coveted a bit of the Blarney stone. If there is any type of pest I despise it is the tourist who goes over Europe acquiring souvenirs of this sort. I had never before succumbed to that mania, but here is where I fell. It was the difficulty of the thing that appealed to me. I wondered if I could hang on with one hand and with a bit of rock knock off that little projection on the edge of the Blarney stone. I found a rock twice as large as my fist. It was of a flinty texture and made an ideal hammer. I squirmed into position again, one-third of me hanging over space. Then I discovered that if I held on with one hand and knocked the projection off with the other hand I needed a third hand to catch the bit of rock that would be broken off. I decided to take a chance, so I held my back and legs stiff, braced my shoulder against the wall, held one hand under the projecting bit of the Blarney stone, hit it a couple of hard blows, and broke off the bit of rock I wanted, which fell into my hand. If any one thinks it is an easy job he can come and, unaided, get a bit of the Blarney stone for himself.

As I scrambled back I heard voices. An Australian lieutenant and two "Aussie" sergeants came up the stone stairway. I apologized for my mussed-up condition by explaining I had just kissed the Blarney stone. One of the sergeants immediately decided he would kiss the stone. I have a long back. He hadn't. He couldn't get his face within six inches of the stone, so his comrade, the Australian lieutenant, took one leg and shoulder and I the other, while the other sergeant held his belt, and we held him out so he could kiss the stone.

The lieutenant was next. We helped him in the same way. The other sergeant said, "I will risk shells, bombs, and bullets, but I draw the line at being held out head first over a hundred feet or more of atmosphere." The sergeant who first kissed the stone longed to acquire a bit of the real Blarney stone, but after looking it over thoroughly decided it would be absolutely impossible to get a sample. I held that if a man had a chisel and a hammer, and two men held him out, he might get one, but they proved to their own satisfaction that it couldn't be done, for the bit chipped off would fall into the tops of the trees below and be lost. As far as a man getting a piece unaided, they showed me how utterly impossible such a feat was. I politely gave in, holding the piece I had secured tightly in my fist, with my fist in my coat pocket all the while.

I have reformed. I don't go around any more breaking pieces from world-famous monuments. Tho I have reformed, still I am not at all repentant. I am glad I have a fragment of the real Blarney stone.

AMERICAN REPORTER BEATS THE HUN SPIES

We have heard considerable about certain supposedly American journalists doing discreditable work for the Kaiser, but little has been said concerning the splendid service performed by real American newspaper men in combating the activities of the Hun spy system. The New York *Herald Magazine* tells how one of them fooled the wily Germans, met cunning with cunning, and danger with almost reckless courage in his desire to beat the Hun at his own game and "outwit his renegade fellow journalists in their attempts to help the foe of civilization." This is the story:

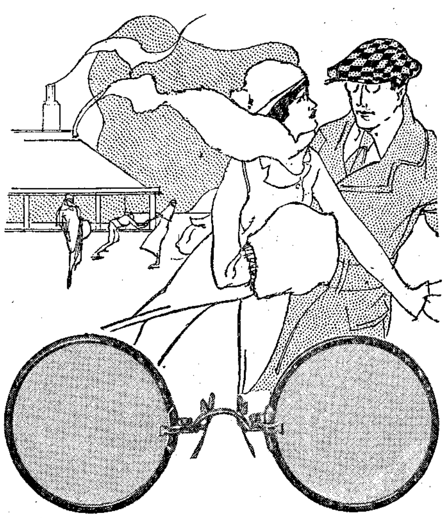
Many months before this country became involved in the war this patriotic newspaper man was employed on one of the Germanophil organs in this country. He made application to enter an officers' training-camp, but was rejected because of a slight physical defect. He was greatly disappointed, but he was determined to help his country in some way.

His newspaper work brought him in contact with officials of the Department of Justice, and he made many friends among them despite the fact that the sheet with which he was connected was abhorred in certain government circles.

It was a chance remark of one of the reporter's friends, who was a high official in the department, that put the idea in his head which resulted in giving the Government one of its most valuable intelligence operatives in the war. This official said one day:

"I wish you were with some other paper."

This gave the man food for thought and soon thereafter he got employment on another newspaper. But the reputation he gained while working on the pro-German paper would not down He had



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Pettijohn's conceals the bran in a luscious morning dish. You'll like it better, probably, than any branless dainty. Yet there's sufficient bran. Try it one week. Your own good spirits will then tell you what to do thereafter.

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written a lot of articles while connected with this newspaper at the direction of his superiors that savored strongly of pro-Germanism, and his newspaper associates believed that the reason for his change of position had no bearing at all on his sympathies.

One day he was approached by one of these acquaintances—a man who had been connected with the German edition of the paper he had formerly worked on. This man knew that the man's wife was a foreigner, and it was believed she was German, as she spoke German fluently. As a matter of fact, she was Dutch.

The man who approached him asked the reporter to meet him in a hotel that night to talk over a business proposition. He agreed, and the other unfolded his scheme. The reporter listened and immediately conceived the idea which he afterward put into execution. The proposition was that the reporter go to London and act as agent for a new German film concern. The financial inducement was very tempting and he agreed to accept. The other man brought him around and introduced him to influential Germans at clubs and other places, and while arrangements were being made for his departure for England other men dropt the mask and told the reporter that the film concern was a fake and that it was meant to hide a plant for transmitting messages between this country and Germany.

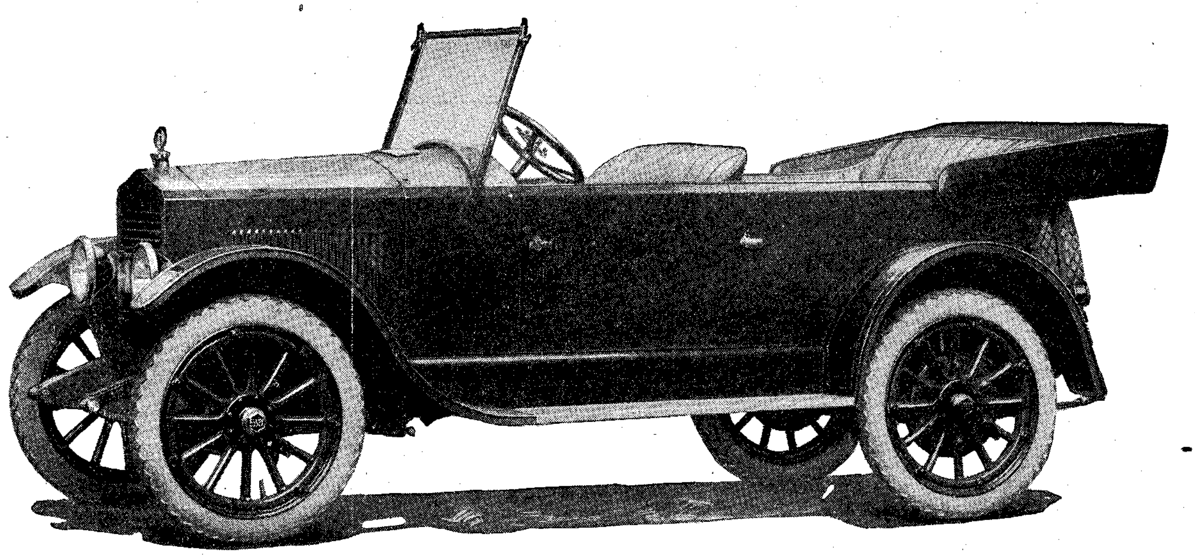
The reporter went to the city editor of his paper and told of the scheme. Both got in touch with the head of the Secret Service in this city and with the British Consul and Scotland Yard men here. The reporter was told to go ahead. He gladly consented. He accepted the proposition and was thereupon introduced to three other newspaper men who were to act with him at Copenhagen, Antwerp, and Geneva. The reporter was to be the clearing-house for messages in London. His friend here was to transmit them and the reporter was to send them to the other men in the neutral countries who were to get them into Germany by men and women known as "carriers."

The reporter gave the name of the other newspaper men to the Secret Service officials and they were watched closely. They left for Europe on different ships and the two men bound for Copenhagen and Antwerp were passed by the British inspectors at Kirkwall so that their suspicions might not be aroused.

Before leaving New York the reporter was furnished with a secret code, invisible ink, and an acid which would develop the writing. He was told that the ink was made by a German chemist and that no one besides the German Government could make an acid to render the writing visible. But, as we read:

He turned over some of the ink and acid to the American Intelligence Department and its chemists quickly found a way of making a similar acid that did the trick.

A raft of letters and cablegrams came to the reporter in London. Some of them were in code, others in invisible ink. He turned them over to the British and concocted others containing false information, but apparently very valuable, which he transmitted to the agents in the neutral countries. These messages found their way to Berlin and were regarded as genuine. Some of them were written on



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Essex dealers were not told what to expect in the Essex. We said go take a ride in it, then we will talk to you about it. But when they came back they did the talking.

Most of the hundreds of dealers who will sell the Essex have been doing business with us for a long time. They know the kind of cars we build.

Under those circumstances they were not as skeptical as they might otherwise have been. But even if they had felt uncertain, because of the newness of the Essex, all doubt was removed as soon as they had ridden in it.

It is just that kind of surprise that all must have felt who have learned to know the Essex in the past two weeks. It is the surprise that is in store for you, if you will go to the nearest Essex dealer and let him show you what it will do.

That is a distinctive characteristic of the Essex. It is remarked by nearly everyone. Pride of ownership does not alone spring from beauty and richness of detail and finish. It is mechanical as well as optical. Something more than the sense of sight must be gratified.

A Light Car Anybody Will Be Proud To Own

The Essex is beautiful to behold. The very feel of the comfortable cushions, with their high backs, associates the moderate priced Essex with costly cars. The owner need never apologize for either its appearance or performance. Squeaks do not develop, as in other cars of its type, because an unusually heavy frame assures absolute rigidity. Body bolts cannot work loose. The finish will long retain its freshness.

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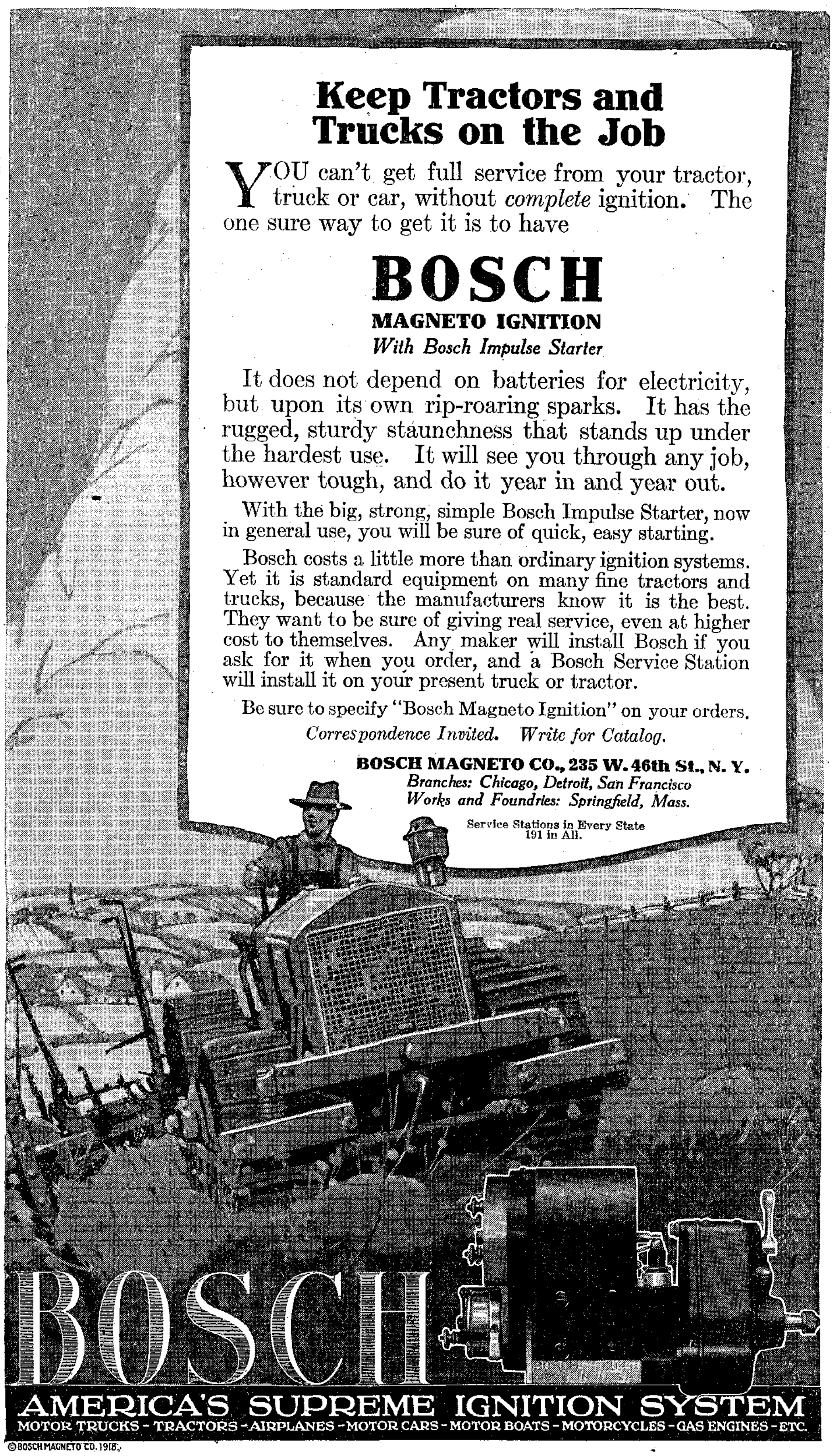
Every dealer is demonstrating the Essex over the roughest pavements in his locality. It reveals a new distinctive motor car quality. You might easily think you are in a long wheel-base car weighing two or more tons. This feature alone will appeal to you with more than ordinary interest.

The Essex motor deserves your special attention. Note how it is arranged to get the maximum power from every drop of gasoline. See how stable it is and why it is free from the need of tinkering and attention. The Essex has stability. It has quality as well as lightness; endurance and comfort as well as a low first cost. These things will be apparent when you see and ride in the Essex.

ESSEX
MOTORS
DETROIT
USA

3



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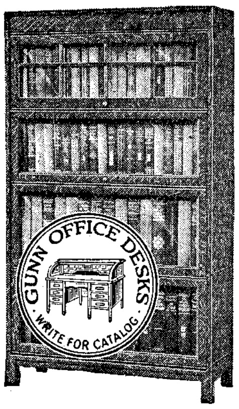

the bodies of men and women "carriers" in invisible ink.

He learned a great deal about the German spy system. He found out that it had been the custom for years, whenever a student in the German military and naval colleges showed any aptitude for espionage work, to give him a course of training in the particular kind of work he was best suited for. It was a postgraduate course, given on the completion of his military studies. The course embraced all phases of espionage work, including sabotage, "roping" or ingratiating oneself into another's good graces, placing bombs on ships, and acting as servants. He learned that thousands of these spy-school graduates had been sent to England and the United States and had joined the Army, where, because of their training and military knowledge, they rose to high positions, particularly after the United States got into the war.

As a result of the secrets learned by the reporter the Army Intelligence Bureau here was enabled to apprehend and intern numerous German spies who got into the Army and Navy. In at least one instance one of these men had gone abroad and was sent back by General Pershing on orders from the War Office here.

After the reporter had gained a lot of valuable information and had "the goods" on the other newspaper men in the neutral capitals the hand of the Government closed in on them. They were brought back, tried, and convicted and are now serving terms in the penitentiary.

The other man was seized here at the same time and was also convicted of violation of the neutrality laws. In order to prevent the exposure of the reporter, who was, of course, not arrested, and to enable him to continue his usefulness he was directed to send a secret message to Berlin telling the officials there that he was suspected by the English and that he was making arrangements to go to Berlin. The English helped him to get to Switzerland and from there he made his way to Berlin, where he was received cordially by high German officials. He told a plausible story to account for his own escape from London. He was allowed to send cable dispatches to the Germanophil newspaper in New York with which he was formerly connected. These were mostly in the nature of propaganda. He was received everywhere in Berlin with open arms and even got a special pass to accompany the German Army as correspondent.

He paid several visits to German Army Headquarters and was even welcomed by Hindenburg himself.

It was while he was supposedly acting as a correspondent that he received information that the Germans were about to begin a great drive on a certain day at a certain hour. That night he watched for his chance. An army aviator had just delivered a message to headquarters and was waiting with his airplane for an answer. When the aviator entered the machine and the propeller was spun by mechanics the reporter made a dash for one of the wings and climbed aboard. He crawled behind the aviator and placed a pistol to his head. Then he directed him to fly behind the Allied lines. The Hun did as he was told and was made a prisoner. Brown gave his information to the Allied commander, and the Hun drive was not only nipt in the bud, but a counter-drive was organized and considerable territory wrested from the enemy.

This exploit, which may have been one

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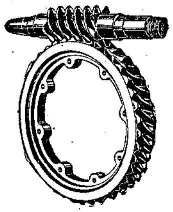

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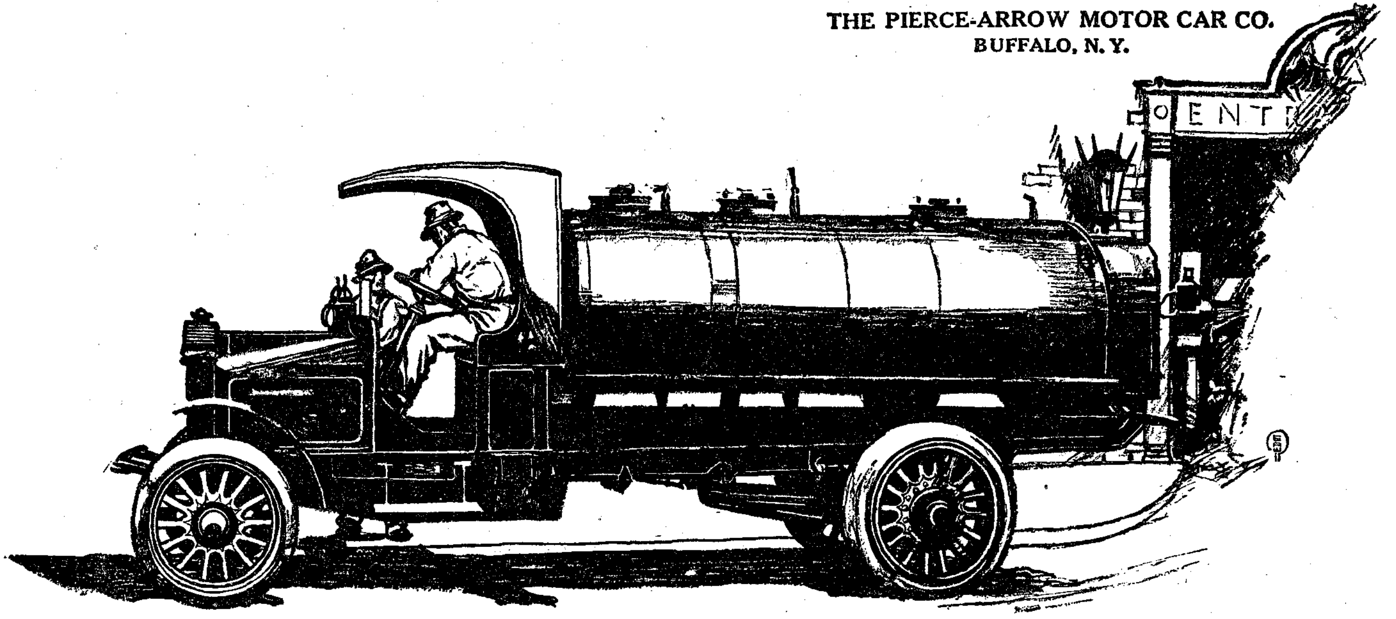

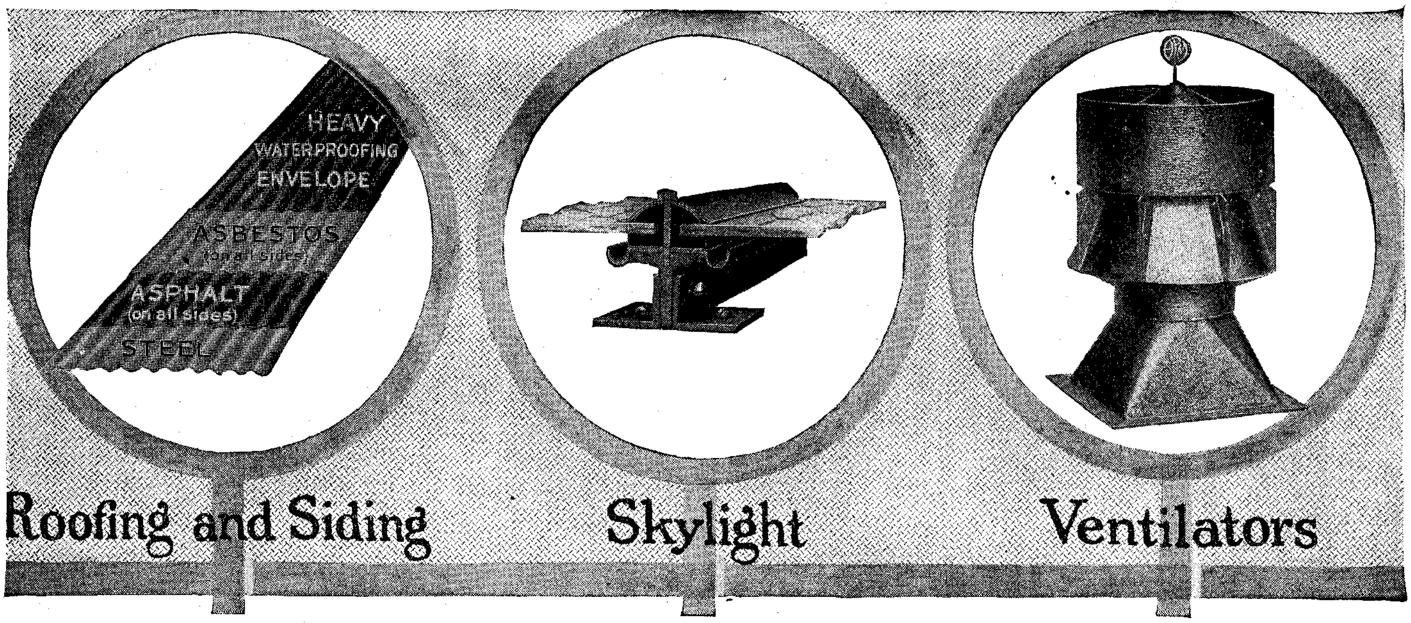

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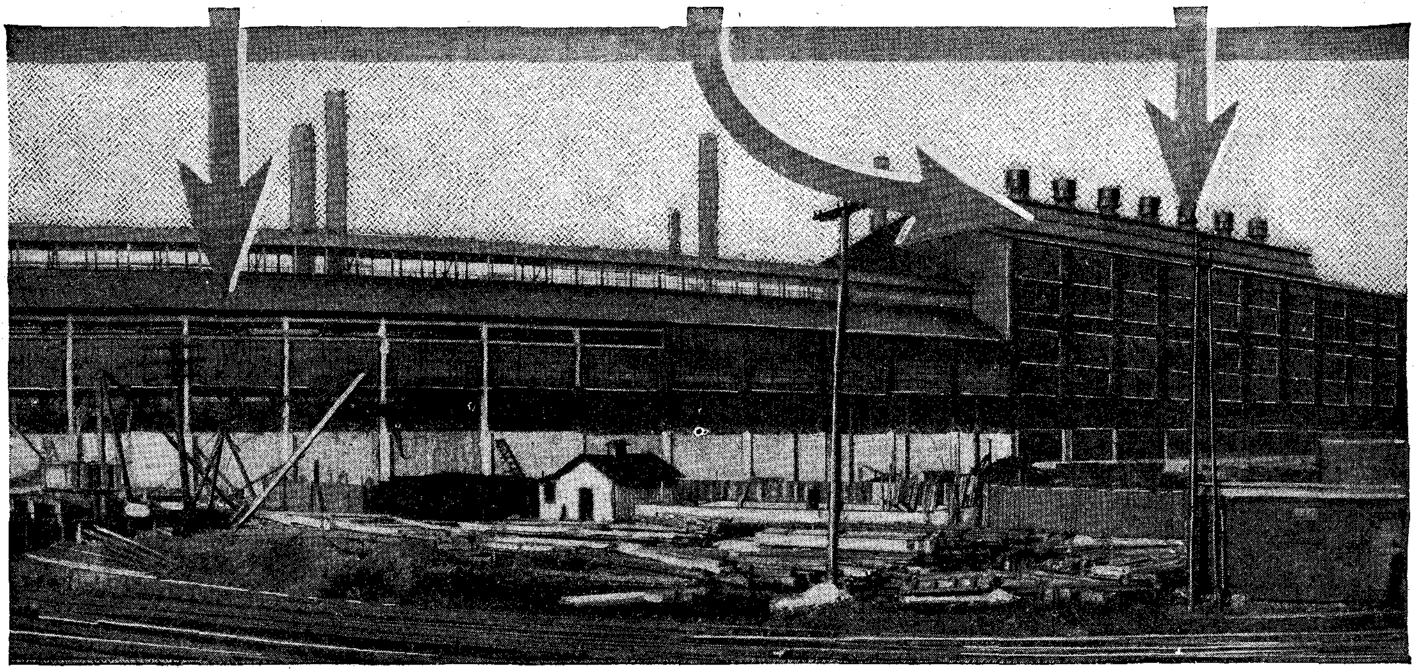

of those referred to by the Attorney-General, of course, ended the man's usefulness in Berlin and he came back to New York, where he was made an officer in the Army Intelligence Bureau, receiving high praise from the President and other government officials. He was placed in the service that had to do with the search for spies and bomb-planters in New York. His work was so successful that he was highly complimented.

He is still connected with the Intelligence Bureau and he is glad that he has been able to do something to offset the unpatriotic work of some other members of the Fourth Estate.

The arrest and conviction of the newspaper men who acted with him were mentioned briefly in the newspapers at the time, but this is the first time the real story behind their apprehension has been told. One of the convicted men at least contended that he was innocent of all intention to violate the neutrality laws and that he believed the messages he sent and received through German agents actually related to the supposed film concern.

HOW GERMAN SAILORS WRECKED WILHELM'S SHIP OF STATE

THE "final great outbreak" of the German Navy that ended in the overthrow of the German Imperial Government was really caused, as rumor at the time indicated, by the refusal of German sailors to "go out and perish like heroes with flags flying," says a writer in the London *Daily Telegraph*. Numerous small mutinies had been smothered in blood, but the final victorious revolt came when the crews learned that the inferior, poorly equipped German Fleet was to be thrown against the prize battle-ships of England and America. In "the first detailed account of the great outbreak in the German Navy," a special correspondent of *The Telegraph*, who has spent some months in Germany "with the object of studying the German revolution in all its aspects," tells the story:

> In the early hours of the morning of Thursday, October 31, the Admiral commanding the German High Seas Fleet signaled the order "*Seeklar*" (be ready to put to sea), and it was suspected from end to end of the fleet that this meant a last desperate attempt to fight the British Navy. The captain of the battle-ship *Thuringen* committed the indiscretion of turning this suspicion into certainty. Assembling the whole crew of his vessel, he addrest to them a highly patriotic speech which ended thus: "We will fire our last shot and then we will perish like heroes with our flag flying." But the crew of the *Thuringen* had no desire to perish heroically; on the contrary, they were determined not to allow themselves to be dragged into this mad adventure. First they sent a deputation to their captain to remonstrate; while this was taking place, all fires were extinguished and the engine-holds were flooded with water, and communication was established with the crew of the battle-ship *Helgoland* next in line. Soon after sunrise on October 31 the whole of the crews of the *Thuringen* and the *Helgoland* were in open mutiny.
>
> The Rear-Admiral commanding the First Squadron of Battle-ships, flying his flag on the *Ostfriesland*, sent boats alongside the two rebel ships to take off the officers, who were allowed to depart unmolested. The Admiral then signaled to *Thuringen* and *Helgoland* that both would be torpedoed unless they surrendered immediately. The other battle-ships were withdrawn to a distance, and two large torpedo-boats, *B97* and *B112*, appeared on the scene ready to discharge their torpedoes on receiving the expected signal from the flag-ship *Ostfriesland*. The crews of the two torpedo-boats, whatever they may have felt, showed no signs of refusal to obey the order to blow up their comrades on the two battle-ships, numbering more than 1,500. At this critical moment, the *Thuringen* signaled her surrender, and the *Helgoland* immediately followed suit. All the mutineers were transferred to transports and conveyed without delay to Wilhelmshaven to await their trial.
>
> On the same day, October 31, there were smaller troubles on other ships of the High Seas Fleet which revealed the impossibility of putting to sea. Twenty-four hours later most of the crews and the whole of the marine garrison of Wilhelmshaven were in open revolt. Their reenforcement on November 2 by the crews of the Third Battle-ship Squadron, which had been sent from Kiel to Wilhelmshaven to quell the movement, and by large numbers of men just brought back from the coast of Belgium, made the rebels masters of the situation. Emissaries were sent to Kiel, and all the fleet men at that port joined the movement with enthusiasm. These events succeeded each other rapidly on October 31, November 1 and 2. Cuxhaven, Brunsbüttel, Emden, and Lübeck fell successively into the hands of the mutineers; everywhere the officers were powerless to stem the tide, and for the most part they submitted without open resistance. In a few cases officers who resisted were shot and their bodies thrown into the sea.
>
> By the evening of November 2, nine-tenths of the German Fleet and all the naval ports from Kiel to Emden were in the hands of the mutineers, and Germany's Navy had for all practical purposes ceased to exist. Prince Maximilian, of Baden, who was then Chancellor, seems to have used his influence to prevent the dispatch of troops to attack the rebels, acting thus under the influence of Scheidemann and Erzberger, who advised strongly against violent measures. The Radical member of the Cabinet, Herr Conrad Haussmann, was sent to Kiel to try to negotiate with the men, but he returned to Berlin within a few days without having achieved any result. The rebel seamen, with a view to strengthening their position and preventing reprisals, quickly sent emissaries to Berlin, Munich, and the other large towns to stir up the Socialists and to stimulate other revolutionary movements in the different centers, and it can now be stated as an established fact that the men of the fleet not only carried out their own revolt successfully, but were mainly instrumental in spreading the contagion of sedition to the civilian population inland and to the Army at the front.

While these events were taking place in the German Fleet, Berlin was ripe for a revolutionary movement, due to the activities of some of the Independent Socialists. The Majority Socialists, headed by Schiedemann, took no part in these preparations, and, in fact, even the leaders

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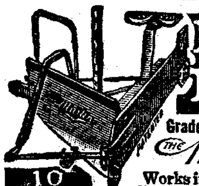

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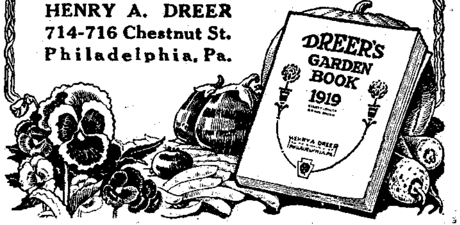

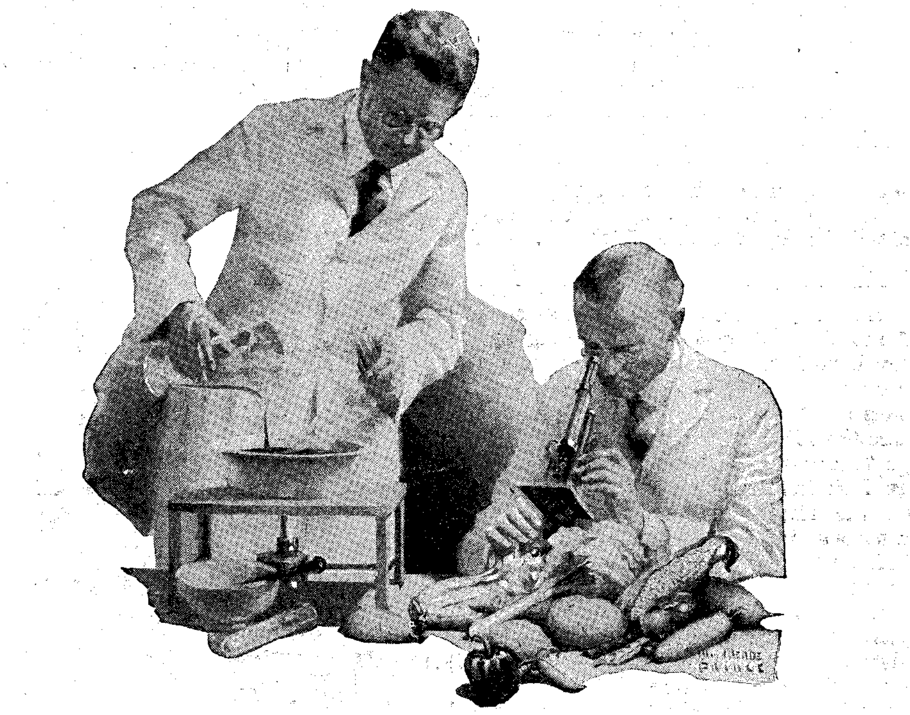

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Some Years Ago

There came to the Van Camp kitchens a famous Parisian chef. He had won prizes for soup making in French culinary contests. The exquisite soups served at Hotel Ritz had been of his creation.

He made for us samples of those soups—perhaps the finest soups in the world. And we employed him for our chef-in-chief.

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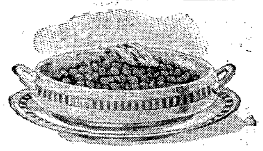
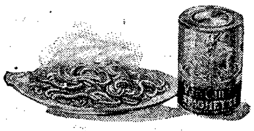
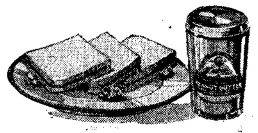


Van Camp's Pork and Beans



Van Camp's Spaghetti

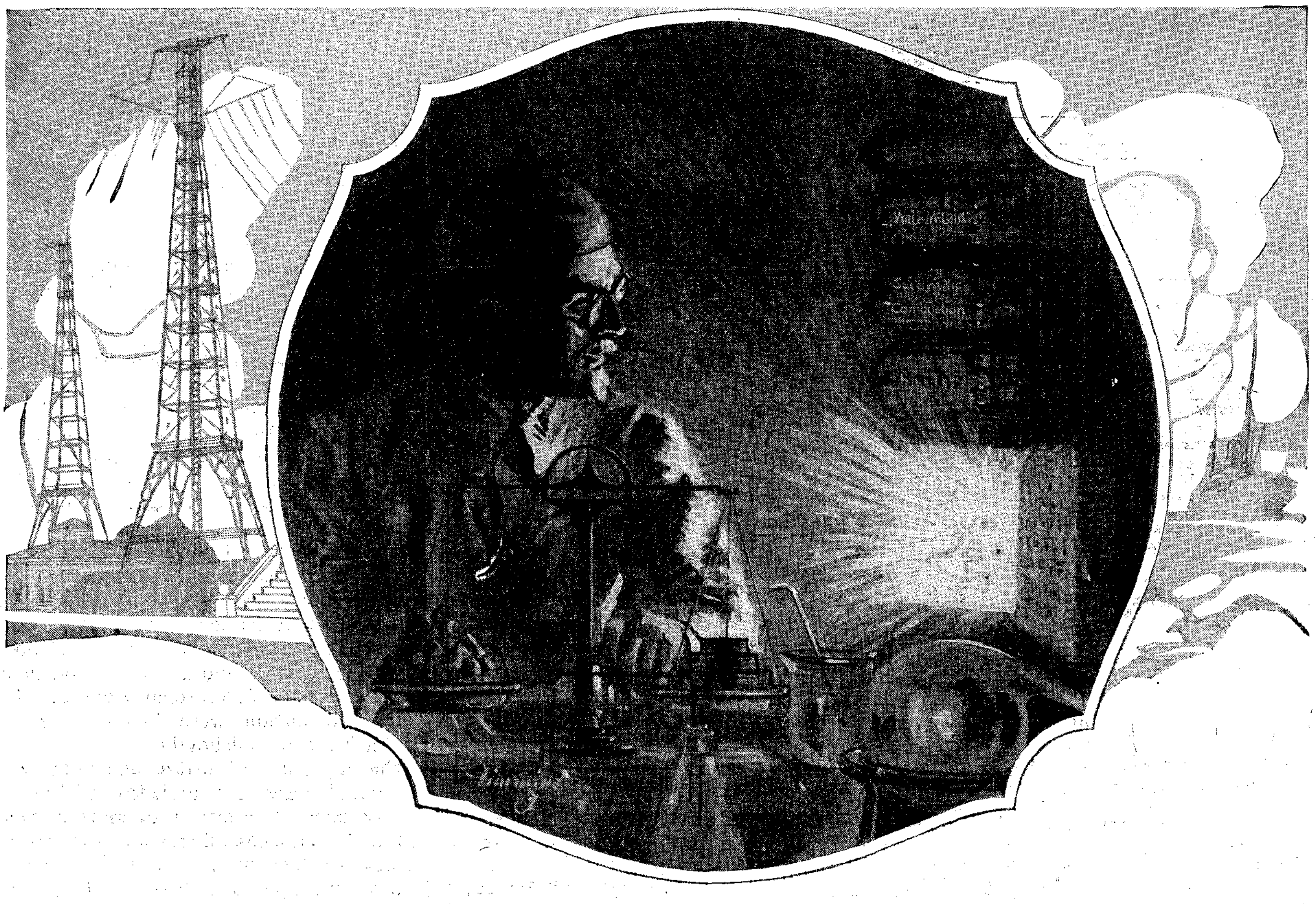


Van Camp's Peanut Butter

(505

of the Independents mostly refrained, leaving the work to be done by some of the less important members of more radical tendencies, who cooperated with the Spartacus group that still, at least by name, belongs to the Independents. The writer continues:

> The preparations for an armed rising, which had been begun in the spring of 1918, were redoubled after the victories won by the Allied armies in July and August. One of the local leaders of the Independent Socialists, Emil Barth, succeeded in securing a considerable quantity of arms and munitions, which were distributed secretly to trusted adherents and kept in concealment in expectation of the moment to strike. Barth asserts that the money for this purpose was given to him by wealthy sympathizers with the Independent Socialist movement, but it appears more probable that he obtained it from Joffe, the Ambassador of the Russian Bolshevik Government in Berlin. However that may be, it is certain that Joffe gave large sums of money to the Spartacus group, so that the preparations for the Berlin revolution were financed mainly by the Russian Bolsheviki.
>
> The Imperial authorities had knowledge of these preparations, and, toward the end of October elaborate preparations were made to suppress the expected rising. Secret orders, copies of which have now been found in the archives of the Great General Staff, were issued to a number of commanding officers, directing them to select with great care picked bodies of officers and men who could be absolutely trusted to fight uncompromisingly against any popular rising. It is highly significant that in these orders the commanding officers in question were warned that they must exercise great caution in making their choice, because there were large numbers not only of men, but also of officers, who would probably refuse to fire on fellow Germans. The picked troops were chosen and supplied with an elaborate equipment, which included heavy artillery, field-artillery, machine guns, gas-bombs, hand-grenades, gas-masks, and so forth. At the end of October these special corps were ready for action, and from the day on which the first troubles in the fleet occurred they were held in readiness in some of the Berlin barracks and at Spandau and other places close to the capital.
>
> This was the state of affairs when the emissaries of the fleet mutineers arrived in Berlin to bring their message of revolution to their friends among the Independent Socialists, who, after hurried consultations, fixt November 11 as the date of a general strike. Under the disguise of a general strike they intended to make revolution. It was on the eve of this effort that the Scheidemann Socialists suddenly changed their attitude and decided to join forces with the Independent Socialists, if the latter would accept their cooperation. Till that moment the Scheidemann Socialists had been docile supporters of the Government, headed by Prince Maximilian of Baden. But Scheidemann, the arch-opportunist, perceived that the revolutionary movement had become really formidable, and that there was probably more to be gained by joining it and seeking to direct it than by opposing it. Discontent with Scheidemann's methods of subservience to Imperialism had been growing among the rank and file of the Majority Socialists since the beginning of



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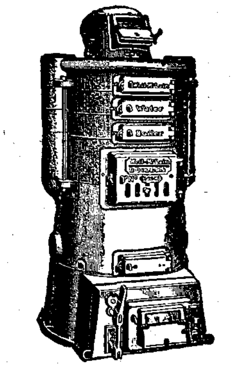

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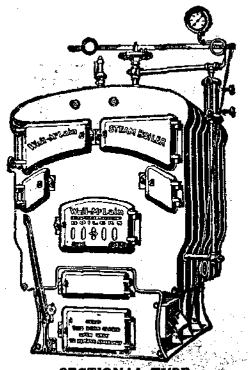

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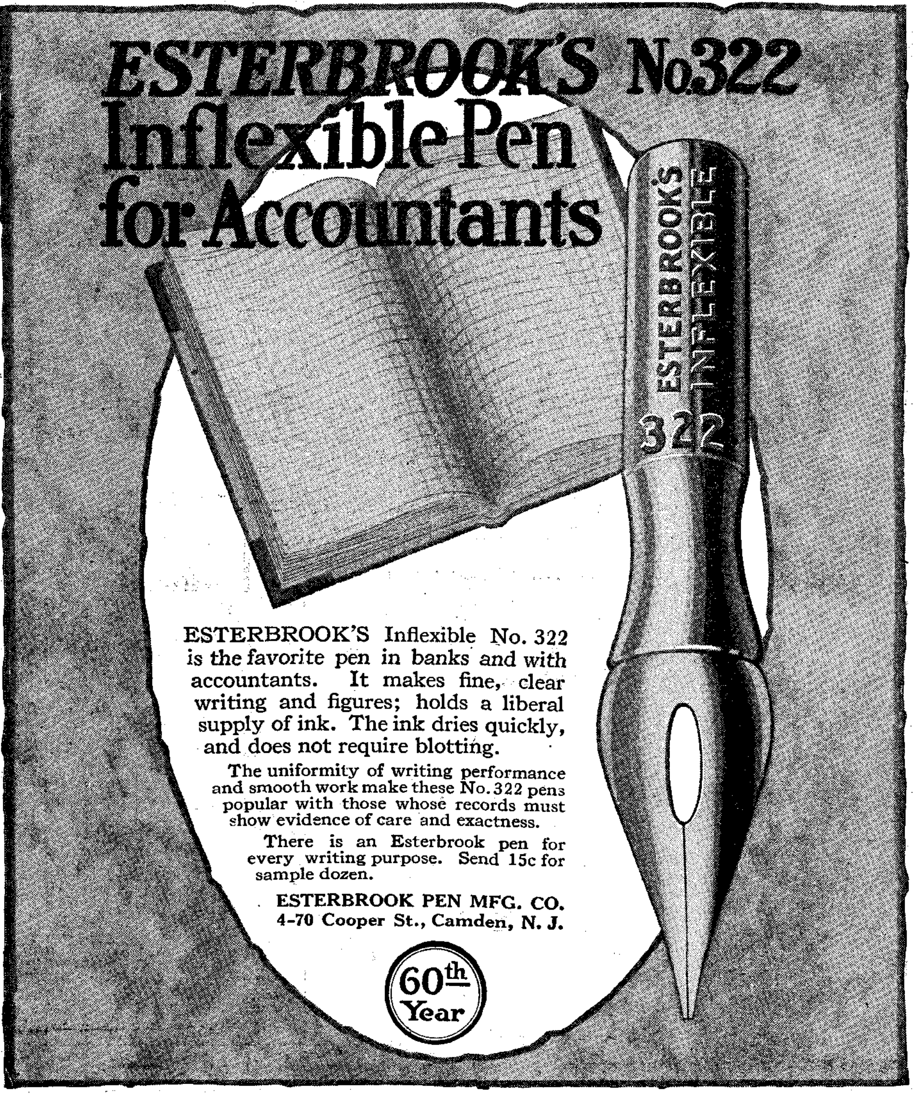

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the series of the Allies' victories on the Western front, and Scheidemann realized that a considerable section of his party would desert and go over to the Independent Socialists unless he and the other leaders came into line with the revolutionary movement.

After coming to a temporary working arrangement with the leaders of the Independent Socialist party, Scheidemann and his colleagues acted with determination and rapidity. Prince Maximilian of Baden was persuaded that none but a purely Socialist Government could avert a civil war, with the result that he abandoned the chancellorship precipitately. The astute Scheidemann, not yet sure of the results of the revolution, refused the chancellorship for himself with a gesture of noble self-sacrifice, and thrust his colleague Ebert into the supreme post, resolved that his younger and less unscrupulous friend should bear the brunt of the discredit if the movement ended in a fiasco.

Almost before the new Government had been formed, the Majority Socialists and the Independent Socialists had taken joint measures to secure the support of the soldiers of the Berlin garrison, and especially of those special corps formed for the express purpose of suppressing any revolutionary movement. Trustworthy emissaries were sent first to the barracks near the Belle-Alliance Platz, where the troops rallied without hesitation, and, indeed, with great enthusiasm, to the revolutionary movement. One by one the regiments in the other barracks declared their adherence to the movement. Even the officers offered no more than a normal resistance.

Within a few hours it was evident that the entire garrison of Berlin, including the special corps formed to combat the revolution, was on the side of the new Socialist Government, headed by Ebert. This was the decisive factor. If the troops in Berlin had remained faithful to the old régime the revolution would have been crusht in an hour. The seamen started the revolution. The soldiers of the Berlin garrison insured its success in the capital. The Socialist workingmen, notwithstanding all the noise they made, played only a subordinate part.

The fact that the military leaders made no serious effort to suppress the revolution is not so surprizing as it seemed at first sight. Before Prince Maximilian of Baden vacated his post, he issued special instructions to the military and police authorities that no force must be used against popular demonstrations of discontent. This was done under the influence of Scheidemann and Ebert, and Prince Maximilian did not understand that he was thereby aiding an open revolution; his idea was that the order would avert useless bloodshed, inasmuch as the military leaders might be expected to fire at the first sign even of peaceful demonstrations in the streets. When the Socialist Government, without awaiting the Kaiser's assent, proclaimed his deposition and declared Germany to be a republic, the commanding officers of the Berlin district found themselves with a very strongly worded order not to fire on the people. This order, undoubtedly, contributed to the bloodless nature of the revolution. It is true that, after some delay, a few of the officers tried to lead their men against the new Republican Government, but by this time it was too late, and the soldiers refused to make any move against their fellow citizens.

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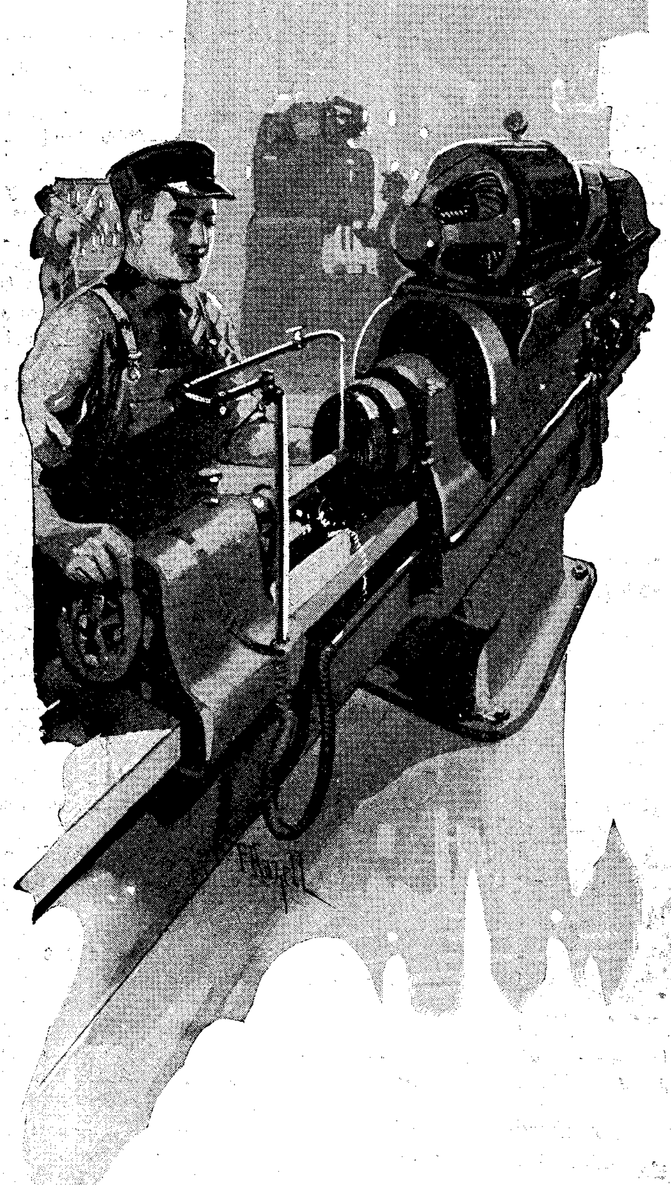

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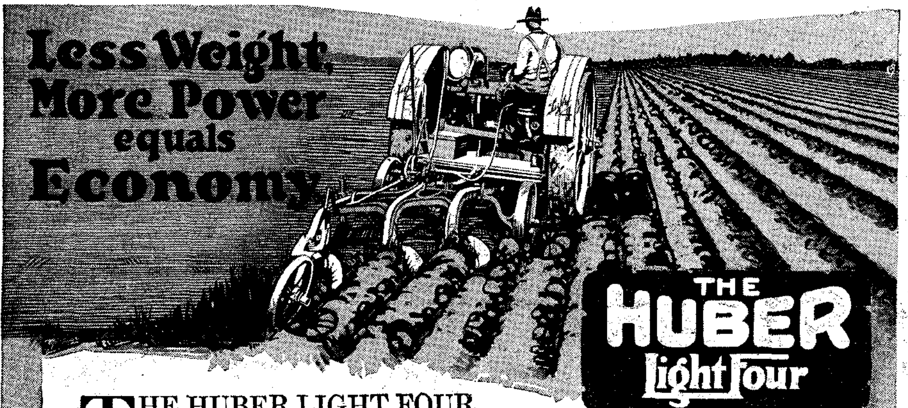
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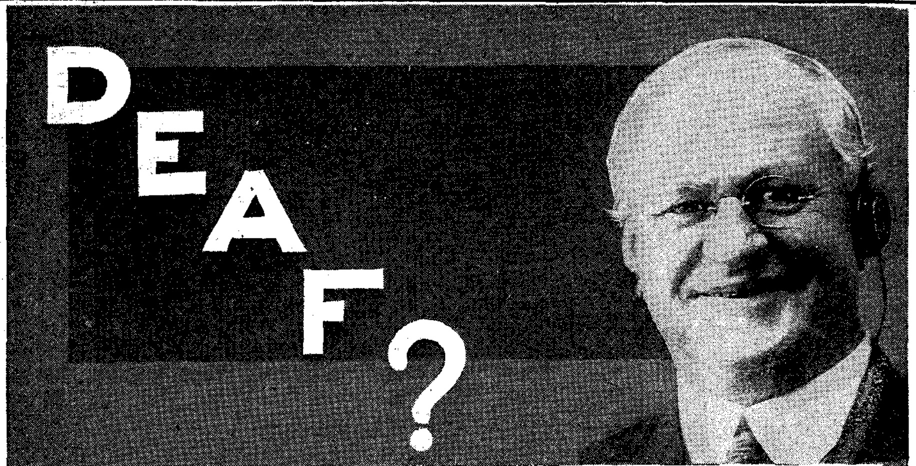

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PAW—"The one that has cloves on it, my son."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Proverb Refuted.—"There is no fool like an old fool."

"I don't know. There's the young fool that marries an old fool."—*Boston Transcript.*

Effective Treatment.—"I hear you've had quite a spell, Aunt Jemina."

"Yes, honey, dey done tuk me to de horsepital and guv me a epidemic interjection."—*Baltimore American.*

"One Dollar Down."—VISITOR—"What lovely furniture!"

JOHNNY—"Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it; anyway, he's always calling."—*Tit-Bits.*

What Everybody Thinks.—"Better consider my course in efficiency training. I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

"I do that now."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

How Thoughtless.—"I suppose your son broke himself down at college football."

"No; the doctor said what gave him nervous prostration was trying to get his lessons between the games."—*Boston Transcript.*

Close Relations

The fellow who plays poker
Should take this fact to heart:
His "ante" and his "uncle"
Will not be far apart.
—*Boston Transcript.*

What Else Could He Say?—"Man is a tyrant," declared Mrs. Flubdub. "Isn't he, John?"

"Really, my dear, I hardly—"

"Is he or is he not?"

"He is."—*Tit-Bits.*

It's the Truth That Hurts.—An item is going the rounds of the Canadian press to the effect that a New York State paper is being sued because a comp made an obituary conclude, "May he roast in peace!"—*Fourth Estate.*

You Win!—The man who is riding sixty miles per hour in a big machine is no happier than the man who is riding thirty miles per hour in a flivver, because the man in the flivver thinks he is going sixty.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

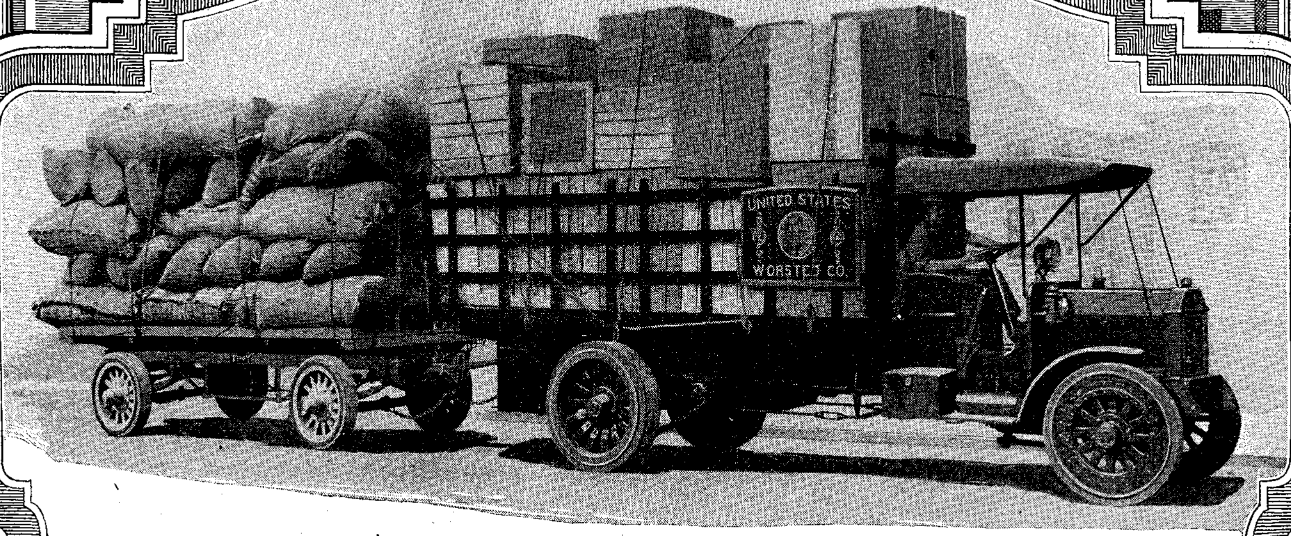
Up-to-Date Beau.—MA—"There is one thing about Edith's young man, dear, you don't have to get up every night to send him off."

PA—"No; thank heaven, one of our girls has picked out a self-starter."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Question of Taste.—One morning Mr. Smith was heard talking to himself while making his morning toilet in a manner that denoted much perturbation.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "what's provoked father now?"

"Oh, it's nothing much, mother," answered little William. "I just put a tube of sister's oil-paints in place of his tube of tooth-paste."—*Tit-Bits.*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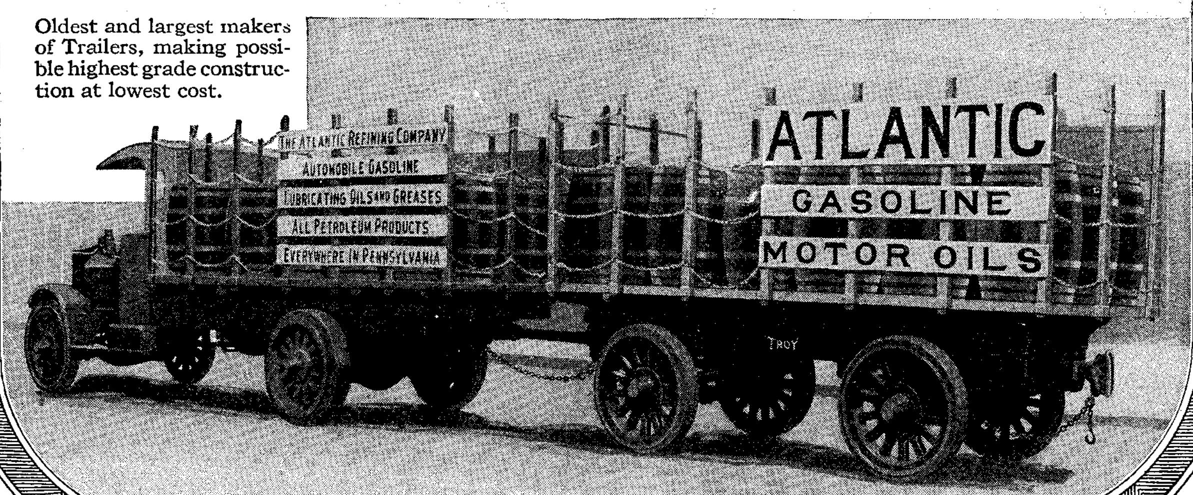
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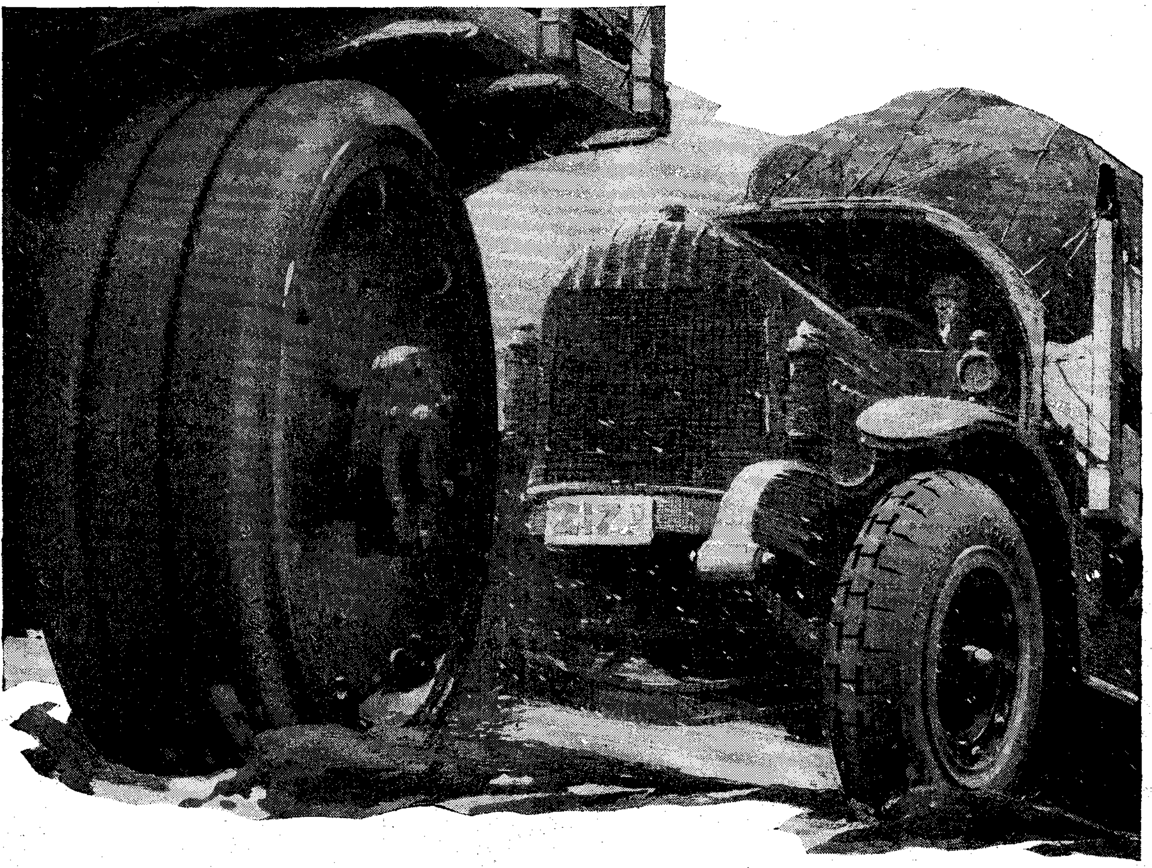

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THE necessities of war brought home to us the importance of the motor truck. When the French line stood at the Marne, the truck began to receive the recognition it deserved.

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Speed traffic; aid the railroads to give the country a freighting system that can cope with the rapid growth of industry. Get in line with the future trend of transportation.

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Why Joe Left Home.—"Dear Joe—Come home. Forgive and forget. I have destroyed the book of war-recipes.—Violet."—*Tit-Bits.*

Will-o'-the-Wisp. — Knicker — "Has Jones returned to his prewar work?"

Bocker—"Yes, he is looking for the same job he was looking for."—*New York Sun.*

Significant.—"I shuddered when Tom proposed."

"Was he so awkward?"

"Oh, no; he did it so well."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ancient Egg.—First Soldier (in restaurant)—"How's your egg, Bill?"

Second Soldier—"I'll match you to see who goes back for the gas-masks."—*Jersey Journal.*

Beating Orpheus.—Orpheus of old could make a tree or a stone move with his music; but there are piano-players to-day who have made whole families move.—*Boston Transcript.*

Only Relief in Sight.—"You make life a burden to me," said the busy man to the persistent life-insurance agent.

"In that case you can't take out this policy any too soon."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

What She Had.—Daisy (earnestly)—"No, she isn't exactly pretty, but she has that indefinable something——"

Harold (impatiently)—"Yes, I know. My girl's old man has piles of it, too."—*Tit-Bits.*

Preferably the Latter.—"Better not ask papa yet, dear. He has the gout in one foot."

"All right. I'll wait till he gets well or gets the gout in both feet."—*Boston Transcript.*

Practise Makes Perfect.—She (after his proposal)—"Did you ever say anything like this to a girl before?"

He—"Heavens! You don't suppose it could be done like that the first time, do you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

He Ought to Know.—"You say this picture you bought so cheaply is worth $10,000?"

"Yes."

"Who told you that?"

"The artist."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The Necessary Horse.—"Do you think the motor will entirely supersede the horse?"

"I hope not," replied Farmer Corntossel. "There must be some market fur hay. I depend on what I make on hay to buy gasoline."—*Washington Star.*

Wifie's Cigars Welcome.—"To-morrow's my birthday and I shall get the usual very welcome box of cigars from my wife."

"Welcome? Huh! I'll bet you throw them away."

"Not much, I don't! I give them to my friends. They remember the horror, and later when I offer them a cigar that's really good they pass. I tell you wife's gift is dozens of dollars in my pocket every year."—*Boston Transcript.*

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

January 22.—The Supreme Council of the Peace Conference, adopting a proposal submitted by President Wilson, invites representatives of all Russian factions to confer with representatives of the Allied powers at Princes' Island, in the Sea of Marmora, on February 15.

January 23.—Sergius Sazonoff, former Russian Foreign Minister, at present Paris representative of the Siberian Government at Omsk, and Prince Lvoff, former Russian Premier, reject President Wilson's plan for a conference between all the Russian factions and the Allied governments at Princes' Island. "We will not sit with assassins," announces Sazonoff, objecting to the invitation extended to the Bolsheviki.

Great Britain's plan for carrying out the proposed internationalization of labor, says a Paris dispatch, includes the establishment of an international commission made up of the representatives of both capital and labor for the settlement of labor problems. This commission is to be responsible to the League of Nations, and will have jurisdiction over all except the purely internal problems of the nations.

The Peace Conference will be asked by the Chinese delegation to revise the treaty of 1915 between China and Japan, which, says an official statement issued by the Chinese Agency at Washington, is as unfair as the treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk.

January 24.—Sergius Sazonoff, Paris representative of the governments of Omsk and Ekaterinodar, asks that anti-Bolshevik Russians be allowed to raise a volunteer army in other European countries for the reestablishment of order in Russia.

The day's transactions of the Peace Conference include the issuance of a solemn warning that taking of territory by force "will seriously prejudice the claims of those who use such means and set up sovereignty by coercion." A commission, including the British Minister of War, Winston Churchill, Marshal Foch, General Diaz, and General Bliss, is appointed to "carry forward early demobilization and establish proportionate Allied and associated forces on the Western Front."

Great Britain is willing to relegate such problems as Mesopotamia, Palestine, and the German colonies to a league of nations as soon as that body is formed, according to Reuter's Paris correspondent.

January 25.—The Peace Conference unanimously adopts a resolution to create a league of nations. Appointments of delegates of the Great Powers to draft the plan for the league are announced as follows: For the United States—President Wilson and Col. Edward M. House. For Great Britain—Lord Robert Cecil and Gen. Jan Christiaan Smuts. For France—Léon Bourgeois and Ferdinand Larnaude, Dean of the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris. For Italy—Premier Orlando and Viterio Scialoia. For Japan—Viscount Chinda and K. Ochiai.

Mr. Tchitcherin, Bolshevik Foreign Minister, announces in a cable to the *Soviet* representative in Sweden that the Princes' Islands are too remote for such a conference as the Allied Powers propose between representatives of the various Russian factions and of the Allies. He adds, however, that he will take the plan under consideration.

Four French literary men of high standing urge in a conference with President Wilson that France be permitted to annex German territory up to the Rhine. Mr. Wilson, concludes the Paris report which bears this information, made no comment.

January 26.—The smaller nations, reports Paris, have started an organized protest for greater representation on the committees of the Peace Congress. The small Powers urge that Belgium and Servia, which suffered in the war proportionately as much as the larger nations, ought to have direct representation on the committees instead of being lumped with the other small peoples.

Premier Clemenceau announces four committees to conduct inquiries respectively on responsibility for the war, reparation, national labor legislation, and regulation of ports, waterways, and railways. Each committee is composed of representatives from the four large Powers and Japan.

Count von Bernstorff, says a dispatch from Berlin, states that German Foreign Office officials and other high personages are unanimously of the hope that the Weimar convention will prove that Germany has attained sufficient national stability to be admitted to the League of Nations.

January 27.—Officials of the Government of northern Russia, states a dispatch from Archangel, object to the Peace Conference's proposal of a parley with the Reds. The independent newspaper *Olecheobo*, of Archangel, recalls the Allied refusal to treat with the Germans at the suggestion of the Pope.

The nineteen small Powers decide to give full adhesion to the organization formulated by the five large Powers, says a Paris dispatch, which credits Jules Cambon, the French delegate, with smoothing over the difficulties.

January 28.—"Unnatural French cruelty exerted in demands not justified by the terms of the armistice" is charged by German newspapers, commenting on General von Winterfeldt's resignation from the Armistice Commission. President Wilson's "fourteen points" have gone by the board, say several German authorities, in favor of a policy that will deliver Germany to France's "lust for revenge."

General Gouraud, Commander of the Fourth French Army, announces to American newspaper men his opinion that France must permanently hold all German territories on the left bank of the Rhine, says a dispatch from Coblenz.

The secret arrangement between Great Britain and Japan, telegraphs an American correspondent from Paris, is the greatest obstacle to the plan to put the German colonies under the new League of Nations.

Pending the result of the Peace Conference, England has halted work on her naval program, says a dispatch from London.

The North Russian Government officially declines to accept the suggestion of the Peace Conference for a parley between the various Russian factions and Allied representatives. "No sane and honest Russian could take part in *pourparlers* with the Bolsheviki," says the reply.

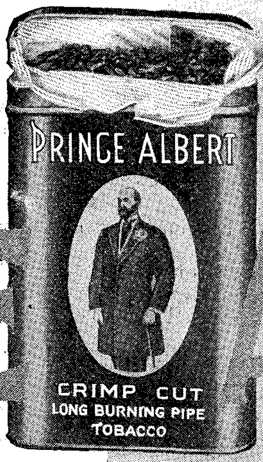
King Nicholas of Montenegro, charging that the Servians are killing his supporters without trial, urges that the Peace Conference prevent forcible annexation of his country by Servia.

Belgium as represented by Paul Hymans, Minister of Foreign Affairs, says a dispatch from Paris, desires to annex the whole of the Duchy of Luxemburg as well as a portion of the Limburg province of Holland.

EVENTS IN RUSSIA

January 22.—Bolshevik forces in northern Russia have suffered a severe defeat, according to the Exchange Telegraph.

Archangel reports that Bolshevik troops, reenforced by peasants, are heavily shelling the farthest south position of the American and Russian armies on



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You'll get wise to something so all-fired-cheerful-and-new about *tobacco quality* and flavor and fragrance and coolness that you'll pick-on-yourself why the dickens you didn't sail into a flock of tidy red tins longer back than you can call off hand!

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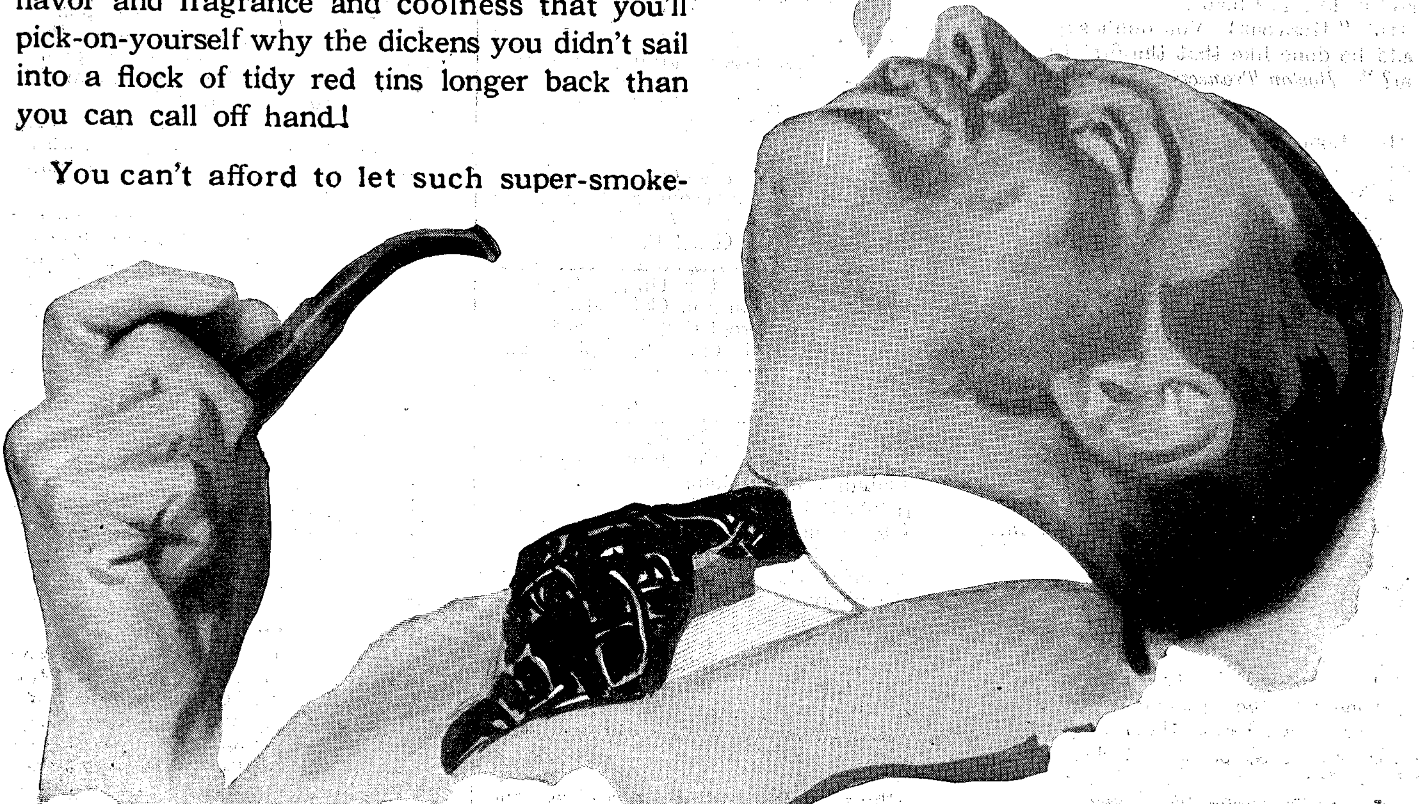

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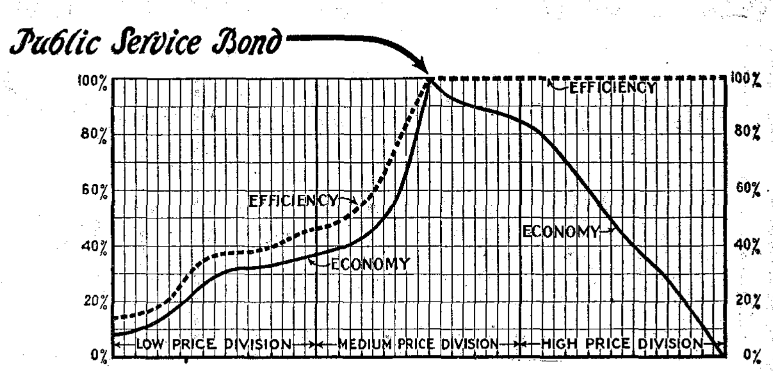

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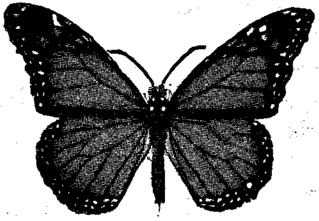

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the Waga River, thirty miles south of Shenkursk.

January 23.—A dispatch from Helsingfors announces that the Bolshevik forces are evacuating Petrograd and removing all stores. Leon Trotzky, Bolshevik Minister of War, is said to be transferring his headquarters to Nizhni-Novgorod.

January 24.—Lithuanian troops, reports Paris, have inflicted a defeat upon the Bolsheviki near Koszedary, about midway between Kovno and Vilna. Casualties inflicted on the Bolsheviki were heavy and they are reported to have lost 6,500 men in prisoners.

January 25.—According to reports received in Zurich from Moscow, the "International Communist Congress" has drafted a manifesto declaring for the overthrow of the world's capitalistic system and European culture with it by a dictatorship constituted by the class of small workers, peasants, and agricultural laborers.

Ufa has fallen to the Bolsheviki, admits the Omsk Government. The reverse to the Russian and Czecho-Slovak forces is said to have been due chiefly to the failure of arms to arrive from Vladivostok.

January 27.—The Bolsheviki, reports Archangel, have driven the Allied forces, including American troops, some thirty miles northward through the frozen forest swamps of the Province of Archangel. Shenkursk and a considerable amount of Allied supplies were captured by the Russians. Fighting continues in a temperature of 30 degrees below zero.

Franco-Roumanian troops have entered Kief, capital of Ukraine, says a dispatch from Vienna to Paris.

British forces, according to a report from Berlin, have advanced from Baku and occupied the Trans-Caucasian railway.

January 28.—Further successes of the Bolsheviki in the north, south, and east are reported in a Russian government wireless message received in London. From Archangel it is reported that Bolshevik forces failed to drive American and British troops from positions at Tulgas on the Dvina River, southeast of Archangel. On the line of the River Waga, in the Shenkursk region, the Bolsheviki have followed the retiring Americans to within five miles south of Shegovarsk.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

January 21.—Berlin reports a strike of the Municipal Electrical Workers which has reduced the city to darkness and crippled telephone service. The tramway men in Berlin are also on strike.

January 22.—The German Government officially announces that more than 500,000 deaths were directly caused by the blockade of Germany throughout the war.

The German Government's decision that the national convention shall be convoked at Weimar, where it will open on February 6, at the former Court Theater, will meet with the fiercest opposition of the press, except the Socialist wing, says a report from Berlin. In deciding on Weimar the Government has given way to the pressure of the South-German states, which wished the convention to be removed as far as possible from the influence of the old Prussian spirit.

Vienna reports continued depredations against aristocratic country seats in Hungary. Infuriated Bolshevik peasants are said to be responsible. At the same time strong monarchist manifestations are occurring in Budapest, arranged by Clericals, officers of the former Army, and students.

January 23.—Thirty-four women were

elected in the recent balloting for the German National Assembly, reports Berlin. The Majority Socialists elected 15, the Independents 3, the Democrats 5, the Clericals 7, and the Conservatives 4. Reports from the twenty-seven electoral districts in Germany show that the Majority Socialists will have a plurality in the Assembly with a total of 164 votes. The next highest vote falls to the Christian People's party, the former Centrist, who will have 88 members. The Minority Socialists take fifth place with 24 members.

January 24.—Strikes of miners on a great scale have broken out in Germany, reports Rotterdam. Seventy thousand miners are idle in Upper Silesia alone. The movement which was originated as a protest against the killing of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg is said to be of a political character, directed against the Ebert-Scheidemann Government.

January 25. — Contrary to all expectations, reports Berlin, the funeral of Dr. Karl Liebkneckt and thirty other Spartacides killed in the recent riots passed without serious disturbance. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with soldiers, while machine guns were numerous at all street-corners.

The *Neue Berliner Zeitung* reports the German Government actively occupied with military preparations against an expected Bolshevik invasion early in the spring.

January 28.—Reactionary papers in Berlin, mentioning the Kaiser's birthday, deplore lack of a monarch in the new German Government. The *Tageszeitung* says the old dream of a "Secret Kaiser" to unite the various factions is still cherished in Germany to-day. In Coblenz, called "a nursery of Pan-Germanism," there never was a time, reports an American newspaper correspondent, when the majority of the Germans wanted Wilhelm off the throne, and "now there are a few who don't want him back." His birthday was celebrated in the region with more than "whispers of allegiance."

The German People's party, which is composed largely of the Pan-German element, telegraphs from Berlin to former Emperor William on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday that there are millions of Germans who will repel every "unworthy estrangement from the high ideal of German Kaiserdom and Prussian Kingship."

Spartacide forces, reports Copenhagen, have overturned the Government in Wilhelmshaven, occupied the banks and public buildings, and ordered a court martial of their opponents.

FOREIGN

January 22. — Three great British industries, says a London dispatch—coal-mining, engineering, and ship-building—are concerned in the dispute over the new forty-seven-hour week. The Yorkshire coal-field, where a hundred and fifty thousand men are employed, seeks to enforce a demand for a twenty minutes' interval for food during work-time.. The Clyde workers threaten to strike to enforce a forty-hour week. Industrial unrest throughout the Kingdom, concludes the dispatch, is on the increase.

The amount so far realized by the sale of British war-bonds now totals more than eight billion dollars, says a dispatch from London.

Paris reports a "crime wave," which is increasing daily, as former prisoners now freed from the Army are "hurrying to make up for lost time." Deserters from the American Army, it is said, have attached themselves to the criminal element.

The second meeting of the Sinn-Fein

STETSON HATS

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It is not alone the *style* and *quality*. There is the *lightness* and *comfort* that Stetson knows so well how to embody in a derby.

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You cannot buy better than Stetson *style*.

And you cannot afford to accept less than Stetson *quality*—each hat signed with the *Stetson Quality-Mark*.

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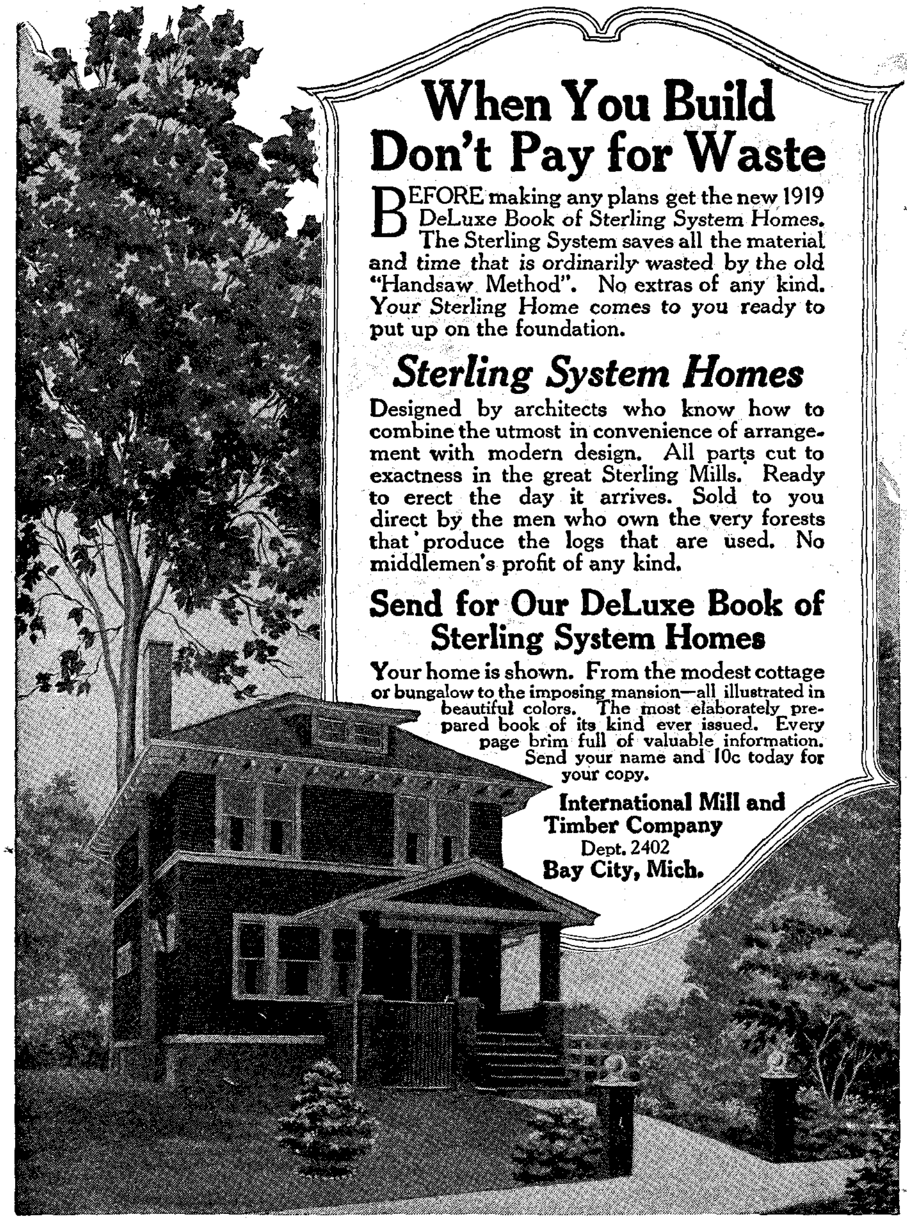

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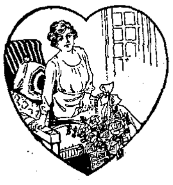

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Parliament, says a dispatch from Dublin, took place behind closed doors with twenty-four deputies present. Business transacted included the election of a temporary Prime Minister and Secretaries of Finance, Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs, and Defense.

Martial law has been declared in Tipperary, reports Dublin, following the murder of two policemen who were guarding a load of explosives. This is taken in some quarters to signify the beginning of a new period of terrorism.

Former King Manuel, of Portugal, is at present on board a steamship off Lisbon, says a dispatch from Madrid, which reports the Monarchist movement as making progress.

January 23.—Portuguese war-vessels, reports Madrid, are bombarding Oporto, which is still in control of the Monarchists. Contradictory advices on the status of the revolution are received in Paris.

Twenty-five thousand British miners are still on strike, reports London, and there is evidence in "well-informed quarters that the present labor trouble has been actively fomented by Bolshevik influences."

Madrid reports that the monarchy has been proclaimed in Lisbon, following the defection of the Lisbon Republican garrison to the Monarchist. The Portuguese Navy and the southern districts of Portugal are said to have remained loyal to the Republican Government.

January 25.—The Portuguese Republicans, says a dispatch from Madrid, have beaten the Monarchists near Lisbon. Republican forces at Coimbre have marched northward and defeated the Monarchists at Averio.

Of the 203 German submarines lost during the war, according to a semi-official London estimate, 120 were sunk with all on board. On the average, half of the crews of the rest of the *U*-boats perished.

A general strike on the transportation lines of Paris is ended by the threat of the Government to take over and operate the lines, say advices from Paris.

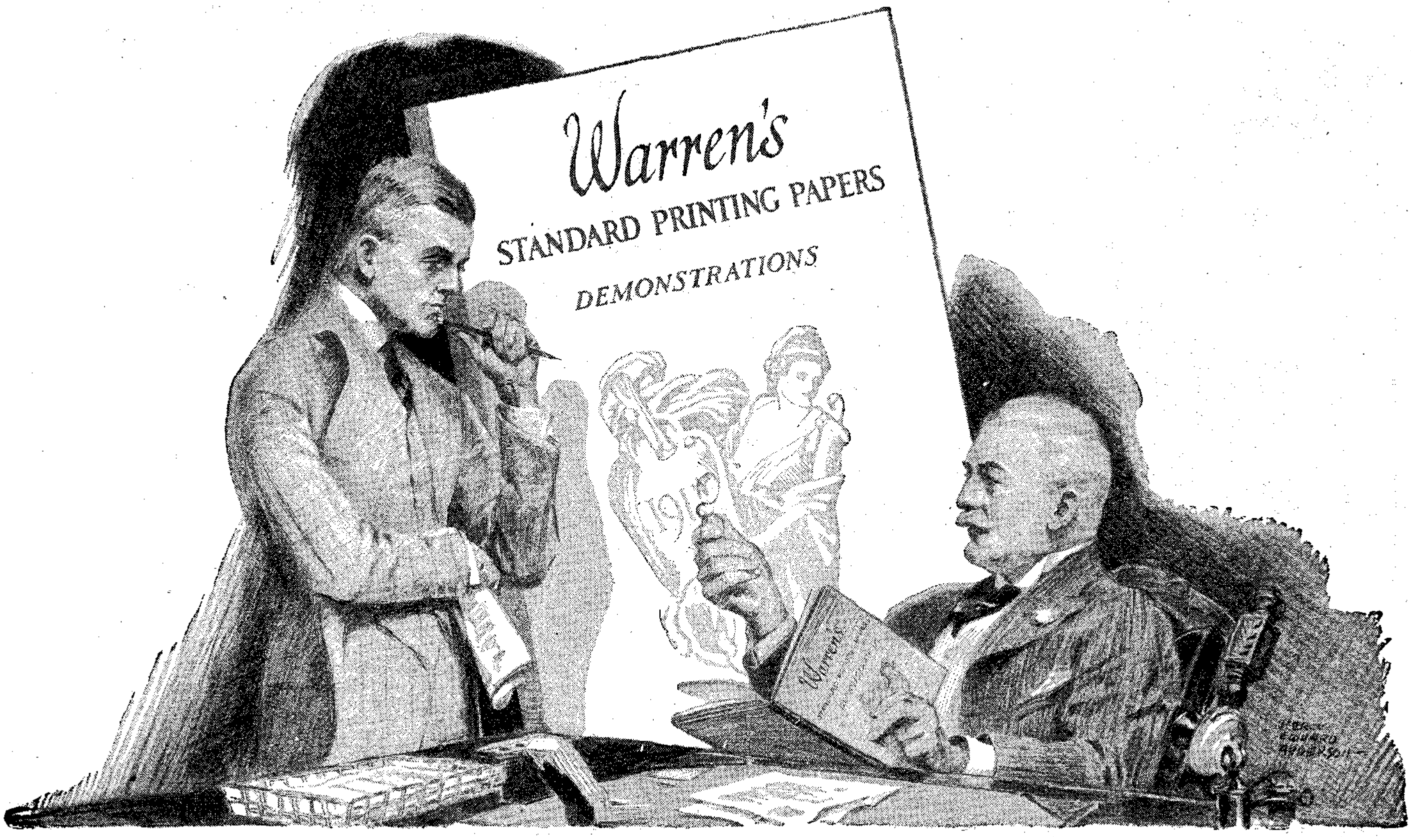
January 26.—A Greek-Armenian alliance for the Near East is foreshadowed by Christos Vasillakakis, a member of the Greek Parliament, in an interview given in London. Greece, he said, would support Armenia's aspiration for independence and the vilayet of Trebizond.

January 27.—George Nicoll Barnes, Labor representative on the British Peace delegation, tells American press representatives in Paris that European labor is strongly against such a law as that proposed by the American Federation of Labor, prohibiting immigration to the United States for some years after the signing of the peace treaty.

The British strike-wave is extending, says a dispatch from London, the greatest dislocation being at Belfast, where 100,000 shipyard employees and electricians have quit work. There are no trains or light in the city and the bread-supply is reduced to half. Twenty thousand men are idle on the Clyde, 4,000 dock workers are out at Manchester, and the London shipbuilding industry is paralyzed by a strike of workmen in the drydocks and repair yards of the Thames. Some sixty thousand coal-miners are also on strike.

Freight-rates on vessels free from government requisition have been reduced 66⅔ per cent. on shipments from the United States to Great Britain, announces the British Ministry of Shipping.

The Paris *Matin* announces, apropos of the reorganization of the American police in Paris, that 34 murders, 220 day and night assaults, and nearly 500 serious fights due to American



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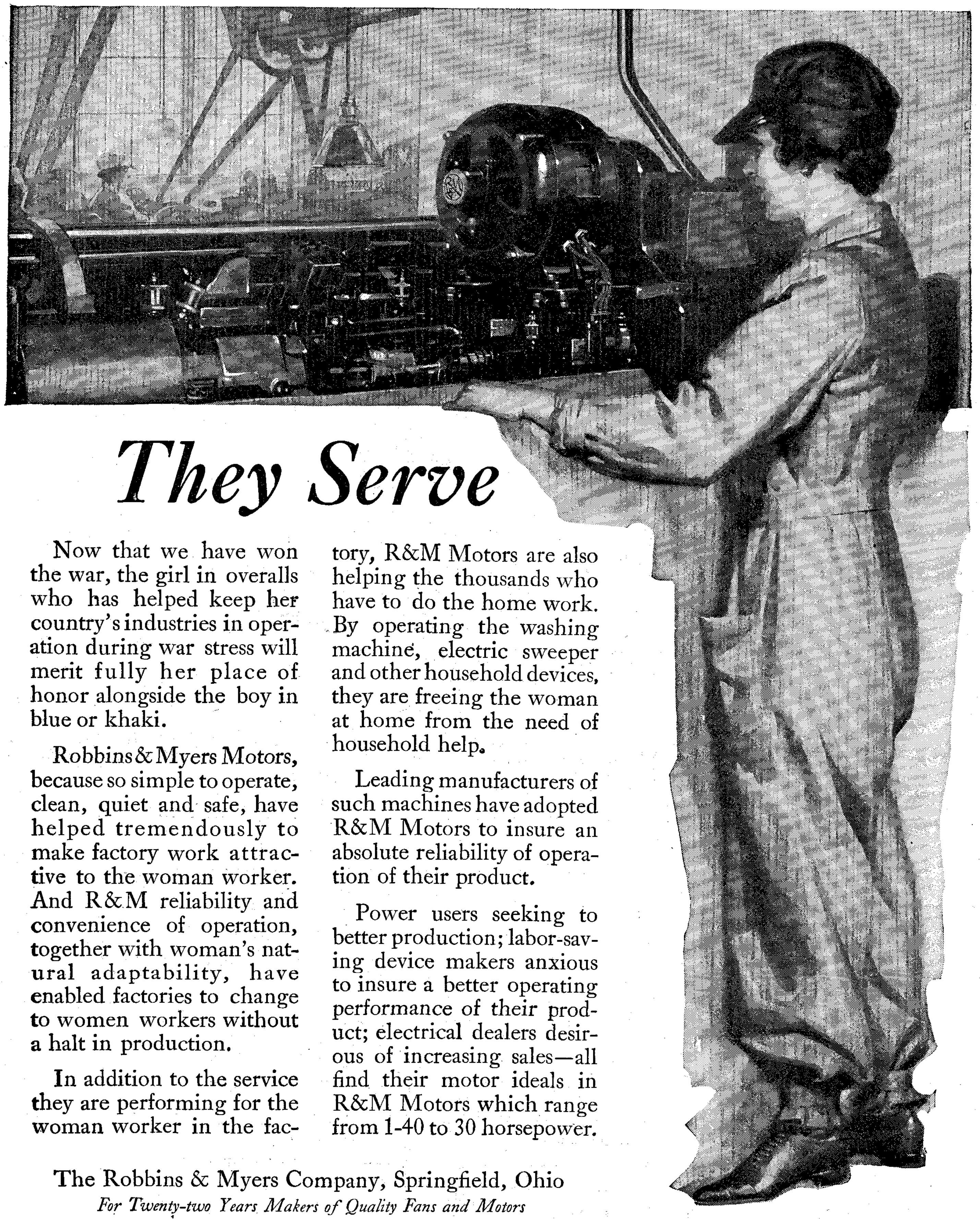

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Insuring Comfort
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soldiers, occurred in the Department of the Seine, during December.

January 28.—A peasant revolution has broken out over the length and breadth of Roumania, according to dispatches from Budapest. In Bucharest, the dispatches say, there was fighting all day Sunday.

It is estimated that nearly 200,000 men and women are idle in the United Kingdom and Ireland, because of strikes in various trades, creating one of the most serious situations industrially that the country has had to face in many years, says a dispatch from London.

DOMESTIC

January 22.—The Senate Committee on Propaganda, says a Washington dispatch, have received testimony purporting to show the growth of I. W. W. and Radical Socialist forces in this country. Over 250 papers, a Federal agent testifies, now support a movement little different from Russian Bolshevism.

January 23.—Lewis S. Swift, president of Swift & Co., recommends fixt meat prices and opposes government ownership of cars and stockyards, before the House Interstate Commerce Commission, in Washington.

Railroads in 1918, under government ownership and unusual war-conditions, earned $250,000,000 less than in 1917 and about the same as in 1915, says a Washington dispatch. Six hundred and thirty-six million dollars, chiefly due to wage-increases, were added to operating expenses.

January 24.—Walker D. Hines, the new Director-General of Railroads, asks for a supplementary appropriation by Congress of $750,000,000, to enable the Railroad Administration to finance the Federal railroad situation until the end of 1919.

The War Department orders that no man be discharged from the Army against his desire until such time as he can obtain employment in civil life, notes a Washington dispatch.

By a vote of 52 to 18 the Senate passes the bill appropriating $100,000,000, as called for by President Wilson, for famine relief in Europe. The House passed the measure a short time ago by a vote of 272 to 43.

Sharp declines in the prices of foodstuffs, especially as affecting butter, eggs, and meats, are reported in New York and Chicago.

January 25.—In the deficiency bill reported to the House by the Appropriations Committee, says a dispatch from Washington, contracts for over $15,000,000,000 are ordered canceled.

Seven million dollars, reports Bismarck, North Dakota, will be invested by the State in the establishment of a State Bank and a system of terminal elevators and flour-mills under the industrial program introduced in the State legislature by the Non-Partizan League, which controls both houses.

The American Army on November 11 was the second in size on the Western Front, announces General March, Chief of Staff. France stood first with 2,559,000 men, the United States stood second with 1,950,000, and England third with 1,718,000; including Portuguese troops.

January 26.—Herbert C. Hoover, United States Food Administrator and Director-General of the international relief organization, in a statement given out in Paris, says that there is danger of heavy losses on our big food surplus raised under war-demands.

January 27.—It will cost the Government $2,000 a year to maintain each soldier abroad, testifies Brigadier-General Robert Wood, before the House Committee on Appropriations at Washington.

January 28.—Washington reports that the return of the telegraph and telephone systems to their owners on December 31, 1919, is favored by the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads.

The Burnett Bill to restrict general immigration for four years is ordered favorably reported to the House by the Immigration Committee. This measure has the backing of organized labor, but is not understood to have the approval of the State Department, which fears that it may interfere with treaties.

The Administration asks $1,250,000,000 to enable the Government to carry out its guaranty to the farmer of a price of $2.20 a bushel for the 1919 wheat crop.

NORWEGIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

(*Continued from page* 39)

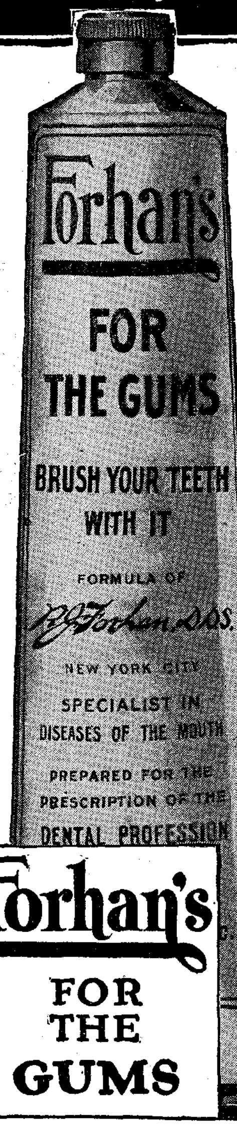
and women came here between the **ages of twenty-five and thirty-five.**

INFLUENCES DIRECTING EARLY NORWEGIAN EMIGRATION—These influences are classified by Dr. Flom as (1) **economic conditions** at home and the chance to better one's **material welfare** in the United States, which was widely advertised in Scandinavian countries by steamship and railway agencies; (2) **religious persecution.** As three-fourths of Norway's population was rural, it is natural that 72 per cent. of the immigrants should have settled in rural districts and small towns. The influx of Norwegian immigration coincided with the opening of the Middle-Western States, and we are told that "as a rule long before he emigrated the Norseman had made up his mind to settle in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, or Minnesota." As **clearers and tillers of the soil** they are to be remembered for their share in developing these sections of the United States. None could better endure the hardships of pioneer life.

EARLIEST NORWEGIAN SETTLEMENT HERE—A small colony of Norwegians was established in **1624** in **New Jersey** on the site of the town of Bergen, New Jersey. Seemingly it was named after the city of Bergen, in Norway, which is familiar to American readers as the dramatic origin of Henrik Ibsen, who managed a theater there which was financed by Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist. When the Hollanders were establishing themselves in New Amsterdam, now the Borough of Manhattan, there was much traffic between Norway and Holland. Consequently many Norwegians, in shipping lines, adventured to these shores. Some old New York families can trace Norwegian ancestors, tho these earlier Norwegian arrivals gradually merged with the Dutch.

THE NORWEGIAN "MAYFLOWER"—**In 1825** the so-called Norwegian *Mayflower* hove in New York Harbor with a passenger-list of emigrants resolute to settle in the United States. She was a sailing-ship of only forty tons and was in the Norwegian shipping register known as the *Restaurationen*, in English *Restoration.* Since then Norwegians have been **coming here steadily.** The Norwegian Government **endeavors to restrain emigration,** as was stated above, because it means a great loss of capital, owing to the fact that the majority of the emigrants are of an age and education that make them of **best value to the homeland.**

Beware of tender, inflamed gums


Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

PYORRHEA, with a premature loss of teeth, is almost inevitable if you do not properly care for your gums. Here is the explanation:

As you age the body tissues naturally relax. As you grow older your gums shrink below the normal gum line. Through lack of care they become spongy and inflamed. Then you have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. And many under forty, also.

Don't let a tender gum spot develop. These tender spots breed disease germs which enter the system through tiny openings causing various ailments. Immediately get Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. Forhan's tones the gums and hardens them. They in turn keep the teeth healthy. Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans them scientifically—keeps them white and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c
tubes
All Druggists

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Bowlegged Men

Your legs will appear straight if you wear Straightleg Garters

Combination hose supporter and pantleg straightener—quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs; as easy to wear as ordinary garter;—no harness or padded forms; just an ingenious special garter. Improves appearance wonderfully. Wearers enthusiastic. You will be too. Write for free booklet mailed in plain envelope.

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Real Comfort for
Sleeping Porch or Camp

A combination mattress and quilt. Filled with the downy warmth of Java Silk-Floss. Covered with soft mercerized khaki. Material so light and fluffy that it weighs only six pounds. Color absolutely fast. Unsinkable, a perfect life-preserver if necessary. Length of bottom layer 7 ft.; top layer 6 ft. Has stood the severe test of bringing warmth and comfort to thousands of our boys "over there." Price, express prepaid, $12. Silk-Floss Pillow to match, if desired, for $1. Send check or money order to

DOWNISILK MFG. CO.
Box A **Atlanta, Ga.**

First Mortgage 7%
Serial Payment Gold Bonds
Netting Buyer

Barr Court Apartments, Atlanta, Ga.

Secured by metropolitan 3-story brick and tile apartment structure of 39 apartments, all modern, located near heart of Atlanta business district.

Denominations: $100, $500, $1000. Maturities: 2 to 10 years. Interest, semi-annually. Interest and annual repayment of $3500 payable to Trustee monthly in advance. Bonds free from normal Federal Income Tax up to 4%, and free from State taxes in Georgia.

Trustees: G. L. Miller, President G. L. Miller & Co. and Trust Company of Georgia, Atlanta, Ga.

Property valued $125,000. This **bond issue** $55,000. Gross estimated **income** $20,000—more than enough to pay interest 5 times over.

Atlanta, Ga., is the heart of the developing South. MILLER SERVICE is of established prestige. This structure authorized by WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD, Washington, D. C., under license No. 810. All bonds, under MILLER SERVICE safeguards, sold on "money back" principle.

Ask for booklet, "MILLER SERVICE—How This Protects the Bond-Buyer." Also, illustrated "Circular No. 158" with plat of business district of Atlanta, Ga., detailing the exact location of this structure.

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Have You a Baby Bond?

More people own Baby Bonds than know that they are Baby Bonds.

Every $50 and $100 bond is a Baby Bond.

But there are other Baby Bonds than Liberty Bonds. There are many good ones, too.

You will be interested in a list of attractive issues. Send for it.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
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7% City, 6%-Farm—First Mortgages. Our own money invested in all mortgages offered investors. Our farm mortgages are made only on Central Texas, black waxy, hog-wallow lands. Not more than 50% of value loaned—usually less. Twenty years in business. Write for booklet, "Safe Investments."

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6% NET For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 77. $25 Certificates of Deposits also for saving investors.

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5% TO 7%

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EQUALIZE your investments in Liberty Bonds and increase your income by purchasing bonds of greater interest return which are supported by the resources of our respective Allied Nations.

Write for selected list. Sent FREE on request.

CONTINENTAL TRUST CO.
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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

A LOOK INTO THE EARLY FUTURE OF OUR FINANCES AND INDUSTRIES—THIS WAR AND THE CIVIL WAR

JOHN MOODY has long been one of the best-known American writers on current financial topics, as editor for many years of *Moody's Magazine*, as compiler of "Moody's Analyses of Investments" (two large quarto volumes), through "Moody's Manual," and as the author of investment letters issued regularly to subscribers. He has recently put forth in one of his investment letters "a review and forecast" for the years 1918 and 1919. The historian of the future, he believes, will picture the year 1918 as "one of the most dramatic in the annals of mankind," "one of the critical years of history, which every schoolboy will have embedded firmly in his memory," and standing out as do 800, 1066, 1492, 1776, and 1789. It was "the culminating date of the age-long struggle between autocracy and democracy." It saw "the final overthrow of the doctrine of the divine right of kings; the crumbling of the notion that force can permanently triumph over justice; that free peoples can be crusht or permanently held in leash by military masters."

Its importance as a date relates also to the financial history that was made in 1918, and further great financial importance belongs to the year 1919 of which Mr. Moody undertakes to make a forecast. He begins by a cautioning against drawing any close inferences from our Civil War. Many are doing this; indeed, it has become a sort of "favorite occupation" with many. Mr. Moody admits that after 1865 finance and industry in America for years "were profoundly influenced by the ending of the war, just as they will be profoundly influenced by this war during the coming year." But in that statement "the analogy ends." He says:

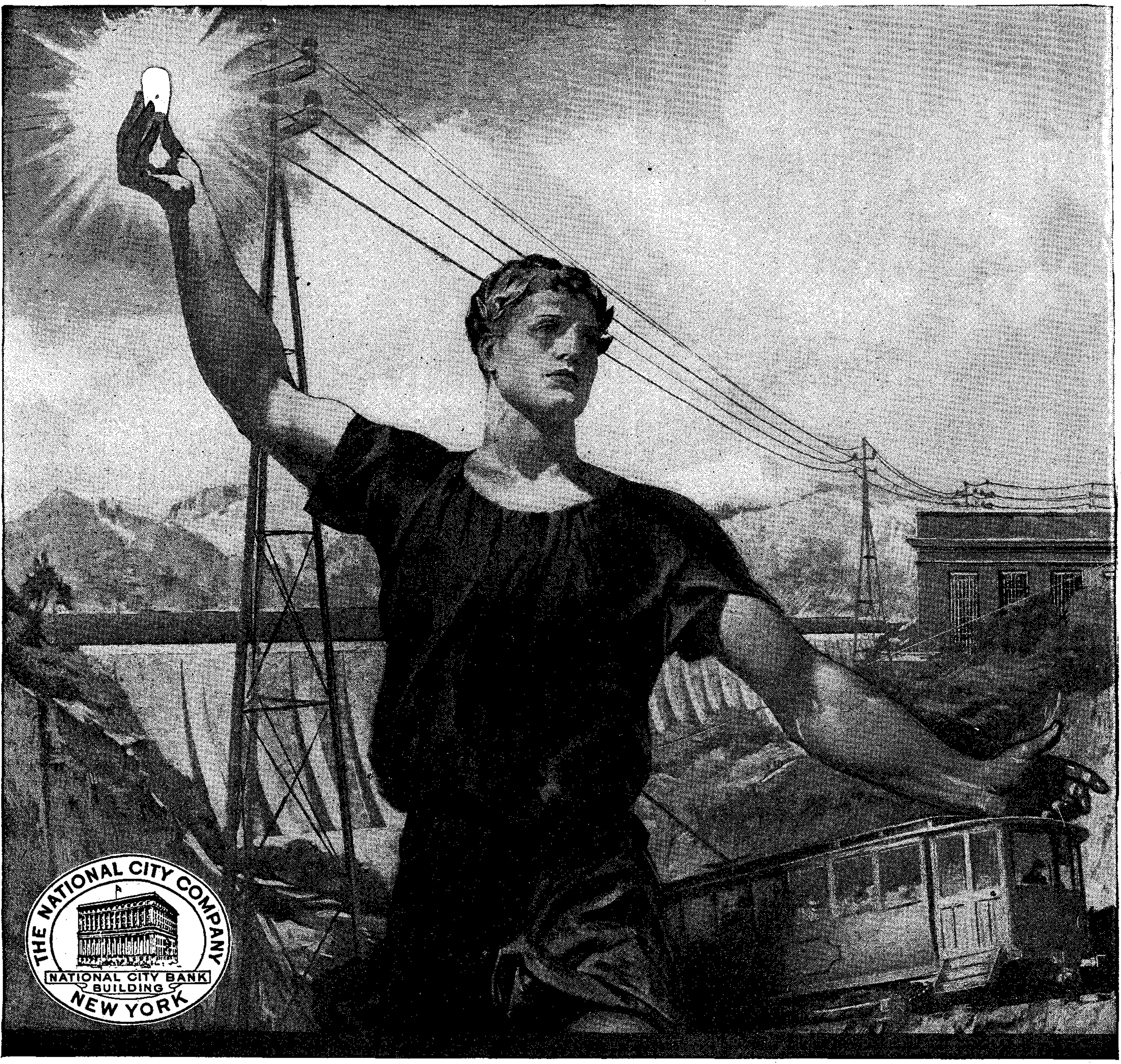
"In 1865 the United States was a small, undeveloped nation, as compared with those in Europe; its credit was practically exhausted; gold was at a frightful premium and remained so for many years thereafter; there was no surplus of investment capital in the country worth mentioning, and the balance of trade was always heavily in favor of Europe. Practically all the industrial and commercial development, the constructing of the railways, the exploiting of natural resources, had been done with foreign capital; our industries as a whole were in their infancy; we had no banking system worthy of the name; and as the conflict had been a purely civil one, dividing the country in sentiment, sympathy, and interest in two clearly marked sections, the aftermath of the war had a distinctly different effect on North and South. The South was defeated and impoverished; its wealth was wiped out with the freeing of its slaves; local self-government was ruined and wrecked; both life and property were insecure for years; a pall hung over industry and enterprise; and it was not until a new generation had arisen, gradually taking the place of the 'old régime,' that what was afterward known as the 'New South' began to take form.

"While the Civil War was one of the greatest military conflicts in history up to that time, yet as viewed from the standpoint of the present it was really but a local conflict, with its after-effects distinctly localized. To-day, however, we stand on the threshold of a period of readjustment and reconstruction which is world-wide and directly involves all mankind. At the close of the Civil War a comparatively backward section of the United States was devastated and wrecked, and this section suffered the difficulties and horrors of partial anarchy and reconstruction for a decade thereafter. But the remainder of the country, while burdened with a heavy war-debt, high taxes, depreciated currency, and poor foreign credit, burst within a few years into a period of prosperity and inflation. This period of prosperity and inflation, however, can not be glibly classed as a 'reconstruction boom' without giving consideration to other very vital factors which almost certainly would have been present even if there had never been a Civil War. For the boom of the late '60s, which culminated with the panic of 1873, and after a setback revived with redoubled force along in 1879, was largely the result of the astonishing transition from 1860 to 1880 from hand methods of production and manufacture to machine methods; of the rise and development of the oil industry; of the revolution in steel and iron production and its development for a thousand new uses; of the great inventions of the period; of the extension of the telegraph; the first developments of electricity; the great strides made in railroad operation and expansion, and of the rapid opening up of the Western States by the great immigration from Europe. Bearing all these facts in mind, we can perhaps draw some analogy between those times and to-day; but we must not carry the analogy too far. Even if we make full allowance for the non-war factors which affected conditions in 1865, we may go far wrong in our interpretation."

The situation now is different; it "embraces many factors of a positive and far-reaching nature which did not then exist." Some of these he sets forth:

"When the Civil War closed, while this country suffered under a heavy war-debt and low credit, the rest of the world possest great stores of investment capital. To-day the entire civilized world is staggering under a colossal debt; its liquid capital is exhausted. The United States is the only large nation in the world which is not overloaded with debt, and yet even we are already carrying a debt compared to which the Civil War debt was a pigmy. For the carrying on of our boom of expansion and reconstruction and for the great economic development which continued for more than a generation after the Civil War, we borrowed freely from Europe, while now, to restore itself to a civilized condition, Europe must, for years to come, borrow from us. To rebuild the world during the next decade, the capital and credit must be largely supplied from America.

"Because of inevitable delays in arranging the final terms of a lasting peace, the year 1919 is likely to be one of extreme unsettlement in many ways. The foundations of a long era of confidence can not be safely laid until the political problems growing out of the war are finally and definitely settled. When, at last, the Allied governments have fully agreed on all the details of the peace terms, when Germany, Austria, and the others have set up stable governments and have shown their ability to abide by the terms, then, but not till then, will we have 'peace on earth' and be able to carry out the reconstruction program which will be inevitable sooner or later. Coincident with the uncertainties and delays attending the formulation of the peace treaties, the



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American vision, backed by invested capital, has brought these everyday miracles into your life.

Their development, halted by war, again has right of way.

America will now leap forward. The public as bond-holders will again finance our public utilities, those great quickeners of American spirit.

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The Johns-Manville Speedometer is simple and rugged in construction. Mounted on an instrument board of selected maple highly finished, sufficiently strong to permit mounting of clock or other instruments. The Adjustable End Brackets make possible a snug, solid fit to any open model Ford car.

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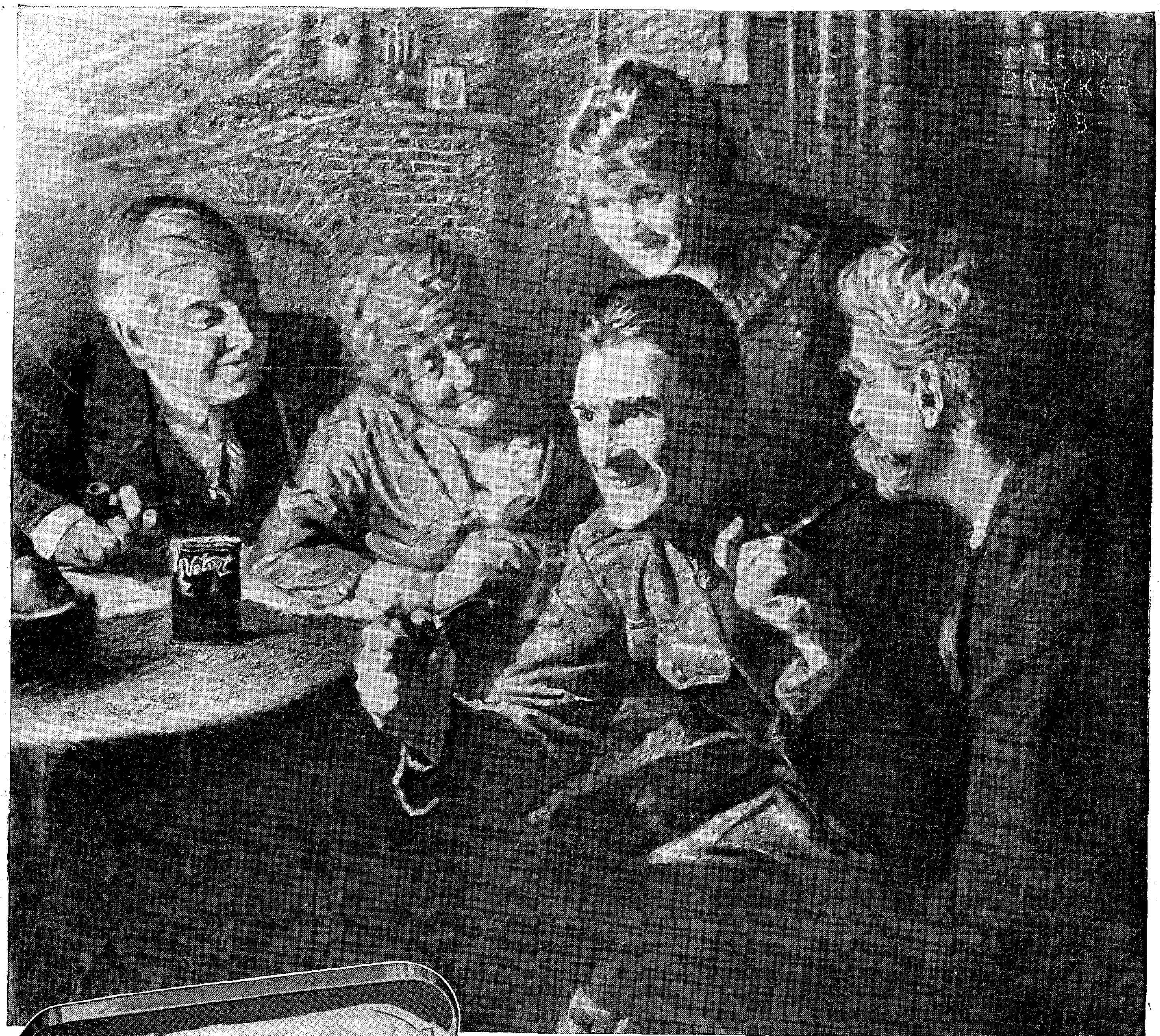
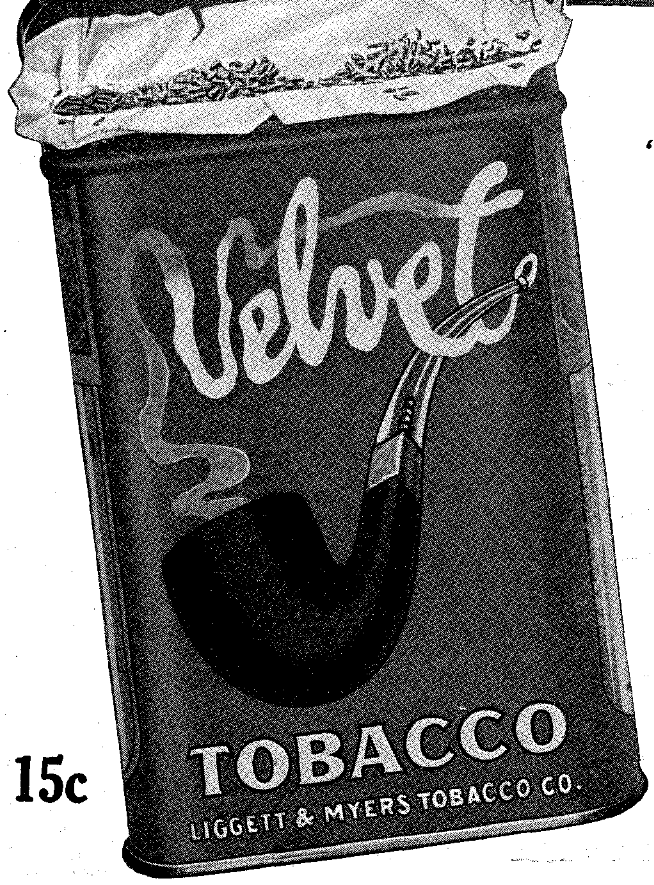
JOHNS-MANVILLE
AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

Allied nations will, of course, have their pressing problems of finance and liquidation to solve. Demobilization of war-industries is well under way, demobilization of the armies has begun. But to complete this process of liquidation will consume many months, perhaps years. Our own problems are far less difficult than those of France or Great Britain, and yet we all realize that our armies can not be brought back from Europe under a year; our control of shipping may have to extend indefinitely, while the 'liquidation' of our railroads, pushed safely aside for the moment, is bringing problems to the fore which may not be solved within a decade. There is nothing in the touch and go argument that 'the war is behind us, and we are now returning to normal peace conditions and a big after-war boom is immediately before us.'

"A boom or revival is before us, yes, but it is too far before us to warrant our wasting much thought on its details at this time. The real thing that is immediately before us is the decidedly uncertain and dangerous year 1919. The political developments and the work of the Allied statesmen during the year 1919 are the unknown quantities, but on these pending developments will very directly hinge the revival of world prosperity and the return to normal peace conditions in 1920. If the peace conferees act wisely; if they are just but practical in their terms; if they work in harmony for the establishment of a permanent league of free nations, and thus put new life and confidence in the future, thereby building the credit of the world on firm foundations; and if, coincident with this, the peoples in the Central Powers are pacified, and gradually return to peace and industry under stable representative governments—if such are the developments of 1919, then we may safely forecast a real revival within another year. By a real revival, as applied to 1920, I do not, however, mean an extensive boom in industry and enterprise the world over. I mean a return to more normal conditions, and a revival of business activity of a more or less temporary order which should be helped along by efforts at reconstruction in Europe. Such a revival will, doubtless, be more psychological than real. It can not be lasting nor permanent, simply because of the fact that the world will, as a whole, still be impoverished; government debts will still be mountains high and heavy taxes will still be a great burden on enterprise and industry. The world must yet pay for this war; and one of the ways in which it is bound to pay is to feel its frightful cost far into the future.

"One vital reason why industry as a whole will not have big profits to divide in 1919 is that labor costs will surely continue high. Business men can buy their raw material and commodities cautiously and by piecemeal, as they deem best, but most of them can not buy their labor so cautiously—they must pay the scale or suffer. And while the level of wages may indeed soften as we run into a period of labor idleness, yet it will take much more than a year to readjust labor to the falling prices of commodities. Aside from all this, we still have serious problems of war-finance to solve this year. Another gigantic Liberty Loan must be floated this spring. This will tend once more to dry up the sources of wealth, keep people in debt, and prevent much relaxation in the credit-strain for the time being. And then we have the war-taxes: $6,000,000,000 this year and $4,000,000,000 in 1920. The 1919 tax bill is 50 per cent. above that of 1918, while the 1920 tax bill, as proposed, will be considerably heavier than the 1918 levy. In fact, the 1920 tax levy is likely to bear on the average individual more heavily than that of this year for the reason that by 1920 there will be no 'excess profits' to pick fat returns from, and the vast excise taxes on spirituous liquors will no longer exist. The drinking man will no longer pay a





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"Those boys didn't know what retreat meant. And, pep! Say, every mother's son charged as tho' he was the whole American Army. It was the proudest moment of my life."

Our home bound boys will have a "Welcome" echoed a hundred million times.

Bring out all the good things; the friendly, mellow VELVET—so rich in the flavor and mildness that only Nature's two years' ageing can give, and let their pipes whisper "HOME, SWEET HOME" to them.

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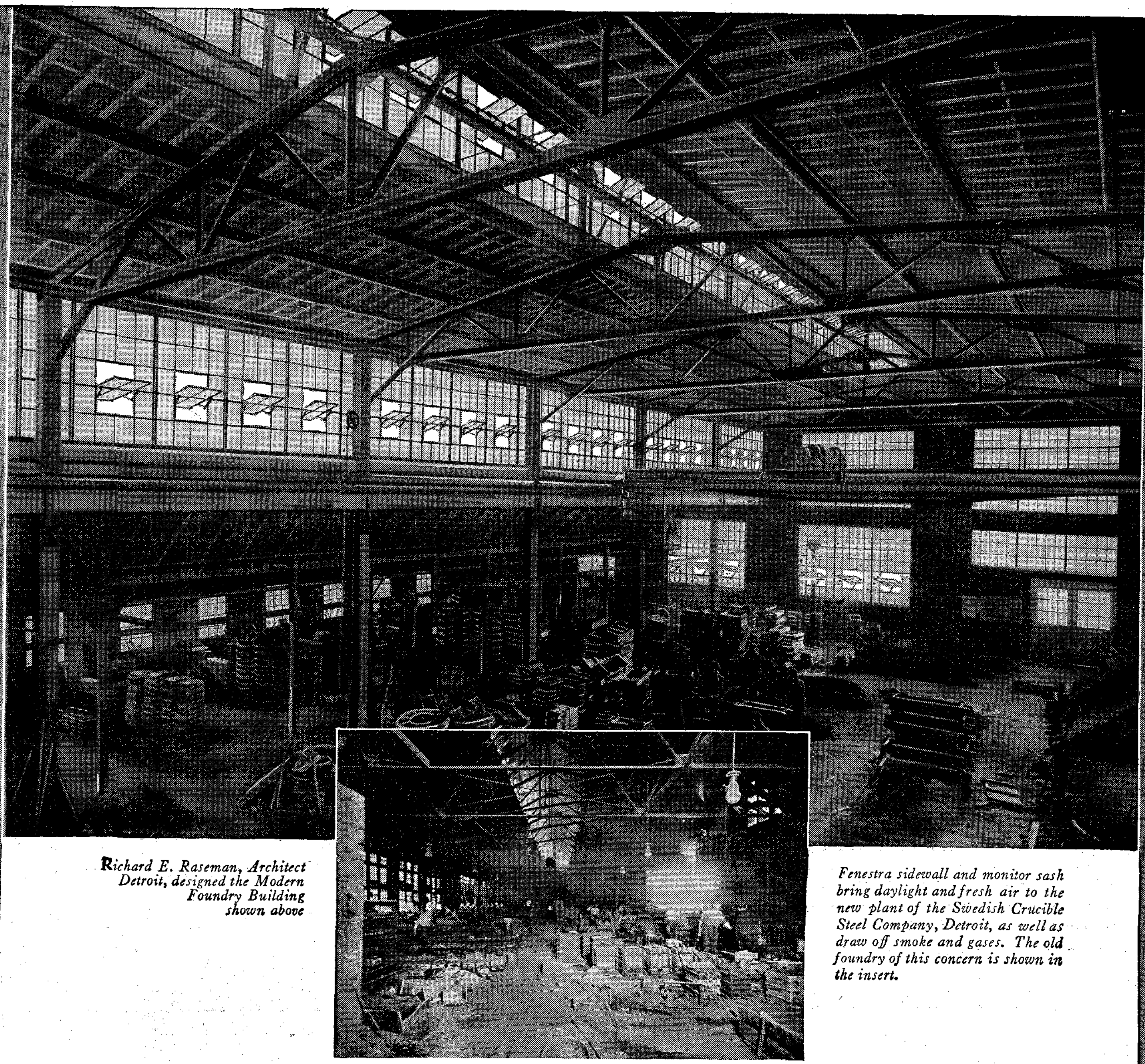
Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1919 Almanac. He will send it FREE.



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Fenestra sidewall and monitor sash bring daylight and fresh air to the new plant of the Swedish Crucible Steel Company, Detroit, as well as draw off smoke and gases. The old foundry of this concern is shown in the insert.

The Symbol of Modern Industry

THE American Workman, by right of the world wide opportunity and responsibility now his, demands surroundings which shall increase, not retard, his efforts.

He knows that conditions and methods in the factory with dark, gloomy walls and small inflammable wooden windows are apt to be unhealthful, inefficient and old fashioned.

He likes to work in the bright, business-like modern factory with its walls of glass and steel.

Fenestra window walls, because they mean happier, healthier, more productive workrooms, have come to be the symbol of modern industry in buildings both large and small.

Employers and employees regard them not merely as conveyors of daylight and fresh air, but as evidence of all the wholesome surroundings which develop steady satisfied producers and insure the quality and quantity of their work. Fenestra windows have nation wide distribution,

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SOLID STEEL WINDOWS

big tax in the price of the cocktails or highballs he drinks, but his income tax will make him weaker in the head than alcohol ever did."

In conclusion, Mr. Moody undertakes to make "an interpretation of the situation from the standpoint of the security-holder." He has found many people "very much alarmed over the railroad outlook; some of their fears really funny." The truth he believes to be that the railroad problem "is no more puzzling a question to-day than it has been in this country for thirty years or more." It is his "firm opinion that the railroad investor has no more need of being alarmed over his security holdings than he has had at different times in the past when splendid railroad systems and most of the other great properties were being manipulated, milked, and wrecked by the colossal financial pirates and buccaneers of the past two or three decades under complete private control." Mr. Moody is convinced that the final disposition of the roads "will be a political question for some time to come"; but the wish of every railroad investor ought to be that the United States Government continue to "underwrite" the railroads as it is doing now, "at least until we pass through the critical period of war-liquidation during the next few years." As for the general outlook for security-holders, "assuming that reasonably sane councils prevail, and that no untoward developments take place," he makes several suggestions, among them these:

"The year 1919 will be characterized by gradually declining commodity prices, cautious buying of commodities, limited output in many lines, and lower average profits. Operating costs in most industries will continue comparatively high, as wage scales will tend to remain rigid for most of the year and the cost of raw materials, while declining, will average high for the year as a whole. Margins of safety over dividend payments will be sharply narrowed, as profits formerly due directly or indirectly to war demand will be eliminated. Many industrial corporation dividends will be reduced or suspended. Among the types of corporations most sharply affected by these factors will be the steel and iron companies, all of the munitions makers, producers of copper and other metals, and, with some exceptions, the motor companies. Among the types of businesses which will probably not suffer to any great extent, if at all, during the year 1919, are the food-producing concerns, such as sugar, bread-making, packing, flour-milling, and the like. Nor should the stronger type of electric light or power concerns be seriously affected, as the labor problem with them is a minor one. Petroleum companies are unlikely to be adversely affected. Fertilizer companies, and agricultural machinery concerns are likely to be benefited. If steam railroads remain under government control throughout 1919 and for some time after, the position of their securities should not be vitally affected by the trade situation. With the contraction of the government demand for the funds of investors, after the completion of the Liberty Loan campaign, there should be a more definite relaxing of the money market; relatively cheap money will then characterize the situation until commodity prices cease sagging and a business revival of some dimensions appears. The practical effect of these developments on the prices of ordinary shares, which are dependent mainly on earning power for their value, will probably, for at least the first months of 1919, be definitely adverse. Prices will rise and fall with recurring events, but the declines will be more persistent than the recoveries until the point of equilibrium is reached. In other words, we are in a bear market for all stocks which are influenced by the factors mentioned. Bond investments of established character, on the other hand, and high-grade stocks not directly responsive to the changing earnings (many industrial preferred issues are in this class) should not be adversely affected by business dulness or depression, and, after the new Liberty Loan has been floated, are likely to score important advances, if they have not done so before. During the last half of 1919, if the peace negotiations are concluded, the crop condition proves sound, and the liquidation of commodity costs has been largely accomplished, we may then be on the threshold of a turn for the better. This will especially be possible provided France and Great Britain have by that time got their financial houses in order to some extent and are making preparations for the reconstruction period which may set in the following year. In short, while the trend of security prices is likely to be downward for four or five months to come and possibly longer, and the best that can be hoped for is that sound bonds will maintain their approximate values, yet the real opportunity of the decade to come for long-pull investors may easily occur before or by the time the year 1919 is half over.

"Notwithstanding the indefiniteness of the present situation and its obvious handicaps, no panic conditions seem probable at this time. Admittedly the world is burdened with a crushing weight of debt; its financial problems for the next few years are colossal and the political outlook the world over is obscure. But the recuperative power of civilization is also colossal; millions of wealth-producers are demobilizing this year from the armies and going back to the work of wealth-creation in both this country and Europe; the billions of wealth annually produced in the fields of agriculture will be augmented, and after a few years of struggle the world will be on the highway to happier times. Especially will this prove true if the efforts to form a real League of Nations are successful and the menace of possible future wars is definitely brought to an end."

HOW THREE GREAT FORTUNES WERE DISPERSED

A writer in a recent bulletin of the National City Bank, of New York, believes that "in these times when the world is very much agitated upon the subject of wealth-distribution, it is especially interesting to note the final distribution made of three large American estates—those of Mrs. Russell Sage, Joseph R. de Lamar, and Alexander McKay. He says:

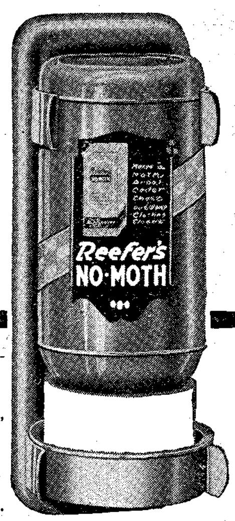
"Mrs. Russell Sage inherited a large fortune from her husband, a very hard-working, close-living, able business man, who spent so little on himself that his thriftiness was a popular joke. He was an unpopular character with the public, and just what motive actuated him in his accumulations we do not know, but we do know what has finally become of most of his money. It has gone to benevolent and charitable organizations. It is interesting to allow the mind to dwell upon the figure of Russell Sage, toiling without respite or personal indulgence to amass a fortune, and then read the list of institutions which, as it turns out, he really put in his life working for. An incomplete list at hand names the following:

"An endowment fund of $10,000,000 to the Russell Sage Foundation, the income to be used for the betterment of social and living conditions.

"To the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, an endowment fund of $300,000.

"For the Association for Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females, an addition to its building on 104th Street, $25,000.

"Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, $25,000.



"Makes a Moth Proof Cedar Chest Out of Any Clothes Closet"

Brings the Pungent Aroma of the Forest to Your Sleeping Room

Charles N. Frey, President New York Entomological Society, states: "'No-Moth' positively will keep moths out of closets, etc."

Size 6 in. x 2 in.

"No trouble with moths since using 'No-Moth'." Greene's Smart Shop, Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

"Gives pleasant odor to rooms." Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Hangs Near Floor

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"No-Moth"

Bank guaranteed, certain protection. Moths won't come near it. Penetrating, delightful odor of cedar. You won't need to worry again about your valuable clothing, furs, woolens. Saving one garment pays for "No-Moth" 20 times over.

The balsam odor of Pine, for healing, or the delicate fragrance of the California Eucalyptus, or of sweet Lavender, can be diffused by the same device in your sleeping and living rooms. Works day and night. Lasts a year.

PUT ONE IN EVERY CLOTHES CLOSET

Sent On Approval

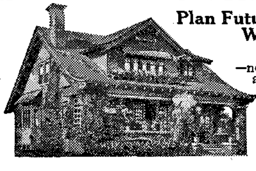
Send $2.00 and "No-Moth," or any of the other forest aromas you wish, will come to you prepaid. A million dollar bank guarantees with me to refund your money instantly if you are not satisfied. Have your order sent C. O. D. if you wish. Write today.

Free Book Send for valuable free treatise on prevention of moth pest. Also tells about healing and delightful forest odors. Send your order today. Your satisfaction is bank guaranteed.

Dealers Wanted Be ready to supply this new scientific bank guaranteed moth preventer, and the forest aromas. Dealers write today.

E. J. REEFER, 2109 GRAND AVE. KANSAS CITY, MO.

SEND FOR THESE BUNGALOW BOOKS



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With Economy Plans
of California Homes
—noted for comfort, beauty and adaptability to any climate.

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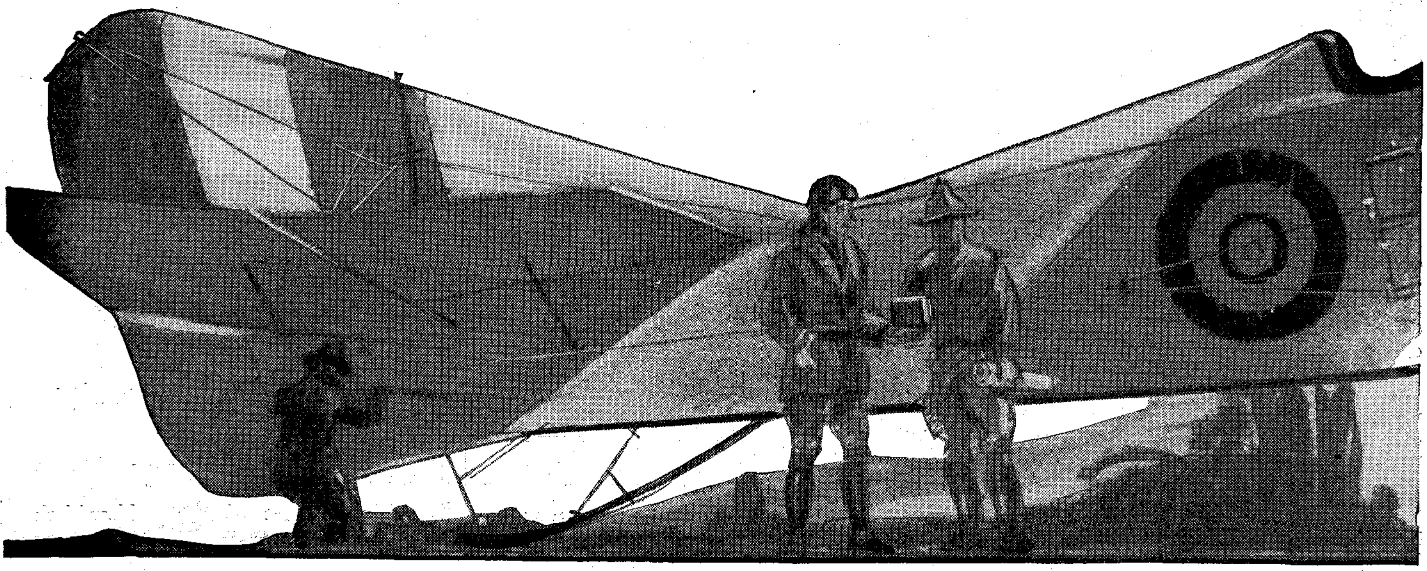

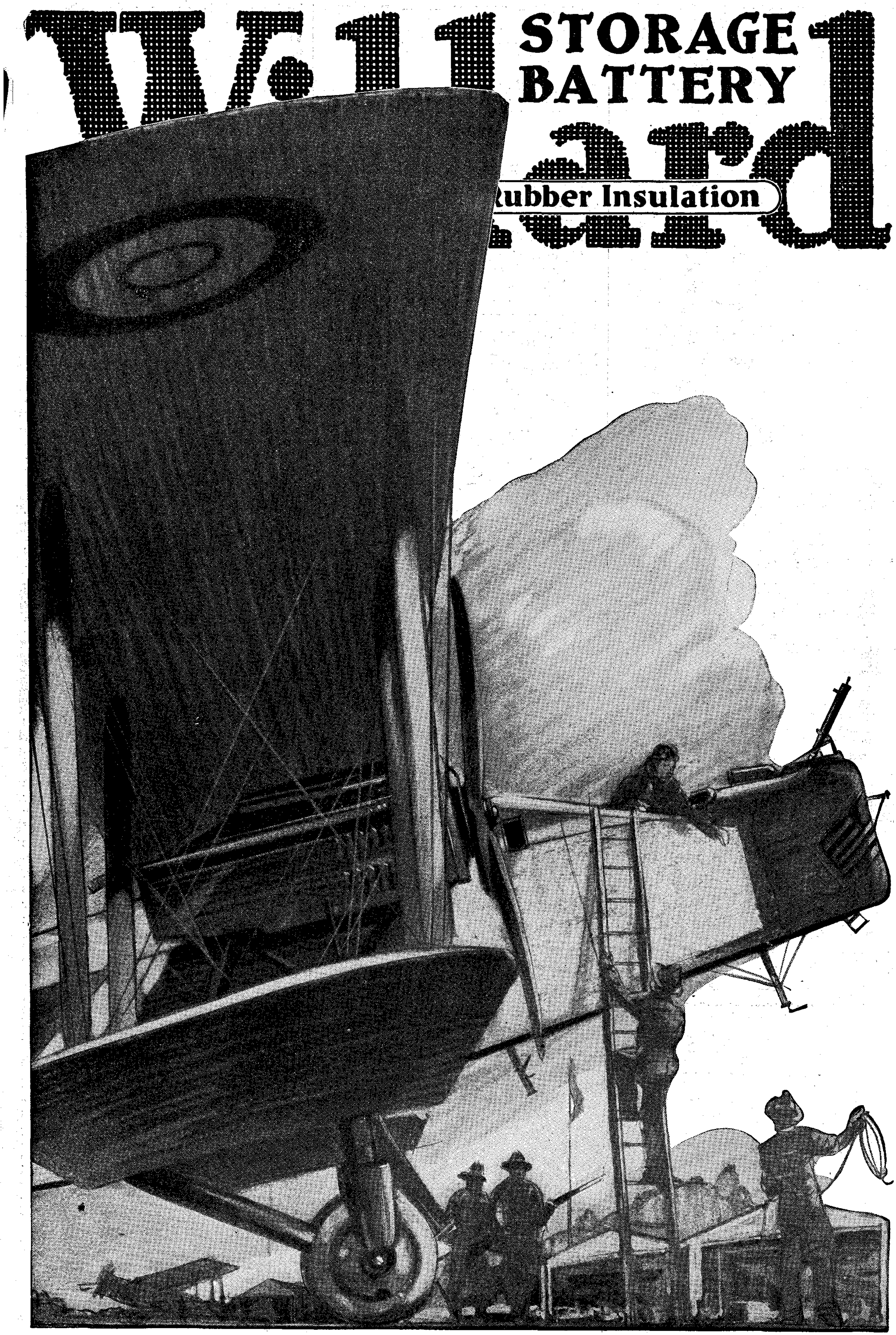
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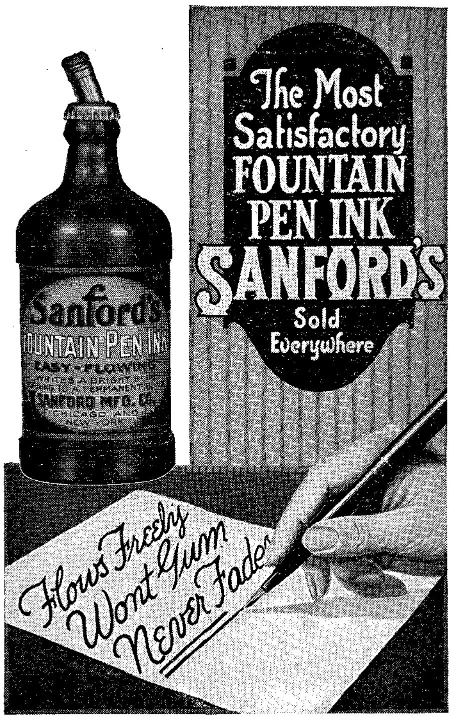
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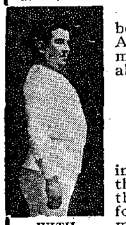

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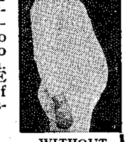

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"Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, $1,000,000.

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"Harvard University, a new dormitory.

"Yale University, the Hillhouse property, consisting of thirty acres, at a cost of about $650,000. This constitutes what is now known as the Pierson-Sage Campus.

"Princeton University, dormitories and tower.

"New York University, for the purchase of additional land, about $300,000.

"Northfield Seminary, a memorial chapel.

"Gifts to Syracuse University, Idaho Industrial Institute, Lincoln University, Girls' School at Constantinople, and the Berry School of Rome, Ga.

"Another of these estates is that of Joseph Raphael de Lamar, who died recently, a resident of New York City. He was a native of Holland and as a boy ran away from home and struck out into the world as a seaman before the mast. He came to this country penniless, but amassed a large fortune, chiefly in mining operations, altho he was successful in many lines of investment. He bequeathed $10,000,000 to be divided between the medical schools of Columbia, Harvard, and Johns Hopkins Universities, the object being set forth in the following clause of the will:

"For the study and teaching of the origin of human disease and the prevention thereof; for the study and teaching of dietetics, and of the effect of different food and diets on the human system, and how to conserve health by proper food and diet, and in connection with the foregoing purposes to establish and maintain fellowships, instructorships, scholarships, and professorships; to construct, maintain, and equip laboratories, clinics, dispensaries, and other places for such study and research and to provide proper housing of same; to publish and disseminate the results of such study and research, not only in scientific journals and for physicians and scientists, but also, and this I especially enjoin on the legatees, by popular publications, public lectures, and other appropriate methods to give to the people of the United States generally the knowledge concerning the prevention of sickness and disease, and also concerning the conservation of health by proper food and diet.

"Another of the large estates left to public purposes is that of Alexander McKay, inventor of shoe-making machinery. He died some years ago, leaving the bulk of his wealth to Harvard University for the founding of an engineering school, but owing to litigation to obtain an interpretation of the will the installation of the school was delayed. Public notice has now been given that it is ready to receive students. The endowment is approximately $25,000,000.

"These three announcements, made within the last few weeks, indicate the destination of an important share of the wealth being accumulated in American business. This is what becomes of some of the private profits which the Bolsheviki and their milder prototypes are so eager to confiscate that they ignorantly dry up the springs of wealth at their source.

"It would be a great mistake, however, to think that the public gained no benefits from the careers of these men except through these gifts. The largest benefits resulted directly from their activities while they were accumulating their fortunes. They were organizers and managers of business, their genius and the capital under their command gave employment to labor and increased the production of commodities or services for the public use. The McKay invention helped to make shoes cheaper for the multitude while shoemakers receive higher pay than under the old hand method.

"Henry Ford, after a disagreeable personal experience recently at a public meeting where money was being raised for charitable purposes, was quoted as declaring that he was 'off on charity for good,' meaning that he thought it was better to provide work for people than to give them money. While he probably will not adhere religiously to that resolution, he is right on the main proposition. It is better to provide work which not only enables a man to give an honest equivalent for what he receives, but is helpful to the community, than to give charity. All of these men did this in their active lives, and the fortunes which are turned over to public institutions at their death, to carry out plans which they personally planned, are still invested in useful enterprises. In the case of endowments it is the income which is devoted to the designated purposes.

"These gifts are for educational purposes. Like so many more, continually announced, they are largely for research, to increase the stock of technical and scientific knowledge for the good of all. The earnings and profits which are constantly being added to industrial capital, altho not formally dedicated to the public, are actually working for it in the same way. The end in view in every instance is to increase production for the public market, and to cheapen the cost of products as compared with the wages of labor. Where the investment is made by bequest or gift the separation from the investor is evident; but equally beneficent work may be going on with the investor alive and personally managing his capital in profitable business."

OUR BANKING POWER AND OUR EXPORTS

"At the Top in World Finance," was the heading of a recent article in the New York *World.* The occasion for this assertion was the recent annual report of the Controller of the Currency, John Skelton Williams, "a veritable wonder book in respect to the growth of the nation's financial power since the world-war began." Two facts are mentioned by *The World* as standing out particularly "in a bewildering detail of banking and loan operations, as notable for their undisturbing progress under the Federal Reserve System as for their unparalleled magnitude." These are:

"The banking power of the United States since June, 1914, has increased from $24,340,000,000 to $39,082,800,000—a gain of 60 per cent., contrasted with a gain of 15.6 per cent. for the previous period of equal length. This banking power of the nation is to-day nearly two and a half times greater than for the whole world in 1890.

"During the five past calendar years the merchandise exports of the United States aggregate $23,462,191,652 and imports $11,881,973,986. Against the enormous balance in our favor of $11,580,217,666 stand net imports of gold exceeding $1,000,000,000 and the bonded obligations of foreign governments plus the return of American securities held abroad and sold here early in the war.

"If we assume that Europe held $5,000,000,000 of American stocks and bonds at the outset of the war, the outcome reveals a net debt of Europe to the United States in just about the same amount; and this additional to the more than $1,000,000,000 gold sent here, which puts the gold holdings of the United States at a third of the whole world's stock of the metal.

"Several reasons have been given why

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Reo Standing Is Secure

Consider any class of manufactured product and there will come to your mind instantly the names of one or two that stand out above all the rest.

The superiority of these has been so conclusively proven that their leadership is conceded alike by competitor and customer.

Among automobiles Reo occupies that enviable position.

Reo quality is so outstanding; Reo reliability and low upkeep so universally known, salesmen seldom find it necessary to inform buyers on these points.

Questions most frequently answered pertain to deliveries—"How soon may I expect my Reo?"

This eminence among motor cars was not achieved easily, nor in a day. Not even in a decade!

It is the result of a consistent adherence over a long period of years to a consistent policy.

And that policy was rock founded in the beginning.

We are proud of the position Reo enjoys.

It is the reward for which, more than any other, we have worked.

Reo has never been ambitious to make all the automobiles—only the best automobiles.

The policy from the first—and Reo is the pioneer in the industry—has been never to make more than we could make and make every Reo as good as the best Reo.

Reo demand—a demand that always has been in excess of the possible output of the big Lansing factories—is the result of that policy and our unswerving adherence thereto.

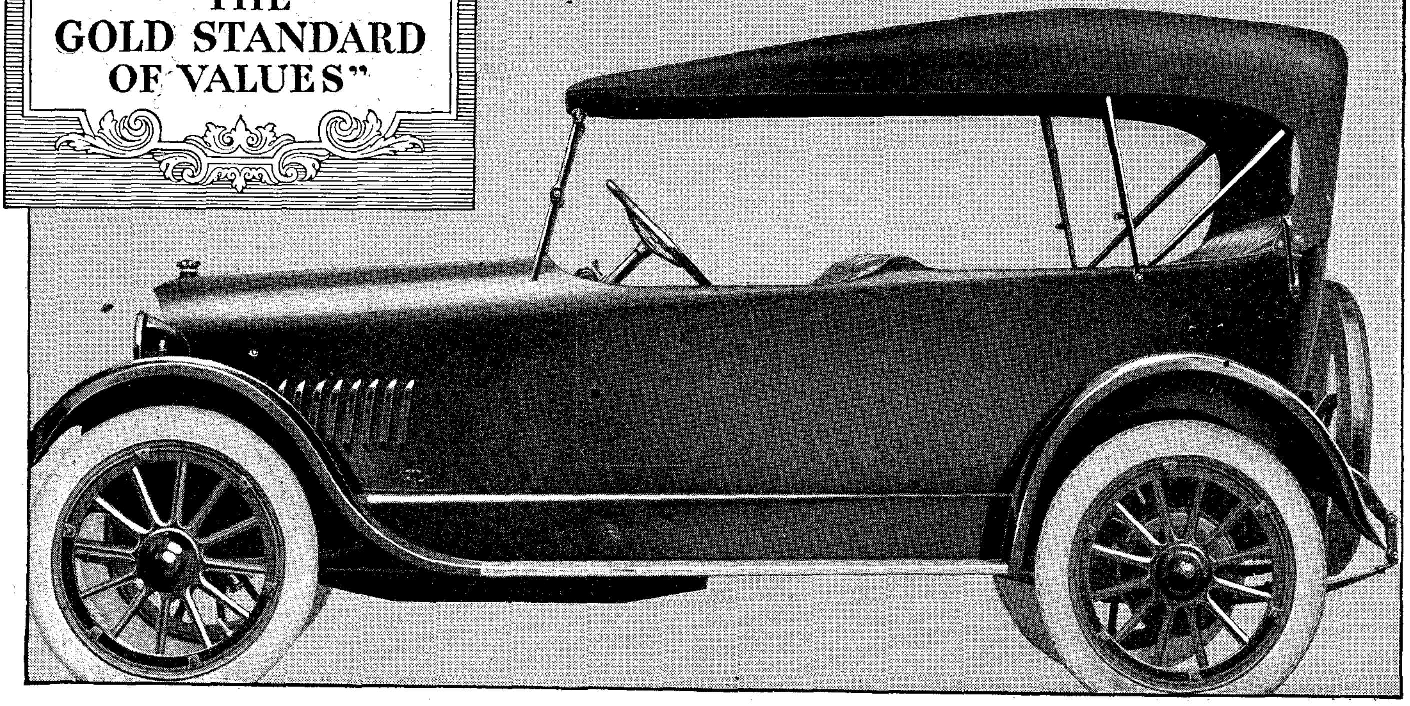
At this moment the demand is out of all proportion to the supply.

What will it be when the real spring buying season opens up?

Only way to be at all certain of securing a Reo of any model for the coming season is—

See your Reo dealer—place your order—make it a bona fide order by paying a deposit—specify a definite date for delivery—and rest easy in the certainty that your next car will be a Reliable Reo.

Today—won't be a minute too soon.



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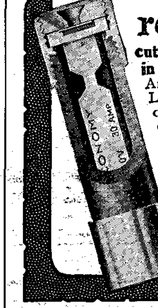

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Dealers—Ask Your Jobber. Jobbers—Write Us.

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE COMPANY, Saint Louis, Missouri.

the United States may be expected to speak the deciding word in shaping the world peace. One reason is given above, and it is highly important."

"FEEDING THE WORLD"

That the United States is now actually "feeding the world" is a conclusion to be drawn from statistics recently issued in a bulletin from the National City Bank of New York. The total value of foodstuffs sent out of this country in the year just ended amounted, according to this compilation, to over $2,000,000,000 against an average of less than $500,000,000 per annum before the war—the average, that is. As a matter of fact, the value of foodstuffs exported from the country in the decade preceding the war averaged only $450,000,000 per annum and never in any year reached as much as $600,000,000. In the calendar year 1915, however, the first full year of the war, it amounted to $1,012,000,000; in 1916 it was $1,105,000,000; in 1917, $1,315,000,000, and in 1918 crossed the $2,000,000,000 line. The official figures of exports to foreign countries in 1918 give us a total of over $1,900,000,000, but to this must be added the amount sent on Government vessels and not included in the official reports of the custom houses, plus those sent to our own colonies not classed as exports. Only then do we get the grand total of foodstuffs of domestic production passing out of the United States in the calendar year 1918 which was in excess of $2,000,000,000, or "more than four times the annual average in the decade preceding the war."

This large increase in the value of foodstuffs exported was, however, due in some degree to increased prices, but quantities also showed very large increases. The total quantity of fresh beef, for example, exported in the calendar year 1918 "amounted to approximately 540,000,000 pounds against only 6,300,000 pounds in the fiscal year 1914, all of which immediately preceded the war, and is a much larger quantity than was ever exported in a single year, even in the highest record of the years in which fresh beef was passing out of the United States in very large quantities." Again, bacon, in the calendar year 1918, showed a total of over 1,000,000,000 pounds against less than 200,000,000 pounds in the year immediately preceding the war, "and aggregated more than twice as much as in any earlier year." Condensed milk is again cited. The exportations before the war never exceeded 21,000,000 pounds, but they amounted in 1918 to 553,000,000 pounds. Of wheat, of which a large proportion was in 1918 sent in the form of flour, "the total spared to foreign countries is far in excess of that of earlier years." Commenting further, the writer says:

"While, of course, a large proportion of this increase occurs in movements to Europe, it does not follow that all of the increase is for the Allied countries or our own troops participating in the war. Of the condensed milk sent out of the country in the calendar year 1918, nearly 25,000,000 pounds went to India against 7,000,000 pounds in the fiscal year 1917, 1,500,000 pounds in 1916, and only 25,000 pounds in the year preceding the war, while the quantity sent in 1918 to Cuba was over 30,000,000 pounds; to Straits Settlements over 5,000,000 pounds; to Hongkong nearly 4,000,000 pounds; to Japan over 3,000,000; to the Philippine Islands more than 6,000,000 pounds, and to British South Africa about 5,000,000 pounds. Of refined sugar, we sent in 1918 over 25,000,000 pounds to Belgium; over 2,000,000 pounds to our near neighbor, Mexico; more than 3,000,000 pounds to Newfoundland, and approximately 1,000,000 pounds to British Africa. Of canned salmon, the exportation in 1918 included 4,000,000 pounds to Canada, about 6,000,000 pounds to the Philippine Islands, and more than 1,000,000 pounds each to Australia and Chile, while Canada took from us in 1918 over 12,000,000 pounds of prunes and about 30,000,000 pounds of raisins."

Accompanying the article the writer gives a table showing for each kind of food the amounts exported in 1917 and 1918, with figures for a series of years from 1909, as follows:

		1917	*1918(e)*
Barley	Bushels	17,859,000	18,272,000
	Dollars	26,208,000	29,924,000
Corn	Bushels	52,170,000	40,618,000
	Dollars	72,937,000	70,183,000
Oats	Bushels	98,689,000	113,558,000
	Dollars	71,169,000	97,594,000
Rye	Bushels	13,412,000	7,627,000
	Dollars	25,821,000	15,480,000
Flour	Barrels	13,920,000	21,140,000
	Dollars	138,430,000	238,791,000
Beef, canned	Pounds	65,584,000	146,984,000
	Dollars	18,315,000	53,704,000
Beef, fresh	Pounds	215,419,000	543,015,000
	Dollars	31,426,000	116,809,000
Beef, pickled	Pounds	68,111,000	44,712,000
	Dollars	8,320,000	8,070.000
Oleo, Oil	Pounds	33,403,000	68,713,000
	Dollars	6,799,000	15,339,000
Bacon	Pounds	578,228,000	1,051,213,000
	Dollars	122,700,000	299,098,000
Hams & Shoulders	Pounds	243,387,000	518,401,000
	Dollars	54,045,000	139,925,000
Lard	Pounds	373,349,000	538,379,000
	Dollars	75,359,000	142,156,000
Neutral Lard	Pounds	9,395,000	6,345,000
	Dollars	2,011,000	1,623,000
Pork, pickled	Pounds	39,378,000	37,437,000
	Dollars	7,089,000	8,661,000
Lard, compounds	Pounds	50,300,000	41,148,000
	Dollars	8,582,000	9,745,000
Milk, condensed	Pounds	428,465,000	553,640,000
	Dollars	51,322,000	73,210,000
Wheat	Bushels	106,202,000	102,181,000
	Dollars	245,634,000	238,663,000

(*e*) December estimated.

EXPORTS OF FOODSTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES IN THE CALENDAR YEARS 1909 TO 1918

	Foodstuffs Crude	*Foodstuffs Manufactured*	*Total Foodstuffs*
1909	114,883,000	285,067,000	399,950,000
1910	90,480,000	254,677,000	345,157,000
1911	113,399,000	310,289,000	423,688,000
1912	138,248,000	308,892,000	447,140,000
1913	169,588,000	324,827,000	494,415,000
1914	275,276,000	308,852,000	584,128,000
1915	461,643,000	550,566,000	1,012,204,000
1916	421,284,000	648,039,000	1,069,323,000
1917	508,875,000	806,740,000	1,315,615,000
1918	524,743,000	1,383,073,000	(*e*)2,000,000,000

(*e*) Includes nearly $100,000,000 estimated exports on Government vessels and estimate for December.

Astonishingly Lean.—The house was on fire, and, as the staircase was in flames before the blaze was discovered, the occupants had to seek some other means of escape.

Next day the companion to an elderly lady was reading to her the newspaper report of the fire, which stated that one servant escaped down a water-pipe at the back of the house.

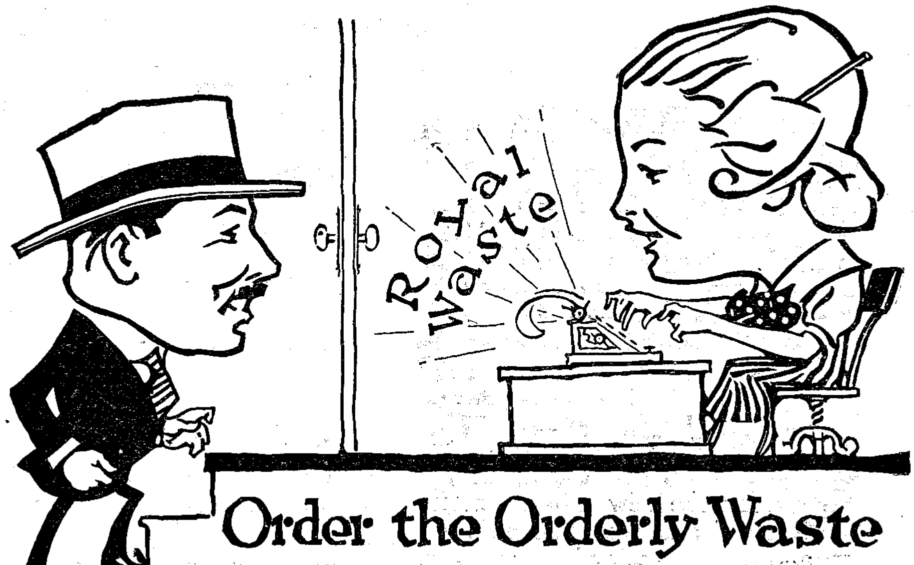
Whereupon the old lady, astonished at this statement, exclaimed:

"But how thin the poor man must have been!"—*Chicago News.*

Cause for Thanksgiving.—An Irish farmer, waking up in the night, saw an apparition at the foot of the bed. He reached out for a gun and perforated the ghost with a bullet. In the morning he discovered that he had made a target of his own shirt.

"What did you do then?" inquired the friend whom he told the story.

"I knelt down and thanked God that I hadn't been inside it," said the farmer piously.—*Youth's Companion.*



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The quality is bound to be as named, the weight as ordered, the "tare" (wrappings) only 6% of gross weight—all guaranteed. The user will find every handful soft, absorbent, scientifically refined of dirt and metal splinters.

"Producing the Fittest in Waste" (get it) gives facts versus fiction as developed by the country's largest and most progressive waste pioneers.

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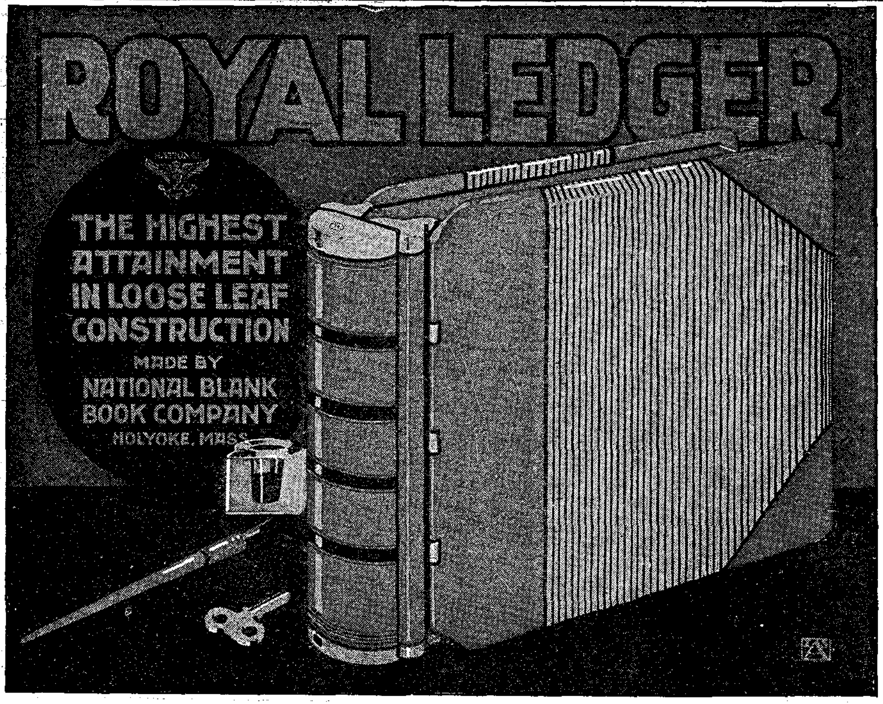
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. P.," Chicago, Ill.—"Kindly tell me who said: 'There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.'"

The quotation is from Shakespeare's "Hamlet" (act ii, scene 2, line 252). The words are put into the mouth of *Hamlet*.

"T. J. M.," Washington, D. C.—"A famous physician of Naples (?) had one day a caller who complained of a horrible and fathomless melancholy and asked advice. The doctor racked his brains. There was playing in the city at that time a comedian who was transporting his audiences with mirth, probably the most famous comedian Italy had ever produced, X by name. The doctor had an inspiration. 'I have it!' he cried. 'Go and see X to-night—by all means see X, and you will forget that melancholia ever existed.' 'But, sir,' his caller replied with a look of utter despair, 'I *am* X.' Who was 'X,' and was Naples the city where the incident occurred?"

The incident occurred in London, and X, the Italian comedian, was Joseph Grimaldi, the famous English clown, born in London in 1779, the son of an Italian actor. He died in 1837. The doctor was F. H. F. Quin, the first of the English homeopathists.

"J. E. W.," St. Matthews, S. C.—"What is the correct pronunciation of *Saloniki?*"

Saloniki is pronounced *sa''lo-ni'ki—a* as in *art*, *o* as in *obey*, *i's* as in *police*.

"H. J. DeV.," Baldwin, Wis.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of *Hughes*."

Hughes is pronounced *hiuz—iu* as *eu* in *feud*.

"O. K. W.," Garland, Utah.—"Which is correct, 'J. I. Wyer, *Jr.*,' or 'J. I. Wyer, *jr.*'?"

A rule for the use of capital letters reads, "Every title attached to the name of a person begins with a capital letter," and, while it is true that "Junior" may not be considered an actual title, when it is used in this way it becomes an essential part of the name, and would be governed by the rule quoted. Therefore, "J. I. Wyer, *Jr.*," is correct.

"L. S. S.," Carmel, Cal.—"Kindly give your opinion in regard to the expression 'close proximity.' Does not *proximity* itself mean close?"

"Close proximity" is an English idiom implying something closer than proximity.

"E. E. M.," Klamath Falls, Ore.—"What is the meaning of the word *revue?*"

Revue is a French word, its English equivalent being *review*, which means, among other things, a retrospective survey or spectacle. The French word *revue* means "review, magazine; survey, examination, revision." *Revue* in modern use may mean a presentation of plays which have been acted at one time.

"A. I. S.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"What is the correct pronunciation of the word *foreigner?*"

Foreigner is pronounced *for'in-er—o* as in *not*, *i* as in *habit*, and *er* as in *over*.

"H. R. M.," Lake Hamilton, Fla.—"In a women's club here, assignment has been made of 'Hamlet's soliloquy.' Which of the several monologs of the melancholy Dane is *the* soliloquy?"

The soliloquy to which you refer is in act iii, scene 1, of "Hamlet" and begins with "To be, or not to be, that is the question . . . "

"C. L. O.," Murray, Utah.—"'A' insists that *little, littler, littlest* is correct. 'B' holds that *littler* and *littlest* are not used as degrees of comparison with the word *little*. Please decide."

The word *little* is compared as follows: *Positive*, little; *Comparative*, less; *Superlative*, least. The dictionary records the forms *littler* and *littlest*, but marks them as "colloquial or dialectal."

"C. C. S.," Fort Wayne, Ind.—"Please give me the correct pronunciation of the words *student* and *stupid*."

The "u" in the first syllable in both words should be pronounced as *eu* in *feud*. The second syllable of "student" is commonly weakened in colloquial speech and given the sound of *ent* in "moment." Few persons give it the formal sound heard in *intent*. In the second syllable of "stupid," the "i" is short, and the *id* should be pronounced as it is in "bid."